

# APPLETON'S MAGAZINE

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## WORKING TOGETHER

THE way in which the little people can do big work with profit to themselves—that is the task of this commercial age.

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You would not give up the Giant Locomotive and go back to the Stage Coach. Why give up the Giant Corporation? Control it. Don't destroy it. This is our policy. We want to tell you why we believe you too should adopt this policy.

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A corporation is a legal form of coöperation. Whenever several of us wish to work together to accomplish a given purpose, and have a legal standing as a body, we incorporate. Not all corporations are bad, and trusts are not bad merely because they are incorporated. Almost every church is incorporated, and our charitable organizations are just as much corporations as the most hated trust.

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The trusts are here—concrete facts. What shall we do with them? Can we destroy them if we want to, and should we destroy them if we could? The platforms of all our national parties speak of trusts and of the evil they do. The cartoonists portray them as ogres or monsters of prey, but nowhere are we told what they are, or of the evil that is inherent in or an essential part of them.

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The first "trust" was a form of combination long ago held illegal for reasons so purely technical that other and legal means of combination were quickly found to take their places, though the name has persisted, and by odd chance a word essentially significant of good has come to signify in the minds of many people only something evil.

There is no real "trust" to-day, but the name has persisted for the legal and inevitable Giant Corporation.

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What is a trust, then, in the modern use of the word? A great combination controlling a large part of a given class of business; a group of corporations who find living on friendly terms with each other more profitable than seeking to destroy each other. We have to-day many great corporations dominating certain industries. We are told that they must be destroyed or regulated, but we are not told what is to take their place. We are not told how they are to be regulated without great injury to us all.

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Let us see what came before the trusts. Independent concerns or individuals competing with each other, we are told. Down to thirty years ago we had no trusts. Why, after all these centuries of the world's history, did trusts suddenly appear, and in a few years become, in the minds of so many, a menace to our liberty and prosperity?

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The nineteenth century marked the destruction of local and isolated communities. The railroads, the mails, the telegraph, and the telephone made means of communication so easy that local markets have largely ceased to exist. Distance has been practically annihilated. A man fifty years ago had to buy from the nearest dealer because it was too expensive or too inconvenient to go elsewhere. It was cheaper for the manufacturer to locate near his consumer than near the source of his raw materials.

To-day all this has been changed. In every large city may be found dry-goods merchants, grocers, druggists, and others who sell at one price over a wide territory. Cheap freight and express rates have made this possible. Where the farmer was once limited to the meager stock of a corner store, he now has a catalogue or samples of great metropolitan emporiums to select from.

The trusts did not cause this breakdown of geographical barriers; they followed it. And why? Because it saved money. Two grocers on the same block cannot compete in price; if one sells lower he will get all the business. If both remain, their prices will eventually be the same and their competition will be in service. Cutthroat competition spells ruin sooner or later. Conservation, not destruction, is the object of economy. No one benefits, in the end, from destruction.

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When increased and easy means of transportation destroyed isolated local markets, producers established themselves where they could manufacture and distribute most cheaply, and those who first took advantage of the changed conditions captured the wider markets and crowded aside those who still believed that they were protected by miles—or isolation, the same thing.

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The next step was coöperation between producers who served the same market of wide territorial extent. In some cases the market was as wide as the country. Economy could be effected by combination. One set of executive officers and salesmen is cheaper than two.

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The trusts have this combination. Are they hurtful? They are all trying to increase their business. So is every individual. No one wants to stand still. That cannot be done by raising prices but by lowering them. They effect enormous economies by combination and much of this saving goes to consumers by way of reduced prices to induce increased sales. Eliminate the combination, if we can, and back will come the added cost of duplicated expenses of management and sale.

If one trust controls absolutely all the business in its line, can it dictate prices at will? No; for it still has competitors. Until the time shall come when all men have unlimited means there will be competition. So long as the money which men can spend is limited, there will be competition among those who have goods to sell.

If a man needs both a pair of heavy shoes and a fall overcoat but has only money enough for one of them, the shoemaker and the tailor become competitors. The trolley company offering a cooling ride is a competitor of the drug store offering its cooling glass of soda.

As machines replaced hand labor, great individual suffering followed, but the world at large benefited. The cotton gin has been ever considered a blessing. As great concentrated business enterprises have succeeded individual producers and dealers, there has been individual suffering, but the world at large has benefited through reduced prices, saving of labor, and regulation of business conditions.

Trade is stimulated by regularity. Where prices and productions are irregular business is retarded. A man does not build a house this year if he believes he can build more cheaply next year. A manufacturer will not stock up with raw material this month if he believes a competitor will be able to buy more cheaply next month.

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The tremendous changes in business conditions leading to the formation of the trusts came upon us suddenly. Within a century a few discoveries and inventions made greater material changes than the whole previous history of civilization. Harnessed steam and electricity do the work that horses and men used to do less efficiently. Can we expect to understand all these changes at once and in a brief moment correct all the evils that must appear in the imperfect works of man?

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A pioneer country is rough, and while men are settling a country evils are seen which disappear as development progresses. And so with the pioneer days of business combination. Evils have attended the early development of trusts. For such evils we have nothing but condemnation. Let us suppress all forms of dishonesty, but let us not be dishonest in doing it. Find out the wrong and stop it. The wrong is the misuse of corporation money. A general return to old reverence for the law will make impossible the misuse of corporation money.

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Who are the trusts? The conspicuous business men who stand before the public as their heads, or the many small stockholders whose confidence alone holds the leader in his position? Our railroads are largely owned by the people whose savings, through savings banks and insurance companies, have paid for the railroad bonds, with the proceeds of which the railroads were built, or extended, or equipped, or improved.



For, in the last half century, the inevitable has been working and gradually the great commercial enterprises got together and tried team play, because the little individuals discovered what enormous powers they had when banded together in commerce as well as in nations, or armies, or religion. In crept abuse and dishonesty, and many evils got to the top, and the little man suffered and lost money as well as courage. But the theory was right and went on going.

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Yet the abuses have stirred us up and we have all rushed to make laws—each state in a different way to the joyous confusion of us all—to kill the great enterprises in order that the history of the world might be set back again, because some men were dishonest, or inefficient, or both.

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There are even would-be leaders who preach that the people of this country have failed. We are being taught that liberty is being lost and that evil days are upon us. Think this over. Think closely and clearly, because the country needs the close and careful thought of all its citizens.

If the trusts are the result of great economic forces, they are not evil. If there is a substitute for them, find what it is, but do not condemn them as evil until your remedy is discovered. If trusts are evil and no substitute can be found our civilization has failed. This we do not admit.

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Great combinations have come in the natural course of evolution. They came as a necessity because it is better to work together than to struggle against one another. They have come to stay. Their evils are temporary and incidental. Their benefits are permanent and inherent. This is where this magazine stands.



# WANTED: A FAIR HEARING

BY A RAILROAD MAN

*THIS is an extraordinary article.*

*One of the world's five great railroad men produced it.*

*Our representative begged him to sign it after the railroad man had corrected and recorrected the manuscript.*

*"No, I will not sign it—my personality is not the issue. I always can get a hearing. What I want to know is, Will the American people give a fair hearing to the railroad side?"*

*Is the country so prejudiced that a fair hearing will not be given to a question apart from personality?*

*Here is what Mr. Harold Bolce wrote us when he mailed us the manuscript. In passing let us explain that we thought of the subject of the article, picked out the man we wanted to write it, and sent Mr. Bolce to see him.*

*"It's the only real interview he ever gave to anyone. . . . He poured himself forth voluminously. He would talk at length and vigorously, and then add that I should give that to the publishers but leave him out of it. And his secretary, who was mighty obliging, took me aside and cautioned me that if I did not respect the 'old man's' wishes, it would be all over with me; that I could never get anything more out of him. He won't deny what he's said, but he'll probably eat me alive if I play him up. . . .*

*"I think the best way will be to tell the plain truth—that he first refused to talk, but that he was willing to give you the railway side of the question, although not wishing personally to make a plea before the public; and that the manuscript inspired by the interview, and which interprets the railway sentiment, was carefully revised by him. . . .*

*"He was greatly pleased with the stuff, and the suggestions he offered and the corrections he made, writing them in himself, were all good."—THE EDITOR.*



P to the beginning of our contemporary crusade against success, America had piled up a prosperity unprecedented and unparalleled.

We had developed a domestic commerce greater by one hundred per cent than the total exports from all nations. The incredible activity in our national advance was the result of a unity and coöperation of effort in exploiting the resources of the continent. Many of the clashing and competitive interests had been

merged into efficient and economical systems. Superfluous officers and worse than useless middlemen had been largely eliminated. Simplicity had been introduced into the purchase and distribution of supplies. Great corporations were enabled to obtain material in large quantities, and several even acquired control of the sources from which these things were drawn.

The large iron companies, for example, mined their own ore, and with their own coal worked it up into rails and structural steel.

The great organizations were an ad-

vance in economics, and, like every improvement, they helped the masses. It was possible to manufacture and distribute a vast volume of goods at a small margin of profit. Individuals were injured here and there, for it is inevitable that there must be victims of all progress. The locomotive tossed the stage aside. The trolley closed the door of the livery stable.

The greatest good of the greatest number must be considered, and American communities as a whole were incalculably benefited by the change.

It would be impossible to go back to the system of our fathers. If we attempted to restore the old methods of individual efforts and competition, American industry would be largely destroyed. A few individuals might abandon steam and return to the ox, but such a reaction is not conceivable for society.

If we destroyed our present system of distribution, the cities of America would face starvation.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was no improvement in transportation over the methods of antiquity. Only along the coast and the water courses was commerce and civilization possible. There was not in all Europe or America a city of a million inhabitants. People living on one side of a mountain range would starve when there was plenty on the other side.

The population of the United States was no greater than that of its leading city is now. Farmers living inland along streams were assured of fresh diet only when migrating fish came up to spawn.

There was no cold storage, no railroads, no vast productions. Horses thrashed out grain on barn floors in Virginia. New York City got its cattle supply from New Jersey. Between Washington, New York, and Boston, freight was carried by what was called the ox marine.

Travelers on the first steam craft on inland waters had to furnish their own bedding and forage for their food. The free movement of either people or products was impossible.

The unification of interests and the vast operations made possible by steam, electricity, and the production of steel wrought a transformation in America.

To-day we have done a dangerous thing.

We have denounced the railroads as outlaws. Ignorant declamation has so misguided and inflamed public sentiment that the justice in the vast issues involved has been ignored. The work of politicians has resulted in lawless legislation, aimed principally at the carriers.

Last year about two hundred of these confiscatory laws were passed.

The effect of this economic madness is not confined to the carriers. Anything that affects transportation in America demoralizes prosperity throughout the continent. It is a common cause. Our new system of civilization has so merged the masses that we cannot attack any great industry without injuring all.

Even under normal conditions the task of keeping our traffic in circulation is enormous. With the exception of a few things retained by agriculture on the farm, practically everything that ministers to American necessity travels a greater or shorter distance over our two hundred and twenty-five thousand miles of track. Usually even goods that go by water travel some distance by rail.

The population of the United States is increasing at the annual rate of over two millions. And while all the new locomotives set down in America, and all the cars coupled to them, represent an annual increase in power and capacity of two and one half per cent, prosperity has been piling on traffic at the rate of from ten to fifteen per cent.

Thus, even if the carriers were unhampered by political clamor, the work of solving the transportation problem in the United States would be supreme. One billion dollars a year for at least five years is a low estimate of what was needed to develop the railroads so that they were able to handle the traffic offered them.

But the outcry against the carriers has made it impossible to finance new ventures. All business has been halted, and no great works will be carried on while the law, made by politicians, lifts its hand to strike down success.

And not only have new industries been stayed. Business that was flourishing has become constricted. A paralysis has fallen upon credit. The railroads needing such vast capital to prepare the path for new

prosperity have fished in vain in every financial pool.

Nothing will make the people pause but necessity, and that is now being felt. Countless numbers are suffering.

Only half of the steel fleet went into commission on the Great Lakes this year. The basis of our industrial life is iron and coal. The lake shipments of iron in the first half of 1908 were less by nearly ten million tons than in 1907. The total falling off represented a loss of over seventy-seven per cent.

As the iron ore traffic is the barometer showing the rise and fall of American business, the complete statistics for the first half of 1907 and 1908 are shown, as follows:

### COMPARATIVE STATEMENT

LAKE SHIPMENTS OF IRON ORE UP TO AND INCLUDING JUNE 30, 1907 AND 1908

FROM—	Dock	1908	1907	Increase	Decrease	Per cent
Duluth.....	D. M. & N.....	1,164,809	4,094,046	.....	2,929,237	71.55
Superior.....	G. N.....	478,663	2,318,911	.....	1,840,248	79.36
Two Harbors.....	D. & I. R.....	566,194	2,630,038	.....	2,063,844	78.47
Ashland.....	C. & N. W.....	224,670	783,995	.....	559,325	71.34
Ashland.....	N. C.....	46,907	265,362	.....	218,455	82.32
Marquette.....	D. S. S. & A.....	53,598	354,700	.....	301,102	84.89
Marquette.....	L. S. & I.....	65,416	414,360	.....	348,944	84.21
Escanada.....	G. & N. W.....	226,200	1,306,478	.....	1,080,278	82.69
Escanada.....	C. M. & St. Paul..	44,541	517,736	.....	473,195	91.40
Total gross tons.....		2,870,998	12,685,626	.....	9,814,628	.....
Decrease for 1908.....					9,814,628	77.37

We have now witnessed a decrease in a multitude of industries which for a decade showed only increases. Reports published by the Interstate Commerce Commission reveal a decrease of thirty-one per cent in railway earnings per mile. At the same time the expenses in their ratio to earnings rose from sixty-seven per cent to seventy-six per cent. As the result felt by the railroads, throughout the continent 1,500,000 men, women, and children who were dependent on railways are now without income.

Why have the railroads been singled out for attack? The answer is simple. A factory or any other business, if assaulted

by legislation, could close or move to a friendlier and saner community. But the railroad must continue to operate, even at a loss. Anyone can stone and hit so permanent and conspicuous a target.

While the railroads constitute the greatest value in America, next to the soil on which we live, their per cent of profit is far less than in other industries. In manufacturing, the profit is from fifteen to forty per cent. In the banking business it is from ten to fifty per cent. The profit from railway enterprise is about four per cent.

The *Railway World*, analyzing a report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, gives the following summary of the total distribution of railway income: "The amount devoted to building up the

surplus of the corporation, some of which will be productive of future revenue, but most of which will merely add to the comfort, safety, and convenience of travel and traffic, is \$112,234,761. This leaves \$272,851,567 as dividends for the owners of American railroads, or about twelve per cent of gross earnings. In other words, for every dollar which the American shipper and passenger paid to the railroads, 11.8 cents went to the owners, 19.5 cents went to the creditors, 3.2 cents went to the public in the form of taxes, 66 cents were paid out for wages, material, and supplies, being immediately returned to the place whence it came, and the balance was

applied to improving railway property and making good the deterioration resulting from railway operation. The conclusion is obvious. An industry whose owners are able to secure only one eighth of its gross earnings as their own profit is, comparatively speaking, the least profitable of any large industry in the United States; and, in spite of these enormous revenues, which fully correspond to its industrial importance, considered in relation to its profitability, the return to the proprietors of the American railway industry is reasonable and moderate, fully justified, moreover, by the amount invested in railway properties and by the risks which are incident to the holding of railway securities."

Much has been said about the increased cost of commodities. That rise in price has not been caused by the carriers. The cheapest thing in America is the rates charged for transportation. Regardless of the advance in the price of commodities throughout the country, the charge for transporting them has gone steadily down. On the Great Northern Railway, for example, the saving to shippers by reduction in rates last year was \$113,390,355.46; and from 1881 the total reduction in freight charges on this road alone represents a saving to the people of nearly \$900,000,000.

That is the record of but one road. The freight rate now down to .748 cents per ton per mile represents an aggregate saving reaching far into the billions. The beneficiaries of this vast saving have been the shippers and the public.

The freight rates in Europe are about one hundred per cent higher than in America. In the United Kingdom the rate is 2.160 per ton. If the taxes were totally abolished in some other countries, the saving to the people in these foreign lands would be akin to what the American public has enjoyed from the enormous reduction in the rates charged for freight.

The prosperity of the people and the prosperity of the railroads cannot be severed. Our industrial system is new. It has had to meet exigencies that have taxed the ingenuity and vigor of the most resourceful nation. Mistakes have been made, but they can be remedied only

through a determination on the part of all the people to cooperate in a cause that concerns them all.

The transportation issue is a matter of continental magnitude. It touches the most vital interests of every individual among our consuming millions.

We must operate under wise leaders. Every man cannot be a general. You can take twenty-five men out of some community, and they will be missed; again, you might take 25,000 out, and their absence would be overlooked.

It has been proposed that the government should own the railroads. There are doubtless a number of roads in America that would be glad to sell, but it would take eighteen thousand million dollars for the Federal government to acquire the transportation lines of America.

What would be done with this money? Would it leave the United States?

Even if the financial problem could be solved, government ownership of American railways would be a fatal step. It would wreck the government itself.

The work accomplished by the railways in lowering rates, reducing freight classifications from fifty or more to three, in introducing into our transportation system thousands of through rates and routes, and in the general improvement in traffic facilities, thus contributing a most important item to the industrial transformation of the continent, has been brought about through efficient railway management. A railway official in executive work receives from four to five times the salary of a chief justice. The government would not pay such salaries, and, unless it did, it could not get these men. And without proper management, confusion would overtake traffic.

Aside from that, government ownership of the railway lines would mean the addition of 1,500,000 people to the official salary rolls of the nation. That would constitute a political power sufficient to imperil and even destroy free government in the United States.

A plan has been proposed to base rates on the value of the roads. This would be acceptable to some of the lines. It would to our road. This line could not to-day be rebuilt for twice its cost.

The matter of rate making is now in



the hands of experienced men. The power should never be given to a political commission. Such a body could raise or lower at will the value of a carrier's securities. It could change the destinies of cities, inflicting ruin upon one community by giving deferentials in favor of another.

Vastly more than is generally understood, the railways have coöperated with the people in the territory served by these transportation lines. It is to the interest of shippers to get rates at which a proper profit can be made by them. It is likewise to the interest of the carrier to grant rates which will multiply traffic to its greatest possible volume. For a quarter of a century our road, in its experience in opening up and peopling new regions in America, has proceeded by making rates on the products of the country *en route* to market and on the indispensable commodities, such as coal and building material, at the lowest rates the company could afford, while the profit in the traffic was obtained more from lighter articles shipped by merchants.

It is clear that the prosperity of the people inhabiting the section through which the railway runs is the only path of prosperity for the railway itself. The railway and its patrons prosper as one. Similarly they suffer from the same causes. The greater the volume of business, the lower the rates will be.

All railway rates are now fixed through a conference of the lines. Rebates were an evil, growing out of competition. The Federal government, the several states, and the carriers themselves are opposed to this ruinous form of competition. Here again the principle of national unity in trade interests is made plain. Anything short of the coöperation of the whole people to advance their commerce results in injustice to the many and advantage to the few.

It cannot be kept too clearly in mind that arbitrary laws do not supply what is needed in our system. The Interstate Commerce Commission demanded that the rates from the Orient be published in advance of our making them. Much of the business coming from the Far East consists of special shipments secured as the result of negotiation. We have to compete with many foreign companies. The

shipper in Shanghai or Singapore wants to get the lowest terms for cargoes going, we will say, to New York by way of the American continent. He wants those rates quoted to him at once. But the government of the United States, through its officials, now insists that the rates be published thirty days before they can go into effect.

During those thirty days, what will the shipper in Shanghai do? He will patronize the foreign lines and ship by way of Suez. But the ruin that is overtaking our Far Eastern trade is not wholly due to Federal mistakes, except, perhaps, in restricting the shipments to the United States by way of American lines. The Far East itself is capable and is producing the commodities which we expected to sell in vast quantities to Asia. The southern part of that continent is growing the cotton needed by its people, and Manchuria is destined to supply the grain. Moreover, by the middle of the present century America will have, at the present rate of growth, nearly 200,000,000 inhabitants. If we continue to average in our consumption of wheat six bushels annually per capita, the total home demand would be for a greater quantity than even our continent can yield.

The Far Eastern trade has been a great dream. The Great Northern steamship, the *Dakota*, wrecked on the Japanese coast, will not be replaced. We cannot compete with the Japanese, and we shall soon need to husband the resources which we have been scattering prodigally over the world and calling it enterprise. We have been wasteful of our own supplies, and we have built up a political barrier which makes it impossible for us to secure the output of other lands. We have taken from the ground priceless stores which we cannot replace, and while shutting out what we might secure from other lands, have prided ourselves in exporting the very things which we shall, within a short time, find necessary to obtain from remote sections of the earth. This is true of iron, lumber, and coal, and by unscientific agriculture we are leeching the soil.

And these grave questions must be considered, as must all our national industrial issues, by a combined people coöperating for the public good.



These are issues of a fundamental nature. The depletion of the soil, for example, does not solely concern the farming classes. Like the wane of prosperity, it affects every man.

If the farmer finds himself unable to reap profit from his land, he must cease in time to till the soil, and this, as it were, would leave the railways to operate across deserts. There is a profound community of interests throughout America, and even throughout the world.

A panic abroad is instantly felt in this country. Prices fall; prosperity is checked. Our coöperative system should and must in time be extended to the political world. Freer trade with Canada, for example, would benefit the Republic and the Dominion alike.

Our wheat now is going to Europe by way of Montreal instead of through New York. The laws of trade are supreme. Manhattan Island cannot supply the terminals, and terminals, far more than cars, have been needed and are needed now in the United States.

There has been no car famine. The trouble—the greatest physical and financial difficulty—is the question of terminals. Twenty-four engines, for example, haul freight into and out of the two adjacent cities; but it takes thirty-four switch engines to keep the traffic moving in the two terminal yards.

No rolling stock equipment in America can take the place of imperatively needed new trackage and new terminal facilities.

To-day it takes forty days for grain to go from the prairies to Liverpool; and the great part of the delay is between Buffalo and New York. A freight car, if it were unimpeded, would travel from twelve to fifteen miles an hour. But the average distance it actually moves is about twenty-five miles a day, or an average of a trifle over one mile an hour. In other words, the whole freight equipment of America is in service only two hours out of the twenty-four.

The other twenty-two hours are wasted in waiting—on sidings—for passenger trains to pass; or in yards or transfer points for weeks at a time, because the facilities for moving cars have not yet been provided.

Just as we were planning on how to meet

the emergency in America, the fear created by acclaim against the carriers fell upon credit.

In this large country, carrying on vast undertakings, great amounts of capital are necessary. These sums can be readily provided only through corporate management. There are a few individuals who could furnish fifty or one hundred millions to finance a branch of a big business, but there is no assurance that they would invest a dollar. A man with so great a sum of money would not care to burden himself with the details of the activities it would create. It is necessary that men coöperate, merging their capital, energies, and abilities for the desired end.

The only serious evil in trusts is the method of creating them, not for the purpose of manufacturing any particular commodity in the first place, but for the purpose of selling sheaves of printed securities which represent only good will, promises, and hoped-for profit. There is a simple remedy that Congress can apply.

The railroads and all companies ambitious to transact business beyond the border of the state where they originate should be tested by a Federal commission and compelled to prove that what they claim as capital stock has been actually paid up in dollars or property. National banks do this. The Comptroller of the Currency certifies regarding their capital. The public should be protected by some similar Federal officer as to the capital of any company reaching out for business across the states. An Eastern concern desiring to conduct interests in Montana or California or Idaho should convince the people there, through government channels, that the ten, twenty, or fifty millions purporting to represent the company's capital has been paid in.

This system would put an end to the temptation to create companies for the purpose of marketing the future. And no legitimate enterprise would be hurt, the magnitude of an industry would not weaken it in the public estimation, and the great companies could freely advertise the extent of their wealth and activities.

We have been too prone to call upon the government for aid which it cannot render. It is no more possible to solve many of our economic problems by legisla-

tion than it would be to fix a dislocated limb by law.

The laws in the business world are as certain as gravitation. They may be obstructed for a season, but they cannot be destroyed. The fittest must survive here, as well as in other fields.

The breakers of laws should be punished. But the most important industries of the country should not be broken down under the influence of a hue and cry prompted by political motives.

Let the American people pause and remember the plight that has fallen upon business this year. The railroads desire, simply, permission to transport people and merchandise, without being the targets of vituperation and subject to assaults under the guise of law that retard their growth. They should be regulated by law, but they should likewise enjoy the protection of the law.

We have now, as has been pointed out, caused credit to disappear. The stagnation of the commerce of the Great Lakes alone reveals this.

Whatever is good in our industrial system we should keep, and what can be made better we should approach with intelligence and work together to accomplish results that will restore our prosperity—a blessing that will be shared, not by one state or one company, but by all the people.

This cannot be done without first con-

vincing capital that it can profitably and courageously invest in new ventures.

We cannot hope for an improvement through our college teaching, for too much socialism is spread there. The American people should tolerate nothing that stirs differences of section, race, or interest. The growth of envy and class feeling must, if fostered, more truly cleave the land asunder and leave it forever disunited than the loss of their cause by the soldiers of the Union would have done.

The great ideas of nationality, unity, coöperation, equal opportunity, and the maintenance of law and order among all men must not be forgotten or corrupted.

All progress is the development of order. We must perfect as a nation the highest attributes of a self-governing people. We must uphold the justice and purity of the law *in its making* as well as in its keeping. We must resist every influence, commercial, political, or personal, that makes for a confusion or a revolution of the best national ideal.

The question before the country is economic.

The business needs of America are great. Confidence must be mutually restored between the people and the corporations. The importance of coöperating to keep commerce moving throughout the United States is the greatest problem the nation has had to face since the Civil War.

## REGRET

By HUMPHREYS PARK

LIKE one who thinketh back to his gone youth,  
 And of the strange, fair women that were there,  
 And weeps, so doth my heart brim o'er with ruth  
 For its own self, and poignantly doth bear  
 The aching of a sorrow for things lost,  
 Things left behind, leave-takings, light farewells;  
 Relinquishments that seemed of little cost  
 When they were made; but now, as round them knells  
 The dim-heard threnos of the storied years,  
 Do seem of priceless worth, that their recall  
 Would be as some vague hand to stop the tears  
 Which on the tomb of perished Time slow fall.  
 And all the pang is that we may not see  
 Again what was but not again shall be.

# THE SALVATION OF CHRISTIANITY

BY THE REV. CHARLES F. AKED, D.D.

## III. RELIGION AND POLITICS

*IN the August number of APPLETON'S MAGAZINE began the publication of the noteworthy series of articles by the Rev. Dr. Aked, of which the following is the third. The question under consideration is: Can Christianity be saved? or is it to die because we have ceased to use it in our daily lives? Under the general title, The Salvation of Christianity, the series will continue throughout the coming year. In the August APPLETON'S appeared the introductory contribution, The Gospel of the Day; in the September number Dr. Aked presented The Truth about the Bible, and in this present issue the subject discussed is Religion and Politics. Like its predecessors, the following article is practical and timely as well as ideal and universal, frank as well as reverent, immediately applicable to the problems of to-day as well as to those of the past and future. The wide attention already shown in editorial and other comment on the series, is evidence that its importance is fully recognized. Readers of these articles are invited to address APPLETON'S MAGAZINE with whatever comment they think might be of interest. Extracts will be published from such letters as may prove available.—THE EDITOR.*



ONCE upon a time—all true stories begin “once upon a time”—the trees of the forest wished to have a king to rule over them. They approached first the lordly olive, and cried unto him: “Come thou, and reign over us.” But the olive, perceiving even in those pre-Shakespearean days that “uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,” replied with fine contempt: “Should I leave my fatness, which gods and men delight in, and go to wave to and fro over the trees? I will not be your king.” So the trees turned to the fig, and offered him the crown. But the fig preferred his rich, voluptuous ease. “Should I leave my sweetness and my good fruit, and go to wave to and fro over the trees?” Then the trees took their twice-scorned honors to the vine. But the vine, likewise with prophetic instinct, felt that “it is better to be lowly born, and range with

humble livers in content, than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief and wear a golden sorrow,” and he replied: “Should I leave my wine, which cheereth gods and men, to go to wave to and fro over the trees?” Whereupon, in despair of finding one of the famous forest lords, of pure descent and noble name, to wear the crown of their poor world, the trees turned to the plebeian bramble, a wild, straggling, ridiculous fellow, without sufficient sense of rule to hold his own thorny limbs in place, dragging loosely along the ground, and with just enough richness of life to produce—blackberries! And the trees said to this lowly thorn: “Come thou, and reign over us.” The bramble gloried in the honor that they offered him. He said, as his branches sang their satisfaction to the wind: “If in loyalty and all right reverence ye will anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow”—*your trust in my shadow*. “And yet beware, lest fire come

forth from your Bramble-King and devour the cedars of Lebanon!"

Is this fable in *Æsop* or in Robert Louis Stevenson? In neither; it is Bible teaching, and very good teaching, too. This Hebrew precursor of *Æsop* and of Stevenson, who had the mother-wit to fling such a story at the heads of the men of Shechem and the prudence to run away before they could write their criticisms of his first literary venture upon his skin, was amply justified of his scoffs and gibes. The men of Shechem crowned their Bramble-King, and fire came forth from him and consumed, not merely the cedars of Lebanon, but themselves and their homes and their cities. On the fatal day when Abimelech, the king they had chosen, beat down the city and sowed it with salt, in the hour when he fired their fortress and roasted a thousand men and women in the flames, while the steel flashed before their eyes and the smell of the burning was on their clothes, did they think, in one quick, dreadful thought, of the fable of the Bramble-King?

The whole world is full of the justification of this ancient fable. All the world teaches to all the world the moral of it. If the best men and women will not do the world's work, men and women who are not the best must do it—and woe betide us all for their weakness and mistakes and crimes! The penalty which is exacted from the best people for refusing to bear rule is that they have to submit to be governed by the worst. If in the city, the state, or in the nation, if in the molding of the people's thought, and in the high places of the land, the best blood and the best brain refuse the service which city and state and nation demand, then humbler workers, inferior workers, and, it may be, selfish and evil workers, will take up the burden which these refuse—and then watch lest fire come forth and devour the body politic!

We are told that the greatest fact of modern history is the French Revolution. We are taught to mourn over its failures, to shudder at its excesses. But what was the French Revolution? In a single sentence, it was the issue of fires from the Bramble-King; fires which blazed sky-high from hell to heaven and consumed the cedars of Lebanon. Every function which belonged to place and power, to responsibility and rule, had been abdicated by olive,

fig, and vine, by noble, priest, and king, in an entirely damnable lust of ease. Place only meant pillage. Power was plunder. Rule spelled rapine, and responsibility was robbery. Priests were perjurers. Monarchs were murderers. Bishops—that is to say, overseers, shepherds whose business was to overlook the flock—overlooked them only to find the fattest to be shorn or slain. Rulers, the "fathers of their people," devoured their own children like Homer's "people-eating kings." And what was to be done in the end thereof? When olive, fig, and vine were rotten in their fat and in their fruit, what wonder that the trees of the forest sought bramble and thorn, called to the Dantons, the Robespierres, and the Marats, to come to wave to and fro over them? If the son of St. Louis turn cur, let the people take refuge with jackal and wolf!

It is for the Church of the Living God to see to it that the historian of the future has not to set over against the failure of aristocracy the breakdown of democracy. While Mr. Carnegie grows eloquent over "Triumphant Democracy," men not less earnest and clear sighted than he lament "the shame of the cities"; while the "star-spangled banner" continues to wave "o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave," a common incident of our life is explained to the inquiring visitor by the casual phrase, "Every city in this country is run by thieves." It was some years ago, and the traveling Englishman observed that the drinking water on the table was brought in bottles from Maine, or Maryland, or Michigan, or somewhere else. He was warned not to drink the city water. He asked innocently whether the city had not waterworks, and his host said: "Of course." Then he asked why the water was not fit to drink or why it was not made fit. And to this day he has not forgotten the easy, indifferent way in which the prominent citizen who was entertaining him made the reply, as though it were the most natural thing in the world: "Well, you see, every city in America is run by thieves." If the statesman did not know how to frame an indictment against a nation, the plain man, who is not a statesman, does. And he indicts himself at the bar of common sense when he does it. In ancient Greece the citizen who was out of politics

was an "idiot"; in modern America the citizen who is in is a "thief"! We are told that no single word affords a deeper insight into Greek habits of thought than this. The *ιδιώτης* was a private person, the man who had no public office and no share in the management of the city or the state. Later the word was used to describe a layman, a person without expert or professional knowledge; afterwards it meant an ignorant, undeveloped person, a boor. Even down to the time of Jeremy Taylor the word was employed in English in the original Greek sense: "Humility is a duty in great ones as well as in idiots"—that is, persons in private life. In the Greek conception only such ignorant and undeveloped persons would exclude themselves from a share in the government of the city. In our conception no self-respecting person should touch city government with a forty-foot pole. And nothing in the whole life of our country is so luminous in its self-revelation as the way in which the word "politics" or "politician" is used in common speech. Politics is a trade, and a dirty trade at that. The saloon keeper, the keeper of the gambling hell, and the ward politician are partners in a business corrupt and corrupting! And only an "idiot" would think of joining them, unless he is a thief! We have traveled far since Homer sang his deathless song and the clash of Greek arms resounded beneath the walls of Troy. But the fable of the Bramble-King is alive and very much alive. Fires of an unholy sort still come forth from ward politician, boss, and heeler, and democratic hopes perish in the whirlwind of their flames.

We have used the phrase "the new democracy" so long that it threatens, like the youth of America, to become our oldest tradition. Yet it represents a tremendous fact. Ours is a democracy such as the sun never shone upon since time began. In the old days in the Old World when kings ruled by right divine—what Byron called "the right divine of kings to govern wrong"—there were still the barons, the great feudal aristocracy, to act as a check upon the king's desires. When power passed into the hands of this territorial aristocracy there were the great middle classes, the professional people, the merchants and manufacturers, and all the trading community, to keep the aris-

tocracy in order. When power passed to the great middle classes there were still the toiling millions, the dumb, inarticulate, disinherited masses of the people, to be a check upon them. But now the people have come to their own. The millions are in possession. And what power on the face of the earth is there which can keep the people in order?

The problem is complicated by a rush to these shores of millions upon millions of immigrants. In New York and in some other cities they form colonies of various nationalities, separated from ourselves by thought, by feeling, by tradition, by religion, by language. They become American citizens long before they become Americans. The more restless and enterprising spread over the country, some to become Americans indeed, but many, delivered from the despotisms of the old lands, are only too ready to abuse the liberties of this. And shameless spirits, for base and selfish ends, are willing to set flame to ingratitude, discontent, envy, to the slumbering, anarchic passions of those undeveloped souls. Such "politicians" are traitors to the republic. They are enemies of the human race. But they exist. And they have to be taken into account.

What forces of restraint inhere in law and in the constitution which may not be scattered to the winds by the brazen trumpet call of some demagogue, most ignorant of what he's most assured of? What is the inspiration which is to breathe into the souls of millions a new and nobler spirit, larger ambitions, and loftier aims? It is not enough to rely on education. Science is a neuter thing. One man may scientifically cure a pestilence, and another scientifically blow up a city. All depends on what you do with your science when you have it. The education of the country of which we are properly so proud would do us little good if we were to turn our arithmetic into roguery and our literature to lust. The press is not sufficient. It has at its disposal all the necessary machinery. The editor mounts his pulpit every morning and preaches to a nation. He stands under a sounding board so vast that his voice carries across a continent, echoes over all oceans, and comes back in reverberations from distant corners of the earth. But the press may be used for the vilest purposes



and—why should we hesitate to say?—in some instances is even now doing the work of the revolutionary and the anarchist, firing the crazy brains of men more brutal and stupid, but not more wicked, than the cunning minds that instigate their wickedness. And at the best, what Dr. Johnson said of the theater:

"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,  
And they who live to please, must please to live,"

is true of the press. The newspapers which depend for their life on the million are quite as likely to follow as to lead. Is the first idea of a newspaper proprietor to make his sheet a benign, civilizing agency, or a paying property? Is his first object philanthropy? Is he in business for his health?

We come back to the churches. There is no individual in this republic paid to discharge the functions of that curious survival of mediævalism in modern Europe, the keeper of the king's conscience. But the churches are, or should be, the incarnate conscience of the nation. They are a perpetual protest against materialism: a perpetual witness to the ideal. They are the voice of the eternal God, proclaiming to men and nations the everlasting laws of righteousness. They have to redeem the word "politics" from the degradation into which it has fallen; lift political ambitions out of the ooze and slime of party chicanery; make a political career something other than an effort of wire-pulling, log-rolling, and graft; and convert politics itself into a religion, a blessed evangel of pity for the weary and hope for the world. And the eloquent words of an English Churchman, one of the Church's noblest sons, true of the day and of the people to whom he spoke, are more piercingly true of this day and of our people:

The work which the Christian societies, as societies, have to do, in the days that are to come, is not inferior to any work which has lain before them at any epoch of their history. For the air is charged with thunder, and the times that are coming may be times of storm. There are phenomena beneath the surface of society of which it would hardly be possible to overrate the significance. There is a widening separation of class from class; there is a growing social strain; there is disturbance of the political

equilibrium; there is the rise of an educated proletariat. To the problems which these phenomena suggest Christianity has the key. Its unaccomplished mission is to reconstruct society on the basis of brotherhood. To you and me and men like ourselves is committed, in these anxious days, that which is at once an awful responsibility and a splendid destiny—to transform this modern world into a Christian society, to change the socialism which is based upon the assumption of clashing interests into the socialism which is based on the sense of spiritual union, and to gather together the scattered forces of a divided Christendom into a confederation in which organization will be of less account than fellowship with one spirit and faith in one Lord—into a communion wide as human life and deep as human need—into a Church which shall outshine even the golden glory of its dawn by the splendor of its eternal noon.

Are there signs that the churches of this country will realize their mission? Are the omens propitious?

We need not underestimate the difficulties which will everywhere attend what is certain to be called "the entrance of the Church into politics." From inside the churches will come many pained and angry protests. Among the objectors will be found some of the best people on earth, men and women leading sweet and saintly lives. They will be able to make out a case that calls for considerate treatment. The insistence in the course of its ministrations upon the social mission of the Church will seem to bring an inferior spirit into public worship. It will be felt as beneath the dignity of the Church's best aspirations. The beauty of holiness will seem to be needlessly and rudely disturbed. The hallowed praises of Zion, soft, sweet meditations upon the word of God, shy yearnings toward the infinite, the atmosphere of devotion and spirituality, will suffer a shock when there is obtruded upon the congregation a thought of political activity, however redemptive the passion from which it springs.

These admissions do full justice to the objections which will be urged from within the Church against "preaching politics." The objectors, as long as ever they are sincere, must be treated with respect and tenderness. But they must be taught



that their conception of the spiritual life is fundamentally false. They must be brought into a more robust spirituality. Milton in his day refused to "praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat." And these religious people must outgrow their "fugitive and cloistered" spirituality. They must learn that all social questions are spiritual at heart. They must be instructed to get rid of the unreal distinction between "secular" and "sacred." Secularity and sacredness are not in things. They are in the spirit. Everything is secular that is undertaken in a secular spirit. Everything may be made sacred by the consecrated soul. The most "sacred" offices may be debased by selfishness; the most "secular" sublimed by a spiritual life. One man may present himself at the communion of the Lord's Supper in such a frame of mind as to make it the most "secular" act of the week. Another will preach the most "political" sermon which has ever been preached in America, in the very spirit of Him who taught us to pray: "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done *on earth*." These objectors must learn that either their spirituality is not very strong, or else it is of the wrong sort, if an appeal from the pulpit to discharge the obligations of citizenship is likely to "secularize" it or them. If theirs is the right kind of spirituality it will not be so easily hurt.

And, justice having been rendered where justice is due, it needs to be added that much of this sort of attack is akin to actual shrinking of the individual from the duties of citizenship. Such shrinking is unmitigated selfishness. And when religion is made a cloak for this selfishness it amounts to neither more nor less than hypocrisy. It is hypocrisy of that deadly description which never suspects itself of being hypocritical.

The difficulties are not at an end when the churches, as churches, understand that they have to redeem politics. They are just about to begin. What can churches and preachers do? What is practical?

One thing is clear: Religion is not to

become political. It is politics which must be made religious. If this is understood, other things will in time adjust themselves, though not without friction. A church cannot ally itself with a party. Nothing but some tremendous exigency, not so much as discerned on the horizon at the present moment, can warrant the clergyman joining a party and speaking as a party man. He may possibly be permitted, in the silence of his own heart, to pray for a party—if he is satisfied that the party is not past praying for. There have been times, there may be again, when a moral is presented so vital to the kingdom of Heaven that the preacher must not refrain from taking sides. Opinion then will be sharply divided. Feeling will run high. In his own congregation will be men as wise and conscientious as he, but on the other side.

"How is he to know that he is right?" How does he know anything? He forms a judgment and acts upon it. That is all he can ever do. When he has come to a conclusion he must stand by it boldly. If he feels that the facts justify him, he must declare that this is not a question of the difference 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee, but one of everlasting truth or falsehood, of life and death, of heaven or hell, for men and nations. He must be willing to put all to the hazard, his position, his career, his life. He may split his church. But on such a ground he might well split a hundred churches. "Even though he be in error?"—for he may be in error; he may have brought suffering upon himself and his family and distress to those who love the Church, and all for a mistake. Yes, even if he be in error it will be better for that particular church, and better for the whole Church of God, and better for the world, that a man should be heroically in the wrong than with dastardly prudence darken the light that is within him and plunge into the perdition of the man who keeps himself safe. But in view of the risk that he is running, in view of the interests which he is jeopardizing—his own and those of the Church with which his life is bound—he is more likely to be right than wrong. It is not desirable that martyrdom should be pleasant. A preacher will

not be too rash when ruin stares him in the face. And in the very nature of the case such a crisis can only be the isolated and abnormal experience of preachers and churches. Ordinarily the rule will hold good: the preacher's business is with principles, not parties.

The preacher will find his work cut out in inducing his people to take an intelligent and sympathetic interest in the great questions of the day. He will find many of his people sympathetic and some of them intelligent. He will find few intelligently sympathetic. He need not persuade himself that if he ministers to a cultured congregation he will find large knowledge and great sympathy more generally united in one individual. For hide-bound, thoroughgoing, crass, and hopeless ignorance of modern movements and modern tendencies commend us to the misinformation of the educated person! A Congo missionary is fond of telling how he was sent once to the house of a lady in London who had taken the deepest interest in the work of the Congo mission from its earliest days, who subscribed handsomely, and who was regarded always as the missionary's friend. He tried to entertain his entertainer, and he told her how he and a colleague had been forced to tramp through three hundred miles of swamp and forest; how they lived on the sour paste they could beg from the natives, and the berries and nuts they could pick up in the woods; how their clothes were torn from their backs; and how, bleeding and footsore, they gained their destination at last. "Dear me!" his hostess exclaimed sympathetically, as soon as he paused to take breath. "*But why didn't you take a bus?*"

This is unhappily typical of some of the nicest people, who really mean to do well by their church and by the world. There are those in our churches, educated men and women, capable, prosperous, respected, who still believe that social reform has something to do with taking everybody's property and dividing the hard-won competence of the toiler with the idler and the sot; that it stands in the direct line of a most unapostolic succession with the practices of the Invincibles, nihilism, anarchism, nitroglycerin, infernal machines, national incendiarism, and a universal

smash, with some incidents of private assassination thrown in. And the preacher, to take only this one illustration, will not have lived in vain if he persuades men who are actually much abler than himself, and who ought to be ashamed of their ignorance, that there are social reformers in this country whose aspirations are still bounded by the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount.

But practically it comes to this. Except under such circumstances of extraordinary moral pressure as have been imagined, the churches as churches, in their collective and corporate capacity, cannot enter the arena of party politics. The Church cannot become a caucus. What remains? Something far more important—the formation of righteous public opinion. Here the church ought to be supreme. And it is just because in this sphere the Church is not supreme that in this day and country it is declining in influence and power. If in this at least it is not easily first it will be nothing. The Church cannot compel. The "authority" which remains to it is inward, moral, spiritual. If it cannot inspire it is because it is no longer inspired; and a Church without inspiration is a corpse which a people with decent regard to health would do well to quietly bury.

For the sake of clearness these things can be stated dogmatically. The world of politics must be claimed as God's world. Political work must be held to be religious work. And the Church must teach these things. It must teach that a Christian can no more neglect the plain duties of citizenship than he can neglect to pay his debts. His comfort, his safety, his liberty, the education of his children, the well-being of his home, the peace of his Church, have been won for him by the unhonored toil of the obscure, the silent, and the dead. They are secured to him now by common thought and common toil. The Church must teach him that it is simply dishonest to enjoy the blessings for which he has not labored while refusing to contribute his share of unselfish service to the common stock. The Church must teach him that he owes such service to the flag under which he lives. He recognizes this in time of war or rumors of war. He must be taught that patriotism demands as loyal

and devoted service in the piping times of peace. When "politicians" grasp place and power for selfish ends, when they debauch our institutions for the sake of plunder, when they make American municipal politics a byword on the earth, they trail the flag in the dust and do it deeper dishonor than traitors could who fired upon it or foreign foes who trampled it under foot. The religious man who stands by and sees it done must be taught by his Church and by his pastor that he is neither religious nor a man. And his consecrated endeavor to wrest government from the hands of "certain vile fellows of the rabble," who have seized it while he and other good men were making money and singing hymns, must be regarded not as extraneous to the Church's life but as integral and essential.

So curiously uncertain are we about what is essential and what is not in these days that while, as we have seen, some persons will object that all these matters are outside the sphere of spiritual religion, others will declare that there is not a suggestion, not a scintilla of anything new in such talk. It has always been held and taught, they will say, that religion demands good citizenship. William Penn taught in his day that "a man should make it a part of his religion to see that his county is well governed." Very good; the difference, we will admit, if there be a difference, is solely one of emphasis. It will not do to say that a political life is consistent with a profession of religion. That is too weak for anything. The Church must say that *a religious life is not consistent with neglect of political duties*. The churches have been anxious about doctrines. They need to "get busy" about ethics. They have made much of ordinances. They have to concern themselves with civic and national morality. They have been instructed upon points of theological minutiae. They have to master the principles which guide—or misguide—our city government, State legislation, and national policy. The question as to the right end at which to break an egg was important—in Lilliput; and the quarrel between the Big-endians and Little-endians was exceeding fierce. But we are men, and it is time we put away Lilliputian things. It is this sense of big-

ness which we so sorely need. Think of dissipating energy upon a multitude of ceremonial or doctrinal trivialities, trump-ery questions of church furniture, ecclesiastical bric-a-brac, and the depth of fringe on the high priest's petticoats, while the nations form one great armed camp and along their frontiers stand twenty millions of men armed to the teeth, ready to spring at one another's throat; while labor and capital face each other in hostile armies, the glittering bayonets between them; while a brooding sense of injustice sharpens into daggers and gathers into dynamite; while the dark places of our city life are full of the habitations of violence; while myriads of our fellow creatures, for every one of whom Christ died, are crushed beneath the feet of the trampling town; while manhood is degraded, womanhood debauched, and childhood outraged by the legalized traffic in poisonous drinks; and while in the festering rookeries of our teeming cities humanity is bleeding at every pore. Think of fiddling while Rome is burning! And think of lineal descendants of the men of Shechem in the churches of America who still choose and crown their Bramble-King and stand waiting for his fires to devour them!

When the time came for our Lord to begin His public ministry He went to Nazareth, where He had been brought up; and He entered, as His custom was, into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up to read. And there was delivered unto Him the book of the prophet Isaiah. And he opened the book, and found the place where it was written:

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,  
Because He anointed me to preach good tidings  
to the poor:  
He hath sent me to proclaim release to the  
captives,  
And recovering of sight to the blind,  
To set at liberty them that are bruised,  
To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

And He closed the book, and gave it back to the attendant, and sat down; and the eyes of all in the synagogue were fastened on Him. And He began to say unto them: "To-day hath this Scripture been fulfilled in your ears." He began to say this. *His Church must keep on saying it.*



*"The Preparations at Oyster Bay."*

## THE ROOSEVELT LION QUEST

By JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

ILLUSTRATED WITH CARTOONS BY THE AUTHOR



WE have acquired the Roosevelt habit in our daily reading matter. For seven years the nation has been amused, shocked, jolted, instructed, "enthused," edified, and entertained by the daily chronicles from the White House and Oyster Bay.

The President has given us more to think about, talk about, get mad about, and cheer about than any other President we've ever had. He has been a source of unending inspiration to the editor and the writer, and his field of activities has included well-nigh all forms of intellectual and physical endeavor.

He has spoiled us for the placid monotony that has hitherto characterized the doings of our Presidents, and, unless all signs fail, the city of Washington is doomed to

enter the doldrums when Theodore departs to seek the rest and relaxation of private life. The tennis court back of the White House will be overgrown with vines and enmeshed in cobwebs. Where once the sounds of battle raged, there will be the peaceful hum and drone of monotonous industry. The exclamation point will be succeeded by the colon, the asterisk by the comma.

The Executive Mansion will cease to be the converging point of savants, cow-punchers, statesmen, pugilists, bear hunters, naturalists, poets, and visiting potentates. It will cease to be the vanishing point of nature fakers and undesirable citizens. The ethnological carnival will be over and a Sunday calm will enfold us.

Whichever William becomes the next occupant of the presidential chair, he will not be able, either from versatility or en-

duration, to give us the continuous round of excitement to which we have become educated. He will not have the picturesque personality, the exuberant initiative, the tireless energy of our present executive.

And so, after the inaugural orgy is over and the cabinet installed, we will wait in vain for the daily thrill. No picturesque topic for thought and conversation will be handed to us in our morning paper. Our jaded eyes will be greeted by items *ex rel* the appointment of a new postmaster at Macon or a new consul at Birmingham. For a week or two we will hopefully scan the Washington news, and then give up. The Ananias Club will disband and the nature fakery will come out of their holes with renewed confidence in life.

Then we will turn an expectant eye to the front page of the paper, where the hunting preparations of our only ex-President will sparkle under thrilling headlines.

First of all, there will be the assembling

of the hunting party. A conclave of magazine editors, lion hunters—both native and imported—photographers, scientists, botanists, naturalists, and war correspondents will go into camp near Oyster Bay. Telegraphers, reporters, and messengers will whiz back and forth, to the end that the waiting nation may have columns of sprightly recital about every little thing.

The second stage will be when the invitations begin arriving from abroad. All the best lion preserves of the Dark Continent will be placed at the disposal of the distinguished hunter. England will offer the keys and freedom of Uganda, with a private train from Mombassa up. France will send an alluring prospectus about the shooting in Abyssinia and the pleasant facilities for reaching the lions via Djibouti and French Somaliland. Germany will extend a warm invitation to Mr. Roosevelt to make his headquarters in Dar es Salaam, right next to the Open Door to equatorial Africa; and other friendly na-



"Invitations."



tions with big game preserves will send on attractive invitations.

The Dark Continent will be dark no more. New telegraph offices will be installed near all the more prominent lion dens, and a wireless station will be hoisted on the ice-bound heights of Ruwenzori. The picture post card will spring up like magic in districts where the roar of the lion has reigned supreme for untold centuries.

shot a sorrel sea horse at 2,000 yards, with a denial in a later issue. The third day there will be no news, and a feverish public will glance hastily at the Washington dispatches, half hoping that there may be something of interest. Another postmaster appointed at Dowagiac, Mich., and a defi issued to Castro will be the only reward of the hope, and on the fourth day the wireless station at Poldhu will begin to pick up the thread of the all-absorbing



*"Leaving New York."*

After that will come the actual advance of the guns, with pictures of the crowd at the dock, the departure, a facsimile of the telegram of good wishes sent by President "Bill," and many other pictures of the historic event.

Wall Street will come down to the dock and sing out, "A pleasant voyage and—a long one," and then the wireless operators will oil up their spark collectors for a busy week.

The first day out a wireless message will tell about how the distinguished Nimrod learned the Science of Navigation; the next day we'll hear about how he

serial tale of adventure. Nothing much happening because it was Sunday. The only living ex-President led the services, and spent the remainder of the day wrestling information out of a nature-fact book.

Next day Ireland will be raised on the port bow along about seven bells o' th' mornin' watch, and the rolling hills of the Emerald Isle will be fringed with future policemen. Delegations fresh from Blarney Castle will issue predictions, through megaphones, that will sound ominous to the big game population of the Dark Continent, and the Eddystone Lighthouse will sag beneath the weight of bunting. It





"Wall Street will be at the dock."

will be what is called a gala scene by expert word painters.

King Edward will come out on his front porch to wave his crown at the ship as it steams past the Isle of Cowes. The French fleet, fifty ships of the line, and a swarm of subsidiary craft, will fire a salute as the Distinguished Traveler passes Cherbourg. He will make a speech in French from the taffrail, and land a few crushing epigrams on the Absinthe Trust and the Standard Frog Trust of France.

When he passes Spain the gallant dons who remember the carnage of San Juan Hill will do a quickstep for the "boskies," and the ministry will resign in a body. The landscape will be speckled with "hombres" hitting the high spots *en route* to the tall grass, and the scene will beggar description.

That's what the wireless will tell us, in language fresh from the Paris war correspondents in convention assembled at various cafés along the boulevards. Denials will appear in later papers, with profuse details. Denials of the denials will then appear, and by that time a new crop of wireless dispatches will be filtering through the spindrift off the Spanish coast. We

will hear how King Alfonso and the Prince of the Asturias rowed out to the ship and presented a magnificently damascened Toledo blade to the Distinguished Traveler. An autographed photograph of the ex-President making the ascent of Kettle Hill will be presented to the King, and the Prince will request that post cards be sent from the various ports *en route* to the happy hunting grounds.

When the ship reaches Gibraltar, we will be given a distinct surprise, for then we shall learn that all previous telegrams were fakes, and that the ship came directly from New York to the Straits of Gibraltar without passing within a thousand miles of England or France. Seventy-nine telegrams will be delivered on board as the ship stops for the mails at "Gib." They will be from editors and politicians back home.

What do you think of the administration's action in appointing James J. Jiggitt to the Federal Bench. Answer fully at our expense. —*New York Planet*.

Do you approve of action of administration in regard tariff session. Answer fully.—*Pittsburg Sun*.

What have you to say about action of President Bill in regard to federal judge appointment. Two hundred words r. t. p.—*Chicago Daily Boreas*.

Can you wire recommendation my appointment consul to Zanzibar. Answer immediately. J. HECTOR PRUTE.

These and seventy more like them will be read and tossed tenderly into the shark-infested waters of the sea.

Another telegram reaches him:

Come home and be President again. Things are terribly dull. Bill's all right but too peaceful.—*Vox Populi*.

The real sensation will be reserved for Italy, however. There the Distinguished Traveler will transship for an East African liner, and the excitement will be too intense to be comprehended by anybody who has never bargained with an Italian cab driver. The Italian army will pause in their effort to keep J. Pierpont Morgan from taking all the national art treasures away, and the Duke of the Abruzzi will wave a bunch of West Virginia coal dividends from the top of his new castle.

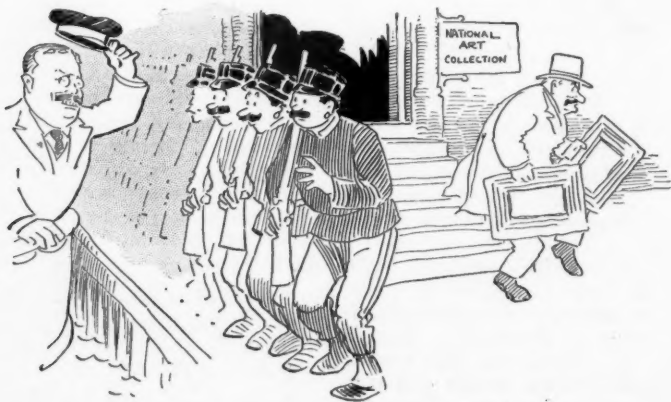
General Grant's trip around the world will seem like the Sunday *wanderlust* of a suburbanite. George Washington's trip to the Barbadoes and Grover Cleveland's voyage to the Bermudas will pale into in-

significance. With the Associated Press, Reuters, and the Havas Agency all working overtime, and nine million special correspondents sending messages collect, the story of the famous lion quest will be told with all its most minute details. Fact, fiction, romance, history, and telepathy will be mixed up in a grand contest for supremacy.

American newspapers, European newspapers, and the Paris edition of the *Herald* will be delivered on board at Naples. The valiant voyager may then begin to see himself in a new light. Roosevelt in Washington and Roosevelt in retirement will be two different personages. An issue of the New York *Sun* published ten days after Inauguration Day will say that perhaps Mr. Roosevelt may have had some good points. An administration paper will refer to the former executive as one of the five greatest of our presidents.

An issue of the New York *Sun* printed one month after the inauguration will say that Mr. Roosevelt in some respects had qualities of greatness. The administration papers will say that he was one of our four greatest presidents.

As the former president gets farther away from his native shores, his greatness will increase, until finally, as he enters the jungle, the *Sun* will call him a great man, and the administration papers will give him a place in the first three—Washing-



"Mr. Morgan will enjoy a temporary immunity."



*"The Mayor of Mombasa will deliver a speech of welcome."*

ton, the crystallizer of the nation; Lincoln, the preserver in a period of great moral and ethical revolution; Roosevelt, the inaugurator of an era of great economic revolution.

The Suez Canal will be crisscrossed with strands of Japanese lanterns, and the great traveler will deliver a speech telling the people of Port Said that they ought to brace up and turn over a new leaf. He will also give them an illustrated lecture on the Panama Canal.

As the steamer bearing the jolly hunting party leaves the Gulf of Suez, the eager ex-President will be pacing the bridge with impatient delight. "The Red Sea," says he, with great enthusiasm. "I've always wanted to see the Red Sea, and here at last it is. Isn't it great?" The Red Sea will blush a rosier tint in response to this compliment, and the mercury will move up a few notches.

Mecca will spill her hordes of dusty pilgrims down to the Jeddah Bathing Beach, and the blazing desert wastes will carry afar the sound of Mussulman in-

cantation: "Roosevelt is Roosevelt, and William is his Prophet."

The signal station in the Straits of Babel Mandeb will wink out an Ardois message of good cheer, and a Somali boatman will row out with a special delivery letter enclosing a check for fifty dollars.

"Send twenty-five words descriptive matter. We go to press to-morrow. Enclosed find check."

The distinguished huntsman will dash off twenty-three words, sign his name, and away it will flash to the expectant multitudes. "That's just what Milton got for 'Paradise Lost,'" he will say, with an expressive dental display.

The time for action is approaching. In three or four days the steamer will drop her mud hook in the roadstead of Mombasa and the real show will begin. The colored vote of Africa will be down on the dock waiting for Hon. Excellency Roosevelt, and a reporter for the *Ethiopian Enterprise* will be on board to get the straight of that Brownsville embroglio.

Out in the jungles a vague foreboding,

as of impending danger, will be stealing over the nervous denizens of that section. Little bodies of lions will depart hurriedly for the northwest and south in search of health. Elephants, symbol of the G. O. P., will lose faith in their symbolism and depart in terror.

In the mean time the after deck of the good ship *Merry Mahout* will be a scene

Several hundred distinguished journalists, photographers, and war correspondents who came down on a previous boat will be lined up, and the click of the camera will sound like the rattle of a cog railway. A well-known smile will be fired rapidly in all directions, and a mighty roar of cheers will arise and mingle with the drone of the sou'west monsoon.



"The first elephant—not including G. O. P."

of intense activity. Express rifles, elephant guns, moving picture machines, medicine chests, typewriters, books of poetry and nature-fact stories, will be oiled and polished up for the charge into the interior.

The Mayor of Mombasa will deliver an address of welcome, beginning "Most distinguished Highness, Hon. Roosevelt," and wind up by calling him Teddy.

That day there will be a luncheon, a garden party, a dinner, and a reception with post-prandial and post-mortem speeches by Englishmen (see Form 96, Reversed After-Dinner Speeches for Englishmen), and the man who has come out to rest after seven years of grilling life in the spot light will be kept in a turmoil of activity.

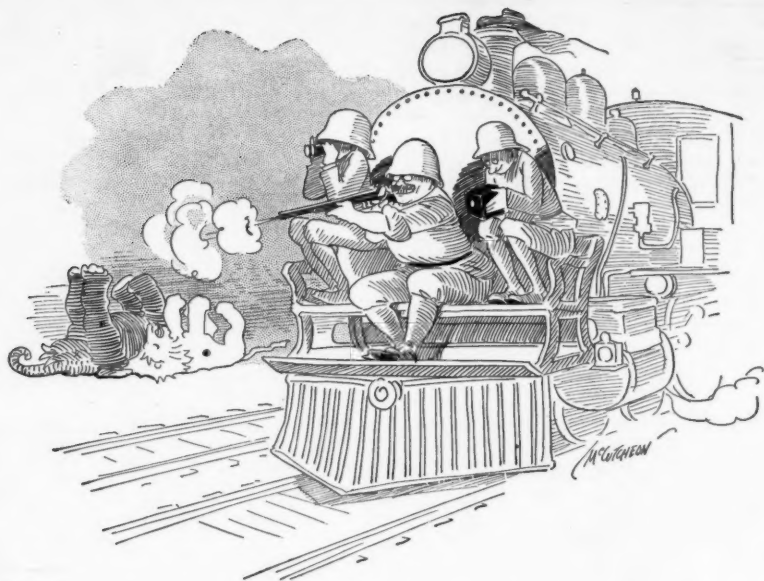
Another day spent in adjusting compasses, testing chronometers, and on the



\$2.00 a word.

It is reported that President Roosevelt is to be paid \$2.00 a word for the story of his African hunting trip.

By courtesy of the Chicago Tribune.



*"Through Darkest Africa."*

morning of the third day this gallant cavalcade marches to the station. First is the Mombasa Mounted Infantry, then the band, playing "God Save the King of Beasts," then the visiting delegations of chiefs, etc., from Uganda, Unyamwezi, Somaliland, Mpwapwa, Congo, Ujiji, Mashonaland, and other interested sections, then 200 photographers and war correspondents, then the Mayor of Mombasa with the Distinguished Guest, riding behind a team of eight zebras, and finally the corps of coolies and native porters, fifty in number. On the fences and telegraph poles and trees is the native population, 10,000 strong, cheering in strange tongues.

A moment's pause at the station, during which fifty words of descriptive matter (\$100) are cabled home.

"Ah," says the distinguished hunter, with a sigh of relief, "now for a pleasant period of rest among the lions, rhinos, and hyenas of the jungle. Not an office seeker in sight."

At Kibwezi a nature faker in disguise is

discovered secreted in the luggage van, and is fed to the lions that come bounding after the train in the hope of picking up an occasional correspondent.

Fireworks displays are a feature of each stop, with addresses of welcome and of thanks. On account of these delays the train is two weeks late.

At Kibobo they get some camel shooting. At the next water tank, Simba, "the place of lions," they get a shot at a lion and kill a laughing hyena. He laughed too soon.

But why write a detailed account of the trip now? Let it be sufficient to say that the trip will be a tremendous success, and that, working in eight-hour shifts, with Sundays off, the trophies will be too numerous to mention. Trainloads of trophies, sent through without rebates, will move each day toward the coast. A stuffed elephant will be sent to Washington, and souvenir lions will be sent to various other friends back home.

The daily programme will be: Rise at five; take a swim before the crocodiles are



awake; breakfast at 5.30, and then have four hours in the jungle tracking lions. Luncheon at 11, with a ten-minute siesta afterwards. Then five hours more in the jungle, another dip in the stream, and tennis until 6. Dinner at 6.30, work on manuscript from 7 to 9, read until 10, and then a couple of hours of flashlight animal photography in the jungle. Bed at 1.

On rainy days he can take a whirl at the Rubber Trust and the Ivory Trust, so that the poor workingman can get his billiard balls at a fair price.

Eight months of this exciting sport will probably be enough. Lion shooting will by that time become a bore, and the cavalcade will march across to the Blue Nile and sail down to Cairo homeward bound.

A fleet of war ships of all nations will escort him from Alexandria to Naples, where Victor Emmanuel will have a carriage in waiting to go to the pheasant preserves. A pleasant afternoon with the guns and a good bag of game will reward their efforts, and, in grateful acknowledgment, the returned Nimrod will present to the King of Italy a beautifully mounted

giraffe's head, with a bullet-hole neatly bored through the occipital bone.

A dispatch:

Am waiting at frontier.

WILHELM II.

spurs the ex-President on toward Germany. Great crowds line the railways. "Hurrahs" in all languages fill the air. American tourists will experience a sudden pride in the fact that they are Americans, and J. Pierpont, tapestry hunting in Italy, will experience a season of semiobscurity. The machinery of government will stop, and Roosevelt editions of daily papers will be issued by leading journals. It will be a great opportunity for a man looking for rest and quiet.

Emperor Wilhelm will be pacing up and down the platform at the frontier, looking at his watch every five minutes, and then gazing anxiously down the track for signs of the Uganda Limited.

"Ach, sie kommt! Start up the band! Let the Männerchor burst forth, and the Turnverein begin to turn!"

Talk about Stanley meeting Livingston! Talk about Napoleon III meeting



"Wilhelm will be waiting at the frontier."



*"Scene in the Throne Room as Theodore relates his adventures."*

the old Kaiser on the outskirts of Paris! Talk about Bonaparte at the tomb of the Great Elector! Or Havelock arriving at Delhi in '57! These are as nothing! They are dismissed from the thought! They are commonplace! Trivial!

But when Teddy meets the Kaiser! Well, the pen simply falters and refuses to go ahead. It would require a poet, a war correspondent, a rhapsodist, a dramatist, and a historian—all in one—to do justice to the event.

Two of a kind! Dynamic force and a human volt face to face! And the pleasant things that struggle to burst out in chorus after the first few words of necessary formality! The scene in the

Throne Room when Theodore shows how he slew a lion will be food for a historical painter.

Pages of cable stuff, oceans of photographs, heavens lighted by one prolonged explosion of fireworks, excursion trains rapidly whirling Germany-ward, the order of the Black Eagle, large size, for Roosevelt, honorary membership in the San Juan Hill Marching Club for Wilhelm. An exchange of photographs, all sizes and costumes, a walking contest, a hunting contest, a jumping contest, a climbing contest, and talking contest. The Mailed Fist *versus* the Big Stick!

And in the mean time Washington will expire with envy, ennui, and exasperation.

# YELLOW PRIMROSES

BY MARION AMES TAGGART

"A primrose by the river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more."



O," said Justin Huntley, lying back in his chair and pushing his feet farther out in front of him, "no, I can't think of anything that I want looked after, thanks. Joe Bilmont is going to take Pip out to his place in Jersey. You couldn't well manage a dog in your room-and-bath apartment, anyway. You wouldn't be able to cross the floor to turn on the daylight substitute if you had Pip there. Pip will be as well off out at Bilmont's as he would be anywhere without his best of friends—he lives up to his name, does Pip."

"Stock? Coupons? Real estate? Correspondence?" John Cameron suggested possible ways in which he might be useful to his friend during his absence.

Justin Huntley shook his head. "Everything arranged for at the office," he said. "Stop a minute! Correspondence? Now, I don't know—could you be trusted with a legacy?"

"If it were left to me outright, I could be trusted to hold it," laughed Cameron.

"If it were somebody else's, I might try to hold it."

"There are other than money legacies," observed Huntley. "I wonder if I could leave you the legacy of my correspondence with Miss Serena Mavis? I've been wishing I could intrust it to some one. I never thought of you, Jack, yet you're the very man!"

"Serena Mavis! What an alluring name! Is she as fair and sweet, as lovely

and poetical as that name sounds?" asked Cameron.

"She is the sweetest creature that I ever knew," asseverated Huntley, earnestly. "Oh, it is not a romance," he replied to his friend's smile, "but she's the perfect lady of one's dreams."

"Why should I write her? Why don't you write her yourself? Not that I'm not ready, if she'll stand for it," added John.

"Of course I shall write her while I'm gone," exclaimed Huntley. "It's going to add a hundred per cent to my maiden enjoyment of London, Paris, and the Italian trip that I shall try to make it vivid to her. But, you see, I've been a sort of New York special correspondent to Miss Mavis, and I'd like her to have bulletins from the old town while I'm gone. I tell her about the plays I see, the deals I make, the new buildings going up, the picturesque citizens-to-be coming up from the Battery, the pretty girls driving in the park, the newsboys, the club, my friends—I've even mentioned you, John. In a word, I give her local color in all the shades I can gather. You're the very fellow to take up this correspondence and beat me in making it interesting. But—though it isn't a romance, don't you cut me out with Miss Serena!"

"No living woman was ever named Serena," remarked Cameron, suspiciously.

"Yet Miss Mavis is certainly alive, and as certainly is named Serena—after a grandmother or two, I fancy," said Huntley. "Here; I'll write an introductory note for you to inclose in your first epistle

and the thing's done. It will be a pleasure to you, Jack, or I wouldn't ask it. Miss Mavis's country idyls are worth getting."

"Then she lives in the country? Doesn't such a beautiful girl ever reveal herself? Why doesn't she come to town to get her own local color? Or do you go down to convey it to her?"

Huntley opened his lips to reply to the term which John had applied to Miss Mavis, but thought better of it. John Cameron needed an interest in life.

"She never comes to town," he said, "and I have been to Branscombe but seldom. You must promise, Jack, however deeply you may be interested in Miss Mavis, and however keenly you may desire to see her, not to go down there. Or rather, if you find your longing to look upon her loveliness—for lovely she is!—getting beyond curbing, you'll get her distinct permission to go before you yield to it. And let me know if this happens."

"At least, this correspondence has the background of a mystery!" said Cameron. "I'll undertake the rôle of city rat, and promise to keep out of the pretty country mouse's cheese."

Huntley drew paper and pen toward him and wrote: "My dear Miss Mavis: Here I am arriving with my friend, John Cameron. I can't tell you much about him while he is within hearing, but the worst thing that I know of him is that you are likely greatly to prefer him to me when you know him. He asks to take my New York place with you by a weekly letter while I am gone. I shall, of course, demand my own place from transferred points abroad. Please receive John graciously; let him give you tidings of this world of which you love to hear, and be good to him, but solely for the sake of yours faithfully, Justin Huntley."

"There! Now inclose that in a letter asking my dear Lady of the Thousand Perfections to accept you as my substitute and the thing is begun. If you are not grateful to me for putting you in the way of knowing Miss Serena Mavis, then you don't deserve to walk in the sun," said Huntley, severely.

Justin Huntley had been gone six weeks. Already John Cameron had proved his de-

sert to walk in the sun. He was charmed with the singularly sweet personality revealed to him in the letters which weekly came in reply to his bulletin of each seven days in New York. He found himself growing absorbed in the plan of his next letter as soon as one had been dispatched. As he walked the streets he made notes of the significant things that fell under his eye—the small, relevant details of the great city's many-sided life. He wrote long, clever letters describing what he saw, doing his best to make the descriptions illuminative, entertaining, pathetic, taking no end of pains for the one word that should convey the exact impression. He drew clever little figure sketches on his margins to illustrate the story which he had just told of the gaunt woman in the park, the Russian Jew nooning on Broadway near Twelfth Street, or the babies in Grace Church garden, or the newsboys' game of craps.

In return he received—what? He hardly knew. Something that was a revelation of exquisite womanhood set in the midst of green fields and Arcadian simplicity. The letters that came to him when the heated pavements burned his feet were dewy fresh, redolent of clover and old garden odors, fragrant with an innocent faith and the joy of living. There was a buoyant courage running through these letters that made John Cameron wonder. They were the letters of youth, young and glad-hearted, yet a youth that knew its own value, and which meant to retain the cheerfulness of an optimism at once natural and fostered.

John Cameron thought that he had never known a girl like this Serena Mavis. Through her letters he came to know Branscombe as a beautiful oasis of simple friendliness in a selfish world. Miss Mavis painted for him the beauty of her meadows, her hills, her little river; he heard the booming of the bees above her flowers, the songs of birds; he saw her old-time blossoms and clinging vines, the wild flowers which she loved best of all; and he saw the little white house in which she lived set down in the midst of it.

"I live quite alone with my little maid," she wrote, and it troubled Cameron.

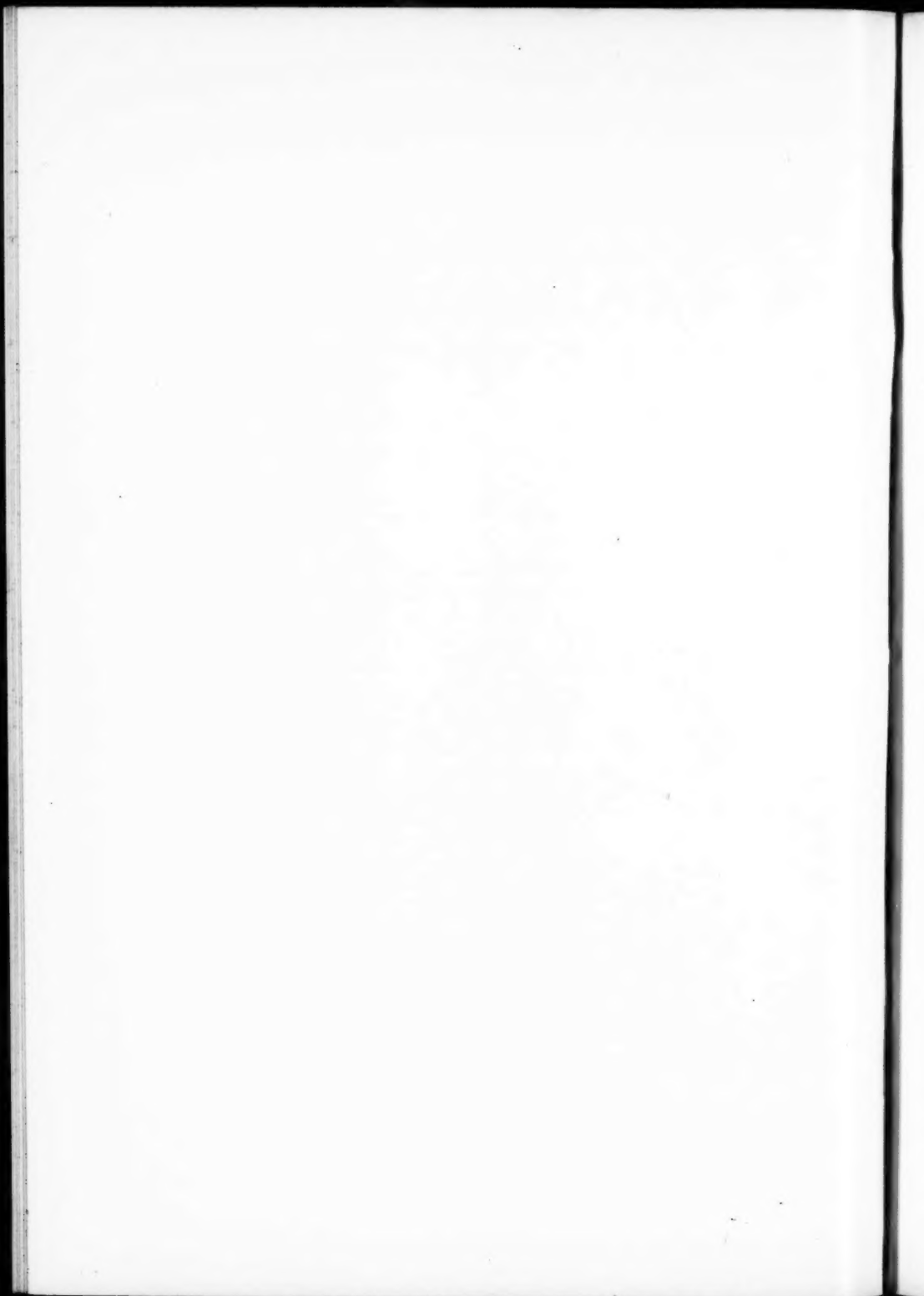
"Are you not lonely?" he asked. "You



*Drawn by Howard Heath.*

*"Mr. Cameron, this is my little maid."*





should have other companionship than a maid."

Her reply rippled with laughter. "There is absolutely nothing to fear in Branscome," she wrote. "There is not a wicked person here—no one would dream of harming me; I live in an entire community of friends. And as to companionship, Elizabeth is not my maid. I call her 'my little maid,' but I mean my dear little maiden, not my hand-maid. Elizabeth is my little cousin, and I would ask no sweeter companionship than the child's."

John Cameron queried the statement. He began to wonder if he might teach this most serene Serena that another companionship than the child's could be at least as sweet. He found his thoughts fastened more and more upon that little white house in distant Branscome. He pictured the tall, fair girl that moved through its small rooms and garden paths, calm and pure, with the love-light that was her birthright in her beautiful eyes. Then suddenly he realized that he was loving her. The discovery startled, amazed him, elated him. He was glad and proud to know that he loved Serena Mavis, just the soul of her, because he had never known another soul as beautiful.

He sent books and magazines to Branscome to supplement his letters, but he allowed no note of his growing feeling for "the Lady of the Thousand Perfections," as Huntley had well named her, to creep into his pages.

John hinted that he would gladly see the halcyon little village that sheltered Miss Mavis. But she gently told him that she did not entertain, and that, for the present, she would rather he should see Branscome only in his dreams.

Once John sent a box of chocolates to Miss Serena's "little maid Elizabeth," and at the bottom of the next letter the little maid had written: "Thank you.—E. M."

John was glad that he had thought of remembering the child when he read Miss Serena's description of her pleasure, and her own gratitude to him for giving it.

"I'll go down to Branscome yet!" he vowed. "And I'll take Miss Serena all the poems I can carry, and I'll get the best doll I can buy for her little maid."

"Branscome is a pretty village," Miss

Mavis replied to John's questions. "Not architecturally, you know. There is a knitting mill across the river, and that necessitates the building of a good many little houses of uniform dullness. But one soon leaves them behind, mounting upward toward the hills, and nature has been wonderfully good to us. There is a simple beauty around me that I feel I should have missed elsewhere. And the people are really remarkable! For instance, the blacksmith was here to-day repairing my pump. You must know that I get water from a well than which nothing purer, colder, sweeter could flow. Sometimes, however, my pump behaves rather ill, and to-day Joel Abbott was here repairing it. Joel is a little, dark, thin man, with bright eyes, and he is a genius. I have been getting water for two weeks from my kindly nearest neighbor, because I could not get hold of Joel for the pump. He is so kind-hearted that he can never say one nay, consequently he never catches up with his engagements. Joel interests me greatly—he really should have a chance to use his talents in a wider field, but how lucky are we to have him in Branscome! You can see that with even the blacksmith a genius, Branscome is not the desolate village to a book lover which you assume it to be. Kim, my little terrier, who is in very truth 'a little friend to all the world,' sends you several cordial wags of his funny tail."

Sometimes Miss Mavis sent John a bit of southernwood, a sprig of eglantine, or a pressed flower. "I can't send you the country, poor prisoner in the city which you so kindly and cleverly bring to my gate, only this pledge of its beauty."

"Say, Justin, own up!" John wrote to his friend in Venice. "You said it was not a romance, but I can't conceive of your not loving Serena Mavis. I'm doing my best to get her to let me go down to Branscome, and I hope to succeed. Then—well, if I can persuade her to do more, I shall do it, unless you tell me that I should wrong you. Cable, old man; I can't wait for a letter."

"Go, if you must. Forgive me," came back the cablegram at once.

"Forgive him! At the worst, and if she won't love me, I owe Justin a lot for letting me know such a woman," said

John, fervently, as he made ready for another appeal to be allowed to visit Serena Mavis.

This time she said: "Come!"

John set about his preparations with ecstatic triumph. He bought many little volumes of poems and essays, and a novel or two that he thought would please the lady of his dreams, proudly telling himself that he knew her taste. Then he bought boxes of chocolates and bonbons and a beautiful doll, clad in faultless garments, for Miss Serena's little maid, the child Elizabeth whom she was carefully rearing into a young womanhood like her cousin's. How pretty the picture, he thought, as he seated himself in the train, bag and boxes stowed away, and the doll's long box on his knees, for safety. He fancied that he already saw this picture of the tall, fair chataleine of the little house and the child comrade growing up in sweet confidence with the cousin just old enough to guide her. Although Serena might be thirty, John himself was thirty-three, and Serena's was a girlhood that would be prolonged.

Branscome station was distinctly a shock until John Cameron reminded himself that a railroad was always unjust to its villages. "It was not a long walk to Miss Mavis's," John was told, and so he undertook to walk to the little vine-embow-ered cottage of his mental vision.

"Could this be Branscome?" he asked himself. The small, uniform houses of the mill operators he recognized, hopeful of their exception to the rest of the little town. But after he had passed them, it was to find them followed by neat, commonplace homes, the typical averages of average American country villages.

The river of which she, Serena, had written so glowingly, was a narrow stream, saying which one had said all of it. Beyond were hills, neither noble nor in any other way extraordinary. Where was the beauty Serena discovered in her village? Then John's heart smote him. Did he not know where that beauty was? Had he not known for weeks the transforming alchemy of her nature? What did Branscome matter? What it lacked, Serena possessed; in portraying the beauty which she saw in it she revealed her own. The lack was in himself, who found the yellow primrose, nothing more. Serena was quite

right; the narrow river and the low hills held in themselves the beauty of all nature, since by them and over them flowers bloomed, trees burgeoned, and birds sang. Sweet Serena Mavis! Why should he be disappointed because to her the yellow primrose by the river's brim revealed its soul? With a swiftly loyal reaction, John mounted the main street elated, and came thus to the gate of the little white house.

The vines were here, clambering over the small porch, and the garden in front was abloom. The clematis was fringing the porch with white fragrance, and asters and scarlet salvia glorified the garden. For the rest, John was by this time prepared. The house was small, humble, but John held fast to the word of the enigma. He knew now that Serena was an alchemist, and that her love flowed out over her surroundings, making all things golden. If only he might divert that love to himself!

He mounted the three low steps, and as he reached the top one the door opened and a lady came forth, clad in gray and leaning on the cane that helped her lameness. She was tall and slender, with a delicate face, lined with pain cheerfully borne. Her eyes were like Serena's eyes, as John had dreamed them—clear, tender, softly pathetic yet merry—the eyes of eternal youth and purity. But these eyes were shining on him from under a crown of white hair, and the thin hand that this lady held out to the newcomer was softly wrinkled, for it had served some sixty years.

"Miss Serena Mavis?" murmured John, terrified.

"I am more than glad to see you, Mr. Cameron," said Miss Serena, and she contrived to give him both hands in spite of the cane.

"You are doubly welcome for dear Justin's sake and for your own. I was afraid to let you come to see me, yet I was delighted that you persisted. Shall we sit here a little while? I want you to see all that I have seen for so long from this porch, and all that I have described to you. I think that I never told you that I was lame."

John sank into the chair that she indicated. Was this Serena Mavis? Yet how fully she was the real Serena! No one had told him that she was young; it was

his own imagination that had endowed her with youth. Sweet, gracious, exquisite in every tone and movement, Serena Mavis filled the interval of his first shock, which she interpreted as unexpected shyness in this young man from out of the great world beyond, filled it with gentle expiation on the beauty of the hills. She pointed out to John all of which she had written: the gleam of the river through those trees, the touch of the sun's rays on those hilltops, the round outlines of the hills against the sky. And as he listened to her soft voice and watched the wonderful eyes light up the pale, pain-marked face, John's disappointment faded, and in its place came a pensive pleasure as he realized that she was all he had painted her, only older, years older, in spite of her undying youth. It was as if he had died and had returned to earth to find the girl he had loved grown old exquisitely in her solitude.

"Shall we take your belongings with-in?" Miss Mavis asked, breaking off her story of the friendly children in the little schoolhouse yonder.

"Oh, I am comfortable, thank you," John said, glancing down at the hidden

doll and diverting Kim's friendly black nose from investigating it. "It is something that I—I thought your little maid might like."

"How kind you are!" cried Miss Mavis. "Elizabeth, Elizabeth, dearie! Where are you? Will you come to me on the porch, dear?"

The door opened again, and its casement framed a tall young creature of twenty. John sprang to his feet, and the doll box fell to the floor. The girl's face was lovely, glad, pathetic, tender, mischievous; her full lips laughed, and eyes like Serena's, without the patience—happy, innocent, loving eyes—smiled at John under the crowning bright brown hair. The girl slipped behind her cousin's chair, and Miss Serena took possession of her hands over her own shoulders.

"Why, she is *you*!" stammered John.

"She is like me as I was," said Miss Serena, gently. "This is Mr. John Cameron, you know, Elizabeth. And, Mr. Cameron, this is my little maid."

"I am glad," John murmured, confused, but truthful. For he was glad. He had found, twofold, all that he had come to seek.

## TWO HEARTS AND THE DEUCE

BY GERTRUDE BROOKE HAMILTON



HERE goes the man who plays the butler!"

Frederick looked around inquiringly—where was the man who played the butler? It came to him with a shock; a dozen

eyes, pretty eyes, revealed the fact—he was the man!

These stage-struck girls! He slammed the door behind him; the darkness of the narrow way that led to his dressing room was a relief; no such neutral shade as blue could describe his mood—he had the

Blacks! His friends were walking disappointments. His youth had lied to him like a car advertisement. He had reached the stage of 'what's the use?' that precedes a leap into the East River, or the hurry-up services of an alienist. "The man who plays the butler!" A butler—three lines! This was what he secured after a two years' course in dramatic art!

He snatched down the unoffending butler's coat. "In this," he remarked, bitterly, "I look like a sin I wouldn't commit!"

It was hard enough to bear alone, but now that the Dearest Girl was coming, the thought was appalling! Back in the quiet home town the Dearest Girl loved grand achievements. There was nothing grand about a butler! He had found, on coming to New York, that the dreams they had pictured together, over-brim with sudden glories, were in truth but dreams; that success spelled—work. Yet, somehow, he could not write her this; and gradually he had slipped into the lost pictured life in his letters home. He had been engaged for a leading part—a lover's part, playing opposite to a woman whom he described as a "glorious goddess"—in his letters to the Dearest Girl. It was a deception that had helped him over many bitter places; he had kissed the paper that held her youth-wise warnings against temptations. Temptations! He hadn't had any, except to commit suicide, when she wrote that she was coming to New York, with her mother, to be thrilled by him! The ignoble reality of "three lines" would dawn upon her; the soul of Frederick withered at the thought.

"Fifteen minutes!" sounded from the call boy.

The lank actor, solemn of countenance and long as to hair, who shared Frederick's dressing room, hurried in. "I have just witnessed one of the heart-warming sights of this sometimes chill old world," he began, pensively, as he unlocked his trunk.

"Keep it to yourself, then," growled Frederick.

The solemn Thespian looked hurt. "You need to view the player's art from the front, Hanford," he said, with dignity. "Actors are missionaries who unlock the prison of self."

Frederick tugged fiercely with his collar button; faint strains of music came to him; outside the girl who played the maid was laughing—she was always laughing. He opened his door and went out; the girl was there, dancing to the music.

"Hello, butler!" she mocked. "Who's turned you down? You look like an ice-cream soda in a snowstorm."

"Wish I'd been a clergyman," was the gloomy retort.

"Brace up!" encouraged the girl; "this is the only life worth living. I'd rather

be where I am, at fifteen per, than a stenographer at fifty!"

"Give me a chance at fifty," he muttered.

The girl shook her head, smiling. "A fellow said to me the other day, trying to run down the perfesh., 'Oh, shucks! Actors just crawl out of holes, run down to the footlights, bark a couple of times, and run back again to give the scenery a chance.' I just looked him in the eye. 'Now, honest! would you do anything else if you could?' 'Honest! I wouldn't,' he grinned. And there you have it. You wouldn't get out, if you could. There's something about it"—she waved her hand vaguely—"it isn't the lights, or the music, or the Johnnies; it's just—It!"

The torrent blackness of his mood lifted; the world became once more aglow with future. "Thanks!" he said, and went down to thrill the people with three lines!

The next day the Dearest Girl arrived in New York, and Frederick met her eagerness, her pride in him, by imploring her not to see him act.

She pushed back her chair and stood before him with tragic, outstretched hands. "After my coming all this way! After our dreams—my longing to share your glory!"

"Sweetheart, the theater is so—so disillusioning."

"Even when you make love to a goddess?"

Her voice had grown angry; its scorn cut him like a knife; but when she broke down and cried, his heart went out to her. Could he confess? Three lines! A butler! No! His lips set firmly; better they should both suffer.

"I swear," he protested, "that I have a good reason——"

"Why don't you give it, then?"

"Impossible!"

The face of the Dearest Girl stiffened into sudden lines of pain; in her eyes showed a hurt that clinched her hands together. "I promise," she said, in measured tones. "If it means so much to you, I promise never to be one of the audience—your audience. But, Frederick"—the storm in her voice broke—"I can never forgive you, never!" A swift rush of skirts, and he found himself alone.



Alone! He made his way from the hotel. The Dearest Girl would never forgive him. His dreams had fallen about him like a house of cards! They were both so young—so young that people had laughed at their engagement, and life had stretched, an undiscovered wonder, before them. The lights and street noises did not stir him. A heart-clutching loneliness swept upon him, and, manlike, his soul craved sympathy. After the matinee that day he sought out the girl who played the maid, and laid his unhappy story before her.

"What a stunt!" She laughed without concealment.

"A joke isn't a joke when it's on you," he protested.

"True, butler. It's the deuce, isn't it? Want me to butt in?"

"You can't do anything."

"Try me. What's her address?"

"She came yesterday, with her mother. I made her promise to keep away from the theater. She couldn't understand—thinks I'm a leading man, making love to a goddess!" He groaned and put his head against the wall.

"Who told her that?"

"Who? Why, I did."

"That you were making love to a goddess? Say"—she eyed him with sarcasm—"you ought to get a job as a matrimonial agent. No wonder she handed you the lemon."

Frederick looked at her, puzzled. He was becoming uncertain of women—they swerved off to so many by-tracks. "That part doesn't matter," he said, impatiently. "It's the smallness of what I'm doing. She loves grand achievements; she thinks I'm one."

"Oh, she does! The goddess part doesn't matter! What's her address?"

He gave it, half absently; he didn't attach much importance to the girl who played the maid, after all.

Saturday—and the sun was shining down upon a laughing world, a young world that was glad to live. Frederick decided to make a last appeal to the Dearest Girl.

"You are driving me," he wrote, "as other heartless women have driven other fellows, to drown memory in champagne." It did not seem at all impossible to him

to startle Broadway on fifteen a week, and he mailed the note with gloomy satisfaction.

That afternoon an unusual thing happened—the lank actor hummed a tune. Frederick, looking across at him, saw that his eyes were aglow with some inward pleasure.

"Hanford"—the ponderous tones always irritated the other—"I have decided to resign my position with this company. I leave next week for a road tour with 'Broken Hearts'; and while, of course, New York, indefinite, as I am playing now, is most desirable"—he hesitated—"my understudy will be pushed into my part; it is a good part; he is young and I am old. Do you understand, Hanford?"

Frederick stared at him blankly—he was the understudy. Only an actor knows what "New York, indefinite" means. This fellow was giving it up for the road; was giving him his part! Great Scott! He crossed the room with quick strides, and grasped a thin, chilly hand between his two warm, brown ones, and at that moment, as he looked into the lank actor's eyes, a grave was dug for Frederick and a host of youthful vanities buried therein.

In answer to a knock, he threw open his door to the girl who played the maid and—wonder of wonders—the Dearest Girl!

She came to him, her eyes shining with tears, yet hiding laughter, her glad hands held out. "You stupid! stupid!" she cried. "Why didn't you tell me? I thought that you were in love with the goddess."

"What!"

"I thought that you were growing famous, and away from me. And all the time you were a butler! The girl who plays the maid came and told me. You stupid! stupid! It was the goddess—I love butlers!"

The lank actor looked down upon two figures, half hidden in the shadows of the wings. He turned to the girl who played the maid. "One of the heart-warming sights of this sometimes chill old world," he began, pensively—

"Oh, shucks!" retorted the girl, crossly. "Cut it out!" But her eyes were full of tears.

# LUKE E. WRIGHT—AMERICAN

BY HARRIS DICKSON



GROUP of gentlemen, soldiers of the present and the past, were gathered upon an historic Southern battlefield, Missionary Ridge. They stopped to read the inscription upon a tablet, simple and unpretentious, which marked the position of a Confederate battery. This tablet bore the name of "Luke E. Wright, Second Lieutenant."

Luke E. Wright, Secretary of War of the United States of America, surrounded by his officers and friends, paused a moment to read again this chapter from his youth. A distinguished general of the Regular Army laid his hand affectionately upon the shoulder of General Wright and remarked: "General, how queerly things turn out! Who could have foreseen that the boy in gray, who served his guns upon this spot, would one day be my chief, at the head of the Army of the United States?"

Things do turn out queerly, and perhaps the story may be bigger than the soldier thought, of deeper import to the nation.

When a Republican President disregards partisan politics and selects a life-long Democrat, he must have excellent reasons, and the appointment becomes significant. But even more significant is the fact that his choice of General Wright met with prompt and universal approbation.

The Secretary of War must be a post-graduate of the Oriental school before he can understand the needs of our military establishment in the Philippines. General Wright's education came in the most practical way.

One day, early in the year 1900, Judge Hammond dropped into General Wright's

office at Memphis for a friendly chat. "I see," he remarked, "that President McKinley is going to appoint a nonpartisan commission to organize civil government in the Philippines. How would you like to go?"

General Wright laughed. "That's an idle question; I do not know McKinley, and McKinley doesn't know me."

"That's all right," insisted Judge Hammond. "I know McKinley, and I should be glad to urge your name. It would be an interesting experience for you."

General Wright shook his head. "Don't do it. I could not agree to go, and I do not think myself entitled to it." This seemed a mere casual conversation, and speedily passed out of mind.

A few days later General Wright went to Cincinnati to try a case before the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, of which court Judge William H. Taft was then a member. Judge Taft had already been selected to head the Philippine Commission.

General Wright walked into the private room of Judge Lurton, his personal friend. Judge Lurton glanced up from his desk and said: "Hello, Wright! I was just in the act of telegraphing you. Taft wants to know if you would not like to go out to the Philippine Islands with him on the Commission. You will only be gone twelve to eighteen months, and might have a pretty good time."

"Well, this *is* sudden!—as the old maid said," General Wright laughed, and dropped into a chair.

"What do you say?" demanded Judge Lurton; "an old maid makes up her mind mighty quick."

The question was seriously put, and must be seriously treated.

"If you insist upon an immediate decision," said General Wright, "I shall be obliged to say 'No.'"

"Don't say no; take two or three days to think it over."

Shortly afterwards General Wright received a telegram from Private Secretary Cortelyou, advising him that the appointment had been made, and he determined to accept it. The other members of the Commission were Prof. Dean C. Worcester, of Michigan; Hon. Henry C. Ide, of Vermont, and Prof. Bernard Moses, of California.

This Commission reached the Islands on June 3, 1900, and began dipping into the A B C of the East—the dim, mysterious East, intangible and upside down to the Occidental mind. Out of chaos they were to create order, out of warring tribes they were to make a nation, out of poverty and pauperism they were to bring prosperity. They were to replace the bayonet with the ballot; substitute society for savagery; to create a demand for schoolbooks and farm machinery, Easter bonnets, Directoire gowns, and benevolent assimilation. They took this job lot of novelties to an unexploited market, and had a gaudy time persuading the natives to try their wares. So well did they succeed that a traveler may now see the Bagobo woman in her shack running an American sewing machine, while the fierce-looking carabao draws an American disk harrow.

Luke E. Wright was then fifty-four years of age, at the height of his mental and physical powers with a ripe experience behind him. He came to this land of wonderful possibilities which had lain undeveloped through sodden centuries. The first and mightiest task was to restore peace.

For some months after their arrival the commissioners exercised no official function. They simply went about, looking at things, taking on local color, and absorbing primary Orientation.

When the Commission steadied down to serious work, General Wright was assigned the subjects of internal improvements, franchises, militia, police, and criminal code. This was no task for a summer holiday.

The military government—called "the Empire"—dwindled and passed away, its

power shifting to the civil régime. This was not accomplished without friction and difficulty. Native and Spaniard alike refused to comprehend American sincerity and the straightforward methods adopted by American officials. But it *was* accomplished.

After the lapse of a year, Judge Taft was appointed Civil Governor; but much work remained for the Commission to do. Two months later Governor Taft was taken ill, went to a hospital, and was then ordered to the States to be present during the session of Congress, whose various committees gave him an exhaustive examination and hearing on Philippine matters. Afterwards he underwent a serious operation for his trouble contracted in the Philippines. During this absence General Wright discharged the complicated duties of governor. This was the transition period from military to civil authority, and involved every problem which could arise in tangled Eastern affairs. A mediæval civilization must be altered and fitted to the ways of modern life; the obsolete laws of Spain must be remodeled, a new judicial system built, the status of the friars determined. The vexed questions of church and state, of private interests and public lands, presented problems of extreme embarrassment.

From the beginning the Commission adopted an absolutely nonpartisan attitude in the administration of Philippine affairs. Men were appointed to office without considering whether they were Democrats or Republicans. The best man for the place was the sole consideration. Expenses in every department were reduced to a minimum, which resulted in the saving of more than a million a year and a vastly improved service.

Numbers of young men from the volunteer army were selected for positions. Out of this material came many high-grade officials; some were distinctly low grade. Mistakes were made, plenty of them. The doctor's mistake is buried; the lawyer's mistake is hanged. The Commission's mistakes were sent to the penitentiary. The Oriental atmosphere frequently had a distressing effect upon wobbly—honest Occidentals. Many Americans rushed to the East, with no capital except a venturesome spirit, some capacity, and the determination to amass a hurried for-

tune. They breathed the air of a land where corruption had been an established condition and bribery a fine art. Some found it difficult to resist temptations, some few did not even try.

On account of Governor Taft's continued illness, the President appointed General Wright Vice Governor, because he was familiar with the Eastern situation, and had demonstrated his capacity. At this time the President and General Wright had never met.

A few months later, while President Roosevelt was hunting bears in Mississippi, General Wright came home on leave, and the two men met at a banquet in the city of Memphis. About this time President Roosevelt was supposed to be considering the appointment of Governor Taft to the Supreme bench, and, according to gossip, the proposition was then broached to make General Wright Governor of the Philippine Islands.

The intimate personal relations between General Wright and Governor Taft were well known. It was also well known that Governor Taft had much unfinished business in the Philippines which he was anxious to complete. For this reason he did not desire an appointment to the Supreme bench.

Several months later the opportunity came. Secretary Root resigned. Governor Taft was his logical successor. That opened the way for General Wright. He formally assumed his duties as Civil Governor in February, 1904. Just a year later this message passed over the cable:

Wright, Manila. I salute and congratulate the first American Governor-General of the Philippine Islands, and wish him the same success which has attended his administration as Civil Governor.

TAFT.

No man, better than Taft, knew the delicacy of those duties, and no man more keenly appreciated General Wright's success.

Under Spanish rule, a change in the personality of the governor had always meant a reversal of every policy pursued by the deposed official. The natives naturally thought a change from Taft to Wright meant new policies as well as new men. General Wright promptly set all doubts at rest: "It seems to me desirable

to emphasize the fact that the wise, humane, and patriotic principles which controlled the administration of Governor Taft will not, at least consciously, be departed from by me."

Coming as he did from the South, Governor Wright well understood the difficulty of building up a self-governing spirit among the Filipinos. He said: "Every intelligent Filipino will realize that his people in their present state of development are unable to stand alone, and that in the very nature of things they must lean upon some stronger arm. It is suicidal, therefore, to repel friendly advances made by those in authority. . . . The coming of Americans to these Islands to build railroads and other public works of utility, to engage in agriculture, manufacturing, and mechanical arts, can only be of advantage to the Filipino people. There is room in these beautiful and fertile Islands for all. The door of equal opportunity should be thrown wide open to all alike—Europeans, Americans, and Filipinos."

This was the keynote of his administration. But it took time for the Filipino to comprehend it. The devious diplomacy of the far East could not realize that even a governor might be frank and sincere—that he might mean neither more nor less than he said.

Governor Wright's method of dealing with all public questions was outspoken and unreserved. Time and again, during his administration, he proved that the system of graft and plunder, of petty bribery and judicial extortion was at an end. The offender—Spaniard, Filipino, or American—was tried, convicted, and sent to prison.

During his vacation at home he spent most of his time knocking at the doors of Congress, seeking enlightened legislation for the Islands.

Gradually it began to dawn upon the Filipinos that a new sun had arisen in the east, and that a new sort of daylight shone down upon them.

After two years' service as Governor-General, President Roosevelt saw fit to send General Wright as first American Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of His Imperial Japanese Majesty at Tokio. Progressive Filipinos were dismayed at this change. They knew the earnest desire of

General Wright to do all that was possible for their advancement, and they regarded his promotion as a calamity to themselves. The *Far Eastern Review*, published at Manila, Shanghai, and Yokohama, July, 1906, said: "With Luke Wright shelved as Ambassador at Tokio, away from active politics in the States, where his influence would count in our favor; with General Edwards an invalid in Arizona, removed from his place at the head of our bureau in Washington, and Taft elevated to the Supreme bench, releasing him from a seat in the Cabinet, who will come forward to champion our cause in Washington?"

The whirligig of politics whirled again. Secretary Taft was nominated for the presidency. The War Portfolio became vacant. Who should fill it? Who could meet its most exacting requirements?

The Secretary of War has no sinecure. The United States army is twice as big as it ever was before, and is stationed at five foreign posts. In the Philippines are many cultured, intelligent people, but a large majority are ignorant and superstitious; there are also some savages. Some of the people have a thin veneer of Spanish civilization upon them—Chinese, Japs, Malays, Moros, Igorrotes, Visayans, and Heaven knows what else beside. In Cuba is the omnipresent and all-absorbing negro—tinted and tainted by years of Spanish tyranny. In Panama is the great canal, the Indian with the Spanish tongue and his peculiar problem.

The Secretary of War is Colonial Secretary of State, with fifteen millions of people practically under his control.

He is secretary of public works in the United States, which involves the expenditure of millions upon millions of dollars. No department in the National Government has more diversified and important functions. He frequently has great special duties put upon him by Congress. He has charge of the building of monuments, and the care of the District of Columbia. He has charge and supervision of the military parks upon the Southern battlefields.

All of these demand of the Secretary of War a comprehensive knowledge of the Orient and of the negro, executive ability, integrity, patriotism, and courage.

Secretary Root says that "serious places

seek serious men much oftener than serious men seek serious places." For years he sat at one end of the cable with General Wright at the other—which furnished his reason for the belief that Wright was pre-eminently the man for the place. Secretary Root was perhaps the one who first suggested the appointment.

There can be small question that General Wright is the best fitted man in the United States to discharge the onerous duties devolved upon a Secretary of War. Other men are quite as able; other men are quite as honest; but there is perhaps no other man in the country of General Wright's executive ability who has had the same opportunities for acquiring first-hand information.

The political expediency of this appointment has been assailed by practical politicians—the class that hangs around Washington angling for jobs. These men insist that the selection was exceedingly bad politics, rankly unwise, and brought no political strength to the party in the face of an impending election.

"Why," say they, "it offends every Republican in Tennessee by telling them that there is no strict party man in the State who is big enough to fill such a position. You are not tickling anybody down there. You are rewarding a Democrat who is supposed to have views contrary to those of the Administration."

This is the eternal attitude of the spoilsman and peanut politician—rewards, expediency, vote-getting.

Another class of men maintain that good politics means good government, and good government means the appointment of big men who can fill big positions—not Lilliputians to rattle around in a vacancy.

General Wright very frankly says: "I'm not foolish enough to think this will affect the vote of anybody—even my own." And it probably will not affect his own vote; General Wright sought none of these positions, and changed none of his opinions.

After the war he settled in Memphis, Tenn., practiced his profession with success, and became interested in politics. Although pretty independent and aggressive in his ideas, he has always been a Democrat, and has never voted any other ticket. In State politics he frequently disagreed with his party. For instance, he was op-



posed to the forced settlement of the State's debt, and fought it to the last ditch.

When Free Silver became the dominant issue in the South, General Wright believed it a matter of good citizenship to understand the question. He studied it thoroughly, and then refused to believe with Mr. Bryan that Free Silver was a sovereign panacea for every human ill.

He participated in the party councils that sent delegates to the convention at Chicago, and hoped to the last that a Gold Democrat would be nominated. But the convention stampeded to Bryan, and General Wright felt in honor bound to vote for him.

In his congressional district, however, the gold men retained control of the party machinery, insisting that Patterson was the regular nominee. General Wright supported Patterson against Carmack, and made a number of sound-money speeches for him, while Bryan was running for the presidency on a Free Silver platform.

When Judge Parker was nominated, General Wright was in the Philippines, bound heart and soul in the development of the Islands. He would have voted against Judge Parker because of his stand on the Philippine question. Under these circumstances he would probably have voted for Roosevelt.

Luke Wright has long since quit playing tag with politics, and passed the period when he cares much for labels. From long and intimate association, he regards Judge Taft as an able man and a strong man; he *knows* him to be a good man. He does not believe in Bryan's theories of government. Upon this basis he will probably deposit his individual vote—and after all, what does it matter?

President Roosevelt is said to have remarked: "They say that Wright is a Democrat, and I'm a Republican, but I can see no substantial difference between us."

The question is frequently asked: "Will Taft, if elected, retain General Wright?" Nobody knows; or, if they do, like Brer Rabbit, they "jes keep on a sayin' nuthin'." Certain it is that Wright and Taft have stood shoulder to shoulder in many important undertakings. They are warm personal friends, and Judge Taft originally suggested him to President McKinley for his first appointment.

President Hayes appointed a Democrat—Judge D. M. Key—and President Cleveland appointed a Republican—Judge W. Q. Gresham—to Cabinet positions. Both appointments occasioned no end of comment. But the press and people of the United States with refreshing unanimity approved the selection of General Wright.

Personally the new Secretary of War is one of the simplest, most approachable, and genial of men, blest with a saving grace of humor. He is acquainted with almost every officer of the army, and they, to a man, are outspoken in their gratification. His father, Archibald Wright, was judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, a man who revered the law as a science, and did not regard it as a mere trade to coin into dollars. The son was educated in part at the University of Mississippi, after which he studied law under his father. He married a daughter of Admiral Raphael Semmes, of the Confederate navy, and is a Southerner by birth, breeding, and tradition. Later events in the service of his country have made him a broad-minded, progressive, and loyal American.

Perhaps President Roosevelt, in this appointment, meant to emphasize the breaking down of those barriers which had grown up against the South—barriers whose last vestiges were swept away by the Spanish War.

Among General Weyler's papers this remarkable plan was said to have been found: He would land a small Spanish force at Mobile, and by gathering disaffected ex-Confederates, march on to the capture of Washington. Deluded soul! He wouldn't have been in Mobile twenty minutes before these "disaffected ex-Confederates" would have jerked him to a justice of the peace and jailed him for carrying concealed weapons.

Weyler—and perhaps some others—had yet to learn that these "disaffected ex-Confederates" and their sons included the Wheelers, Hobsons, Magraders, Bagnalls of the South, and thousands of such gentlemen as Luke E. Wright, American, Secretary of War of the United States.

The soldiers of the land have learned, the people of the land have learned, and this appointment may teach the politician that patriotism sometimes outweighs partisan expediency.

# BLOOD MONEY

BEING AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF RAOUL,  
GENTLEMAN OF FORTUNE

BY H. C. BAILEY



It was the spring of the year, and the limes were budding pale in Delft. The little windows of *The Red Heart's* guest chamber were flung wide, and within a peat fire glowed fragrant. That was for Raoul. "I never could breathe your stale air," says he, "but I never would freeze without cause." There he sat with his chine of beef and his "good, lustful Burgundy," well content with fate. Raoul had prospered. Van Meteren, the goldsmith of Amsterdam, had a thousand golden florins of his in trust; there were a thousand more with the Fuggers, and more yet in other hands. It was no ill estate for a man to have made himself in a decade.

But Raoul had been constructed to prosper in this world. He came to manhood with many abilities and no illusions. As a man he grudged himself nothing, but he wasted nothing. Always he thought of his profit first—sometimes last as well.

While he sat with his wine and his beef *The Red Heart's* landlord, Blue-nosed Peter, was reading to him. Peter thought well of his reading, and adorned it with quavers and thrills and hoarse notes of horror. He was, says Raoul, fiddle and big drum both, and a keen relish to meat. Peter boomed on:

'We declare him traitor and recreant, enemy of ourselves and of our country. . . . We expose the said WILLIAM OF NASSAU as an enemy of the human race—giving his property to all who may seize it. And if any one of our

subjects, or any stranger, should be found sufficiently generous of heart to rid us of this pest, delivering him to us alive or dead, or taking his life, we will cause to be furnished to him immediately after the deed shall have been done the sum of TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND FLORINS IN GOLD. If he have committed any crime, however heinous, we promise to pardon him: and if he be not already noble we will ennoble him for his valor.

'Given under our hand,

'PHILIP R.,

'Count of Holland and Hainault.'

Peter ceased, glared dramatically at Raoul, and crushed the paper together in his hands. Then: "Damnable, sir!" says he. "Thrice and four times damnable! A man's blood boils—" here his wife called him, and he ran.

Raoul lay back in his chair and savored his wine. "Damnable," he repeated—"but very interesting."

So King Philip of Spain bid for a murderer—you will find him almost adequately abused in the histories—and Raoul considered of it. And next morning, in the twilight before the dawn, Raoul rode out of Delft, and eastward.

The Spanish army lay in the villages about Tilburg, and with it was its general, the Prince of Parma, a gentleman of high skill in negotiating murders and other matters. As the sun was falling behind bars of gold, Raoul rode up to the low red roof of Lillo village. There was not much of Lillo—a church, a tavern, and a dozen of houses; but a pennon floating above the largest of them proclaimed the lodging of

the Prince of Parma. As Raoul came to the tavern two men went into the church.

Raoul fed his horse and himself, and lounged at the tavern door in the twilight. Two men came out of the church. They took little demure steps; their eyes were downcast. "Here be two who should have been women," Raoul muttered. One was short, yellow-faced, with hair like hay on his chin and lip. The other might have been tall had he stood straight, but his back bent and his shoulders were rounded; his feeble chin appeared through a thin, long, brown beard. Both of them were peculiarly lean. They passed by Raoul's curious eyes and entered the tavern.

Raoul was interested. It was his business to be interested in things out of the common, and men who spent two hours in church were most uncommon. He turned into the tavern after them. They were making a frugal meal of eggs and vegetables and small beer.

"Mary Mother, St. Peter and St. Mary Magdalen be with you," said Raoul, devoutly.

The two bowed and crossed themselves at the Virgin's name. "And with you, sir—with you," they said with unction.

Raoul composed his face to display solemn sorrow, and sat down. He sighed deeply. "Pray, sir, could you tell me who is the saint of yon little church?" he asked.

"St. Denis, sir."

"Ah, good St. Denis! He has been much my friend," Raoul muttered what was presumed to be a prayer.

The two—they were singularly insignificant men—looked at him with favor. A glance passed between them, and Raoul was asked to share their meal.

Raoul had supped, but he had always room for more. In a moment he was devouring barley bread and coleworts, and stating that he loved to lodge by a church. The sound of the angelus, you must know, brought peace to his soul.

The smaller man agreed that it was ill, and very ill, to be far off from holy rites.

"Alack, sir, 'tis too true!" sighed Raoul.

The larger, the bearded man, looked at Raoul and at his beer, and fidgeted. He was plainly yearning to make a speech. Raoul assumed an air of anxious expecta-

tion. The man blushed behind his thin beard, and began in a shrill voice, nervously: "I think, sir—when you speak of the joy of being near the church—I think of those who have cast down the church, who have cut themselves off from her gentle rites. Sir, in all Holland and Zeeland no angelus rings to-night. Sir, I yearn——"

"Infidels! Heretics!" cried Raoul. "Let them die and be damned."

"Nay, sir, nay," they both called out together. "Rather let us seek——"

"—to compel them back to the Church——"

"—if by any means we may save some."

Raoul shook his head. His was a secular little soul. He never understood why men should kill in the name of a religion or die for it. But he shook his head, and he looked fanatically gloomy, and: "Stamp them out. They are heretics and accursed," said he.

"But they may be brought back to the faith."

"Not while"—Raoul stopped and spat—"the devil William of Nassau lives."

There was silence. Raoul had flung himself back in his chair, his chin on his chest, his eyes almost shut. But he saw the two look at each other. "William of Nassau will die some day," said the bearded man.

Raoul shook his head. "The devil, his master, has given him a charm against wounds."

The bearded man changed color and started; then looked at his fellow. But he gave a short laugh. "Oh, God can kill him," said he.

Raoul allowed his eyes to open. Raoul stared full. "Aye: but when?"

Again there was silence. Again the two passed a glance between themselves. Then they rose together in a hurry, and with a bare good night left him.

Raoul sat alone, swarthy brow furrowed, hands clinched. He made very sure that they were in bed before he let himself go.

In the morning he was careful to take his breakfast at the same moment as they. They were taciturn; they ate little, and went out in a hurry. Watching from behind the shutter, Raoul saw them go into Parma's lodging. Then he completed a large breakfast. And then he also went to call upon the Prince of Parma. He an-

nounced himself as Jacopo Perrotti, a poor gentleman of Siena.

What was his business? With the utmost respect he must decline to tell any man save the Prince. First a lackey, then a secretary, then an aide, bore away that

man so like myself"—and saving that the Prince of Parma was taller than he (which Raoul has omitted to notice) and showed no trace of humor, the likeness was curiously close. Both faces were bold, aquiline, and high-browed. Their hair was



*"Learning that King Philip desires aid in a holy enterprise,  
I present myself."*

answer. At last he confided (with an air of great mystery) in the Marquis of Richebourg that he had something of great moment to impart concerning the holy enterprise of slaying William of Nassau, called Prince of Orange. That was enough. He was brought to Parma's presence.

"I have never," Raoul writes, "seen a

black, their skin swarthy by nature and tanned by the weather; their dark eyes were bright, restless, and large.

Raoul looked and approved (he mentions modestly that Parma was his ideal of a man), and wasted no time. "Your Highness! learning that King Philip desires aid in a holy enterprise, I present myself," says he in Italian.

Parma looked through him. "Kings require service, not aid, sirrah."

Raoul shrugged his shoulders. "I am not a man of words, your Highness. The King desires to find one who will rid him of William of Nassau. Here am I."

Parma had his head at an angle, like one who listens for faint sounds. "And you are—?" he asked without moving.

"Jacopo Perrotti of Siena, gentleman of fortune."

"And you offer?"

"I go to Holland. With some small matter of a petition I present myself to William of Nassau. I leave my dagger in his bowels."

"Why will you do this?"

Raoul struck an attitude. "Conceiving William of Nassau to be the enemy of God and man, our Holy Father the Pope and the King of Spain, I desire to slay him and win my salvation."

"You expect no reward but salvation."

"*Madonna*, yes," said Raoul, bluntly. "I desire to save my soul, Highness, but also I desire to provide for my body. Twenty-five thousand florins the King promises for the deed. I shall claim that. Also I claim something in hand—a trifle of two thousand florins or more of earnest."

"Nothing is offered till the deed is done."

"If nothing is paid the deed will never be done."

All this while Parma's head had been turned a little for keen listening. He moved it now. "I will consider, Messer Jacopo," said he.

Raoul flamed up. "Consider? The devil! Consider? Oh, if your Highness has commissioned another, I give you joy of him and I take my leave."

"If I have commissioned a hundred, what is it to you, sirrah?"

"It is this, by the Pope: that I will not be caught by other men's blunders."

"By other men's blunders you shall not be caught, Messer Jacopo. You shall be my guest for a while. You interest me." He turned to his secretary. "See that the gentleman is—entertained. I think you said you were from Siena, Messer Jacopo?"

"From Siena, Highness."

"Ah! A good morning, Messer Jacopo."

With perfect Spanish politeness Raoul was conducted to a room and shut in it. Agreeable chairs were brought for him, and food and wine. But he was locked in.

It occurred to Raoul that he had underrated the Prince of Parma. He had not supposed the gentleman so like himself. And he was discomposed. If Parma were to make inquiries concerning Messer Jacopo Perrotti—if Romero or Valdez or Borgia saw his face—he might well be known for the man he was. And then—"a hundred burnings and a thousand hangings," Raoul writes, "would scarce clear my account with Spain." And Parma suspected already. That curious keen listening—that question about Siena: Raoul understood them too well for his comfort. His Italian, learned of his old master Taddeo of Brescia, must have the wrong savor. In fact, he had walked full into a trap. It annoyed him to be there: it annoyed him more that he was there by his own foolish fault. And yet—was it his fault? He had made himself Italian that Parma, Italian, too, might be more ready to trust him. And how was he to know that Siena had another dialect than Brescia? Raoul—it is extremely like him—seems to have spent some hours in proving that he had made no mistakes.

And then he thought of escape. The door was fast. If he were to break it with dagger and shoulder, the noise would rouse the guard. The window was thirty feet off the ground, and if he dropped he would come on the pikes of the sentries. They brought him a good dinner. He received it most affably and ate it. The secretary, peeping in later, found him spinning pence with both hands, and was gayly asked to join the game.

Night came, and he made his supper and went to bed. A little after his lights were out the secretary peeped in again. Raoul snored with enthusiasm. But a moment after he was out of bed and disposing of the bolster to look like a body. A moment more, and he was crouching in the big hearth. Then he went up the chimney.

It seemed to him, he records, that he made noise enough in that chimney to wake all Brabant. Before he banged his head on the coping stone he was quite sure that





*"He bartered his horse for a better."*

he was choked. But Brabant still slept, and Raoul was still alive when his black face came out to the cold night air, and he rubbed the soot out of his eyes and gasped, and saw the stars. He crawled down the tiles to the back of the house and slid by a waterspout to the ground. Swiftly, keeping to the shadow, he made for the tavern. They were all safe asleep there. Scrambling up to the loft, and dropping down to the manger, he won into the locked stable. His own horse was there alone. In a few minutes Raoul was clear away from Lillo and the Prince of Parma.

All night he rode with the North Star for his guide. There was no safe halting south of the Maas. Not till he and his horse came reeling into Ruydorp at high noon did he grant himself bath and bed. He slept till dawn. Then he bought a

hat and new spurred boots, bartered his horse for a better, and was off again to the north.

He was in a desolate country beyond the Lek, a country of poplars and rank grass, when he found company. Before him rode two travelers. He gained upon them swiftly at first, but as soon as they saw him they quickened their pace, and for a while there was something of a race under the poplars. Raoul drew his hat over his eyes and stared through the sunlight, and gritted his teeth, and sat down in the saddle. Then, while one of them still spurred on, the other wheeled and halted all across the track. "Pray, sir, do you—" he began, and Raoul reined up under his nose. "*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis!* What have you to do here in Holland?" he gasped. He was the bearded man of Lillo tavern.

"The same as you," said Raoul.

"Come, sir, let us forward." He walked his horse against the other, shoulder to quarter.

Jammed together, they lurched on. "The same?—what do you mean? Who sent you?" cried the bearded man, jabbing at his bridle. "Halt, I tell you—halt!"

Raoul pressed on. "I come from his Highness the Prince, and——"

"That is a lie!" cried the bearded man. "It is a lie! You are a rogue, a spy." He reined off, and plucked a pistol from his holsters.

It was quickly done, but not quickly enough. Raoul's horse bounded under the spur, his sword darted out, and was home in the bearded man's breast. And he reeled and fell forward, and shot his pistol into his own horse's neck. The poor brute neighed sharp, then quivered, and fell over. Raoul was down almost as soon, and his ready fingers at the man's doublet. There was no strength to stay him, and soon he rose with a fat leathern bag of money, a bundle of papers, a rosary, and a Book of Hours in his hands.

"That—that"—the dying man gasped: "for the love of Christ give me that"—he pointed with trembling fingers to the rosary. Raoul shrugged his shoulders; but he propped the man against his dead horse and put the beads in his hands. "*Salve, Regina, Mater—misericordia—vita, dulcedo—spes nostra—salve*—" Raoul heard the prayer and the sobs as he sprang again to the saddle.

"Here is a pretty fool to come a-kill-ing!" he muttered between his teeth.

His nostrils were wide, his eyes dilated, his cheeks were pale beneath the tan. He sent his horse along at the best of its speed. Through the rank grass meadows the track ran level and straight, and his prey was full in sight. He was flogging and spurring, and shifting in the saddle to look round at Raoul. Swiftly Raoul gained. He was a horseman, and the other plainly none. Raoul had a pistol out and fired. The other tumbled forward in his saddle, but he rose again as the rent sleeve flapped back from his bridle arm. His horse lost its stride a moment; Raoul drew up on his quarter, dagger ready. The other turned: the lean, yellow face, the hay mustache, were scarce an arm's length away. He fired his pistol point blank into the

chest of Raoul's horse. It stumbled and fell, and Raoul went over its head.

Raoul arose with torn hand and arm. His quarry was a hundred yards away, galloping still, and he turned to see his own horse struggling in its death agony. Shaken and smarting, he stood there and swore, and gnawed his fingers and swore again. He was beaten.

There was no man nor beast to help him on. No town lay on his track for many a mile. He must needs tramp on and on and on in his riding boots, and every moment Parma's assassin drew farther and farther away. Raoul clinched his fists and began to march. Before him fleeing horse and man diminished, turned to a dark speck in the gray-green horizon, and faded out. The sun beat down upon him from a cloudless sky, and soon every inch of him was soaked in sweat. He had begun to walk at a mad pace in his passion, but now he forced himself to slacken, for he knew his strength would never last him out if he went at speed. Mile after mile of brown track passed behind him, the shadows lengthened and the air grew cooler. Behind him the sun was setting in a glorious crimson sky, but he knew it only by the blood-red pools that gave him drink. Astwilight fell he began to count the countless poplars till the figures maddened him. The stars were clear before he came on a little steading. There he offered great sums for a horse, but there was none to buy. He got a draught of milk, and with a chunk of rye bread and a strip of goat's flesh to munch went tramping on again.

Poplars rustled silvery white beneath the moon. Blue dancing shadows mocked at his weary feet. No thought at all worked in him. His mind was empty, as if he slept. He was a machine—a machine to get on—on—on. The steady, endless thud of his own feet deafened him, dazed him. On, and on, and on, till the moon was gone and only the stars were white in the void. It seemed to him that he never moved at all. His legs rose and fell, but the ground stood still, still as the North Star on his right hand. Once a whinnying horse startled him, and he tried to catch it; but the beast fled away, and Raoul turned to toil at the track again—numb with weariness, on—on—on.

The dark sky paled before him and the

stars died. Big massed clouds loomed gray in a light blue heaven. The sun came and shone upon his hatless head. Still on he went, his lips cracked, his mouth dry and dusty. A brown, straight ribbon stretching into the golden eye of the sun, the track lay before him, and he plodded into the light, stooping over short feeble steps. At last a thin column of smoke smirched the sun's face. The white and red of a farmhouse gleamed. Raoul broke into a shambling run.

Milk and wine! Ten florins for milk and wine! A hundred florins for a horse! Square stolid Dutch folk gazed at him open-mouthed. Fumbling with trembling fingers in his clothes, he brought out gold and tossed it on the table. Wine they had none, but milk was his in plenty and a flask of rye spirit to temper it. Gasping still with the raw fire of it, he hauled himself across a fat Flanders mare and lumbered off. The blood drove faster through him; his mind woke again. He looked up at the sun. Fourteen, fifteen hours he must have walked. Rotterdam could not be far away. With a fresh horse from there he might be in Delft by noon. Still there was time. Over the river levels the great beast thundered on. There was a scent of the sea in the cool morning air, and Raoul laughed and shouted and sang.

Now the land fled from beneath him, the broad water rushed by his side. Gulls skimmed its bosom, flashes of white and a thicket of masts stood clear against the sky. Rotterdam rose white. Houses shut him in on either hand, the causeway narrowed and crooked this way and that. Raoul drew rein in the courtyard of *The Boar*. The mare was steaming sweat. Raoul slid off clumsily, and his stiff legs failed, and he clutched the mare for help. A bowl of soup and a cup of wine while they saddled him a fresh beast, and he was mounted and off again.

And now his eyes were smarting and his brain throbbed, and every nerve in him ached. But he kept his grip of the saddle, and he drove his horse on pitilessly. He was to win, he, little Raoul de Tout le Monde, in spite of all the devils in hell. Let Parma's butchers take heed to themselves. Little Raoul was back in Delft. His Highness of Parma should know his master in craft. Raoul dashed on through

the sun glare red-spurred. He was to win! He was to win! And he laughed to his pains.

Delft rose out of the ground before him. Its canals flashed back the light. The fragrance of its limes came down the wind. Past the first houses and onto stones with a clatter he came, and the slender tower of the old kirk leaned across the street before him. Raoul was checking his speed and drawing in to the side, when there broke upon him the sound of a shot and a great shout, and a man ran madly out of the old kirk door. Raoul drove in his spurs and was after him. Twenty yards away stood a horse in waiting. The man had come to it, he was clutching the bridle, when Raoul snatched his collar from behind and checked his horse with a jerk. They slid grating over the stones. The face that looked up at Raoul was the yellow, lean face of Parma's assassin.

Halberdiers had run out of the old kirk shouting, brandishing weapons, and they took the fellow from Raoul and were near tearing him in pieces as they bore him off. Raoul walked his horse back to the old kirk, and came down from the saddle and reeled in.

The place was a house, and the lodging of the Prince, William of Nassau. The hall was thronged, and Raoul gasped out hoarsely to any who might answer: "I caught him. I caught him. But what had he done?"

"Shot at the Prince," a dozen whispered.

Raoul pushed his way unsteadily through them. But the stair was kept by a couple of soldiers. All was silent above.

A little man, cuirassed and grim, with curious green eyes, came down.

"Colonel—colonel—in the name of God tell me—" Raoul gasped, and lurching forward caught at his arm.

Colonel Newstead held him up, looked in a moment's amaze at the face streaked with dust and sweat, the sunken, red-rimmed eyes, the quivering limbs. "The Prince is dead, sir," said he.

Raoul's mouth opened wide, and he gasped. Then he staggered back and fell on a bench, and bowed himself, and sobbed like a woman.

There was many a muttered curse, they say, and prayers and tears. Slowly the

throng passed out, and the great bell began to toll. But Raoul still sat there huddled together, writhing, moaning.

Newstead took him by the arm. "Enough, *cordieu*, enough! Are you a man?"

Raoul tottered to his feet, and his face was hideous. He looked in Newstead's

Parma had conquered. The murder was done. Parma had conquered, after all. He had spent body and wit in vain. He had failed—failed damnably. He sat down, his head in his hands, and devised oaths at himself.

Aye, he had failed, cursed, blundering fool, and William of Nassau lay dead.



"*You meant to take his money?*"

eyes, and made a queer noise in his throat and fell swooning.

When Raoul woke again it was the next day. He rolled out of bed in the sunshine, sore-footed, but hale, with a great emptiness in him. They told him he was in Newstead's quarters, and brought him fresh clothes and plenteous good food. He ate and drank, and the blood in him beat quick and warm. He seized the fine new hat they had given him, arising to go his way, and then his grief came back to him.

The one man of his world who was something more than a man, who had flung away wealth and ease, who had never failed trust, who had believed the impossible and achieved it—Raoul had let him die, and himself still lived. Shame tortured him. Folly on folly, blunder on blunder, or the Prince would still be alive. Was there a dull coward in all the two Hollands that could have done more amiss?

He sat huddled together, biting his fingers.

"You are yourself again?" A brusque

soldierly voice, and Colonel Newstead stood before him.

"I thank you, I thank you," and Raoul rose, hat in hand, and turned away.

"It was you, I think, sir, that caught this vile murderer?" There was no answer. "You caught him as he came to his horse?" Newstead repeated.

"Aye, aye," said Raoul, wearily.

"I am charged to acquaint you that the Estates of Holland vote you five hundred florins of reward."

"A reward?" cried Raoul. "My God, not that!"

"Why should you not take reward?"

Newstead had seated himself, and Raoul felt the keen eyes upon him from behind. After a moment he turned and came forward a pace. "It is my fault the murder was done."

Newstead did not move. It was a moment before he spoke. "Since you have said so much, you must say more."

"I am ready," Raoul said, simply, and told his doings as they are told here. Newstead sat still, his green eyes gazing steadily, his face unmoved. "And so I was beaten. I failed. I was late," Raoul ended.

"And still you must say more. You offered Parma to do the murder for money. You meant to take his money?"

"I meant to take his money," Raoul echoed.

"You meant to do the murder?"

Raoul shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "Does it matter what I answer?"

"I think it matters," said the Englishman.

"Then I answer no, *mordieu*!" Raoul cried, with darkening cheeks. "I meant to make money out of him—yes. But I meant to spy out his plans, I meant to find his butchers. I meant to save the Prince from him. *Cœur de Dame*, that

is why I went." He laughed. "Meant! Oh, aye, I meant brave things. And this is what I have done." He stared into Newstead's keen eyes. "No; you will not believe me, and I do not care if you believe me or no. No man hates me more than I hate myself." He turned away.

Newstead arose and put a hand on his shoulder. "Come with me," he said; and Raoul went, his eyes on the ground like a criminal with his warder.

They turned into a room fragrant with flowers, a room where children were playing. A little woman, maidenly, motherly, whose hair was gleaming gold, whose cheeks like sea foam in the rosy light of dawn, turned to meet him. Newstead smiled at her: "Gabrielle, I bring you a very brave gentleman, who has done all that man might to save the Prince."

The woman held out her hand. But Raoul was staring wildly at Newstead, and there were tears in his eyes, and his throat was choked.

That is all Raoul tells. But if you care to go burrowing into the archives you will find that the reward to the man who caught the assassin was never paid, and that the Estates of Holland received of one whom they call Raoul de Monde 2,795 gold florins, "being a gift for waging the war." That must have been the money Raoul took from the man he slew on the road—Parma's blood money. So it served to fight Parma.

And what is the truth of it all? Did Raoul mean to hire himself for the murder? If Parma had paid him would he have done it? Or was it all a dare-devil scheme to trick Parma and spy out his plans and save the Prince? It is doubtless possible to believe either. Raoul himself writes: "Who thinks me ready for a butcher's work may—think so." You judge of him as you will; and your judgment judges yourself.





# MY STORY

BY HALL CAINE

## II. EARLY DAYS IN LIVERPOOL



ALTHOUGH so much of my childhood was spent in the Isle of Man, my real home, the home of my parents, was in Liverpool. My father, as a younger son of a farmer who had dissipated the little he inherited, had recognized the necessity of going farther afield for a livelihood, and crossing to Liverpool while still a young man he had established himself there in a humble way of life. If I were writing an autobiography in the accepted sense I think I should be tempted to tell some touching stories of how my father, as a friendless and penniless boy, scrambled and starved himself through the seven long years that were supposed to be necessary to teach him a trade; and again, after he had married and children had begun to come, starved and scrambled, or at least pinched and deprived himself, with the cheerful coöperation of my mother, through the years in which I and my first brother and sister had to be sent to school. The world went well with him in later days, and his children of a younger brood knew nothing of his privations; but it is not for me, as his eldest son, to forget the stoical unselfishness to which I owe so much.

I have spoken of the life of the Manx people in their own island as that of a close community, self-centered and conservative, and suffering in various ways from this catlike devotion to home. But there is the gypsy in the Manx people, too, and no lack of the adventurous spirit. Inheriting something from their Viking ancestors, Manxmen are good colonists, and I think

there is no remote corner of the world yet visited by me where I have not found a Manxman settled. He does well nearly everywhere, and contentedly adapts himself to the country that becomes his foster mother. But he never forgets his natural mother for all that, and whatever the greatness and grandeur of the country he lives in, he always clings to the belief that the Isle of Man is the most beautiful and desirable place in the world.

My father had the root of this in him through all the years of his exile in Liverpool, but though he was so near to the island he was rarely able to go back, and I find it a touching instance of the call of blood that not being able to go himself he was always sending me for periods long or short, and thus in a second generation his Manxness expressed itself in the end by the return of his family to his native soil.

But, meanwhile, it was in Liverpool for the most part that I went to school, and there, while I was still a very young boy, I started in life. I was something of an adventurous city gypsy myself when I first tramped out into the world, and my recollection is that the direction I took was due to nothing more serious than an impression that I could draw and the sight of an advertisement asking for a pupil to an architect. The architect turned out to be a remote member of the Gladstone family, and through him I came into casual relations with the great statesman. It must have been in the year 1868 that I saw Gladstone first, for I have some recollection of running all day long, on the day of the great election, to his brother's office in Union Court, with telegrams announcing

the results of the contests all over the country. He was my hero, my idol, my demi-god, in those days, but that did not prevent my blurting out the big news of great majorities before he had time to open his telegrams, and then his pale, serious, shadowed face, almost sad, and apparently pre-occupied, would lighten to a smile that was like sunshine.

I saw Gladstone again a little later, when he was spending a few days on his property at Seaforth which my master had been required to survey. The surveyor in chief had not appeared one morning, and I, the smallest of boys of fifteen, acting as his deputy, was ordering about two or three big hulking indolent chain men, when the statesman, now Prime Minister and paler and graver than ever, came out of the vicarage to look on. I could see that he was more amused than I was, and then he came up to me and asked to see my maps and the figures in my survey book, and I remember that I gave him a large explanation of the peculiarities of his estate with its hedges that ought to be straightened and its byroads that were bad. He listened quite attentively for a considerable time, and then, not having made any other remark, he patted me on the top of my head—it was easy to do so—and said I would do something some day.

I did not expect him to remember me, but I think he must have done so, for quite two years afterwards, without any intervening incident or other point of touch, I had a letter from the office in Union Court saying that his brother wished to make me the steward of the Gladstone estates in Lancashire. I was sorely tempted to accept the offer, for Gladstone was still my demi-god, and I suppose if I had done so the whole current of my life might have been different; but my friends advised me to decline, having by this time conceived an idea that I had the makings of an architect, and that business, the inevitable adjunct of politics, would break my career.

Their expectations were, however, in no way of being fulfilled, for, already, books had called off the devotion that ought to have been given to the drawing board and T-square, and I was consuming every kind of literature that came my way. The Free Library at Liverpool was my great hunting ground in those days, and surely no

young reader ever ran so wild in a wilderness of books. I read everything without guidance of any kind—poetry, history, drama, romance, metaphysics, theology—galloping through all at equal pace, a fresh book about every other day, until I had more miscellaneous literature on the top of my head than any boy I have ever known or ever wish to know.

I was writing, too (I can hardly recall a time when I did not write), with the same aimless and unguided ardor, essays, poems, plays, novels, and histories—generally histories whereof facts were not always the principal factors. Naturally, a desire to enlighten the world came in its due course, and how I began to publish is another story.

From my earliest school days I had had a friend, a boy of Welsh parentage, whose upbringing had been not unlike my own. He is dead now, but he lived long enough to hear that Tolstoi had spoken of one of his works as "the best example of modern English fiction."

This was William Tirebuck, and after he, too, had left school and launched himself in the school of life, going through all manner of grotesque experiences which he turned to high account in later life, we began, he and I, still in our teens, to unite our powerful interests in literature. Our activities were first directed toward the establishment of a monthly manuscript magazine, which we conducted for about two months, with the strenuous assistance of an elder and more staid-minded sister of my friend. What his own literary qualifications were at that moment I cannot now remember, except that he wrote a clear and rapid hand, and that he was always ready to put this good and gracious gift at the service of his chief contributor.

Then came an event of immense consequence to both of us. One of the contributors to our manuscript magazine inherited a small fortune, and, by what means I cannot say, came into control of it while he was still a boy. That was bad for the fortune and not good for the boy, but it was decidedly stimulating to our literary ambitions. The first thing we did was to *print* our magazine. We only printed it once, I remember, but I think the publication must have been quite alone of its kind. It consisted chiefly or entirely of a very

long blank-verse poem written by me, and a glowing appreciation of it written by my friend. I believe we struck off ten thousand, but I never heard of anybody buying a copy.

Thus our first free plunge into literature proved to be a plunge into hot water, and when the fortunes of our boy capitalist were finally submerged, my friend put on the life belt of sober sense for a time and swam back to commerce, his place as junior clerk in a merchant's office, while I with less wisdom threw up my architecture at the first hint of one of the nervous attacks which even then beset me, and returned to the Isle of Man. This time I went to another uncle, in another part of the island, a schoolmaster and a man of some culture, who comforted my father and mother by giving it as his opinion that if the worst came to the worst I might some day be able to make a living by my pen.

No such material consideration, however, had any influence with me then, and I was fully content to teach in the schoolhouse four or five hours a day, if only during the rest of my time I could be allowed to do what I liked. What I liked just then was to write anonymous and gratuitous articles for one of the little Manx newspapers on religious and economic questions of the largest conceivable range. That was the moment when Ruskin started his "Guild of St. George," and rumors came to us of undergraduates digging the ground outside Oxford in pursuance of the principles which the master was propounding in his "Fors Clavigera." It was at this fire I lighted my torch, and for many months I went on writing denunciations of the social system and of the accepted interpretation of the Christian faith. That my articles affected me profoundly I was perfectly sure, that they perplexed my uncle I had some grounds to fear, but that they made so much as a ripple on the placid surface of Manx life I had no reason to believe. No reason, at least, except one, the fact that a humorous clergyman, who must have got a "scoot" into my anonymity, and discovered the compromising name of the boyish scribbler who was undertaking the defense of the rights of man, preached a sermon by way of reply on the text, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Meantime my uncle died, and in some

informal way I took up his place as schoolmaster, with all the extraneous duties that pertained to it, such as the making of wills for farmers round about, the drafting of agreements and leases, the writing of messages to banks protesting against crushing interest, and occasionally the inditing of love letters for young farm hands to their girls in service on farms that were far away.

The schoolhouse was a quaint-looking structure that stood alone like a lighthouse on the bleakest of the Manx headlands, Kirk Maughold Head, and the wind in winter swirled round it and lashed it as with a knout, and once a sea gull, driven helpless before the fury of a storm, came crashing through a windowpane. Sometimes we had to tie a rope from the door of the dwelling house to the door of the school that I might shoulder my way round by the walls without being swept off my feet, and sometimes we saw the children, who came from the farms in the valleys on either side, with laughter and shrill cries, creeping up to our aerie on hands and knees. It was a stern sort of schooling for all of us, but I think we came through it to our mutual content, though the children taught me more than I was able to teach them, and I have since put some of them into my books.

I must have been there for the better part of a year, and during that time the little schoolmaster was in his way a sort of center of intellectual life. For the dark nights we got up penny readings and debates, and perhaps if it were quite worth while I could tell of wondrous speeches by my friend Billy Corkill and others on such perilous subjects as "Early or late marriage—which is best?"

But this was all grist to my mill, being a sort of public confessional to which I had beguiled my unsuspecting countrymen, though there was a side of my own life which they could not share. That was the side that concerned books, other books than they kept on the "lath" (the ceiling shelf in the kitchen), the Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Clarke's Commentary," and "The Land and the Book"—books that might have shocked that Puritan sense which they did not yet know as "the Nonconformist conscience," books of poetry and even fiction, or perhaps drama, whose authors (as an unforgiving Manx

Methodist afterwards said of me) "made their living by telling lies."

One such book whereof rumor came to me in those days was the first of Rossetti's volumes of poems, just published, and being greatly reviewed, but I recall no more of the impression it made upon me than the effect of the tragic story of how the original manuscript had been buried with the coffin of the poet's wife, and then exhumed after lying seven years in the grave. I remember that a thrill came first with that story, and then, close behind it, a certain sense of outrage, as if the grace of great renunciation had been thrown away.

Such was my first point of touch with a man whose friendship was in later years to play so large a part in my life; such, too, were my scene and my interests when one day a letter came to me on my bleak headland that sent me back to Liverpool within a week. It was from my master, the architect, and it said:

"Why on earth are you wasting your life over there? Come back to your proper work at once."

I had certainly run away without completing my apprenticeship, but I really believe he was one who cherished the delusion that I might become a great architect.

The only terms I attempted to make with the expectations of my friends was that of writing articles on architectural subjects for the professional journals. This I began to do immediately after my return to Liverpool, and kept it up for a considerable period, so that stowed away somewhere in *The Builder* and *The Building News* there must be a number of essays in architectural criticism written by me in my youthful days at the drawing board.

It was about the time when Ruskin was quite rightly raising a loud outcry against the restoration of ancient buildings, and my articles were, I think, for the most part intended to support him in his propaganda. I know they were written in a style that was a far-away imitation of the great critic's earlier manner, being very florid, even flamboyant, full of passionate appeals for the reverent treatment of decaying monuments, and fierce denunciations of the great people who were then falsifying history as it was written in our stones. My articles were sincere enough, I think, and, thanks to their model, they were not too mani-

festly immature, for Ruskin himself took notice of them and wrote to me more than once in words of sufficient encouragement. His letters, if I could find them all, would, I think, be interesting for what they reveal of the man, apart from his subject, for they were written at that period of storm and stress when his tempestuous brain was swinging to and fro, before it finally went down to that still and vacant air in which it lingered so long.

But the most immediate, if not the most practical, reward I received for my articles came to me from another source. The editor of one of my architectural journals wrote to say that he would be glad if I would go up to see him in London.

The perturbation created by this message was increased by the rumor, whispered to me by an architect friend, that Godwin, who was growing old, was on the lookout for an assistant editor, who might succeed him some day at the office of *The Builder*.

I obeyed the editor's order, and went up to see him at his private house in London, but I shall never forget my miserable sense of being so young when I was shown into a drawing-room full of historic chairs, or the shiver that passed over me as the old man entered and looked at me.

Fortunately for himself the editor did not ask me to become his assistant editor, and perhaps that (after the breakdown of the Gladstone stewardship) was the luckiest chance, and the narrowest escape, that ever happened to me in my life. In the making of imaginative literature it is the rolling stone that gathers the moss, and my stone was not yet done rolling.

Partly from the failure of faith in myself as a draughtsman, and partly from a desire to be moving on, I left my architect and became assistant to a builder. That was for me the best move I had yet made, though I remember with a certain shame that it must have been considerably less advantageous to my employer, for my new employment fostered my literary activity after a fashion that could hardly have been contemplated by my indulgent chief. Making no particular demand on my intellect, it left me free to read more and more books of many sorts, and to write stories and dramas and essays and articles. I remember that I had a snug little office to myself in which I did these things for several

years, while all the time my face bore an expression of intense absorption in the affairs of the building trade. The literary conscience in its early manifestations is an elastic conscience.

My building employment brought me something even better than leisure for my amateur literary efforts—it put me in touch with men. I was in daily communication with one or two hundred of them of various trades and classes for at least five years, so it was my own fault if I did not learn something of the workingman. I learned a good deal about him, both on his good side and his bad side, about his thrift and his improvidence, his industry and his malingering, his frequent self-sacrifice for his family and his drunken indifference to the cries of his children, his simple natural manners, as of a born gentleman, and his frequent foulness of speech, as of a low brute. It would not be entirely safe to say that what I saw of the workingman at close quarters did not tend to modify the more uncompromising side of my militant socialism.

Meantime, with the help of friend Tirebuck and others, I was making various grandiose efforts in Liverpool, and one of these was an effort to establish a branch of the Shakespeare Society, the Ruskin Society, and the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, all rolled into one. We called our own organization "Notes and Queries Society," held our meetings at the local Royal Institution, and invited public men to discourse to us in person or by proxy. The "Notes" were often provided by persons of no less distinction than Ruskin and William Morris, but the only "Queries" I can remember came from our landlords, and concerned the subject of rent. Henry Irving, then a young man in the first flush of his success, came to us on one occasion to defend what was called his "craven" view of "Macbeth," and I remember that much to his amusement a rugged Unitarian minister, who had been, I think, a postman, dressed him down as if he had been a naughty boy who required the cane of a schoolmaster.

The local dignitaries gave us occasional-ly the light of their countenance. Philip Rathbone told us stark-naked truths about the "nude in art," and Edward Russell read to us, I think, one of his masterly

essays on Shakespeare. There were, too, a good many young Liverpool men in the enterprise, and though "Notes and Queries" eventually subsided, a few of us emerged.

I was in my early twenties by this time, and in spite of many discouragements life was full of great dreams. Among them was one which brought me back to the great writer and painter, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who was to fill so large a space in my succeeding years. Through a member of our society, a journalist of much ability, Ashcroft Noble, I came to know a young poet who has since attained to a high and well-deserved renown. He was a boy of seventeen or eighteen at that time, very slight and pale, very modest and reticent, and reminding us constantly of Keats, not alone by his spiritual gifts, but also his physical infirmities, for he was very delicate then, and we feared he would die of decline. This was William Watson, the son of a merchant in Liverpool, and he had written a long romantic poem which we believed to be full of genius.

Both Watson and Noble were at that period enthusiastic admirers of Rossetti, both as a poet and as a painter, and through them I revived my interest in the subject of the grim story of the buried book which had so deeply impressed me in the Isle of Man. I heard of Rossetti through other channels also, for through "Notes and Queries" I had come to know Hawthorne's friend, H. A. Bright, and through him the late Lord Houghton.

I remember Bright as a frail, sensitive man with eager eyes, who read aloud to me, with the appearance of one who is passing delicious wine over his palate, the choicest passages from Hawthorne's letters; and I recall Lord Houghton chiefly by his story of how he came to write his life of Keats. When very young (he was then very old), he had set off for Italy in order to work up material for a life of Shelley, and putting up for a day or two at Florence, he had called on Walter Savage Landor.

Landor, for some reason, threw cold water on Houghton's enthusiasm, and then said:

"But a young fellow named Keats died at Rome a while ago, and he was a real poet—why not get up a life of *him*?"

Bright had known something of Rossetti, and in reply to my eager questioning, which



was not to be satisfied without personal details, he told me that the poet was a little dark man with fine eyes under a broad brow—a little Italian, in short. I think it was Lord Houghton who said Rossetti, in the days when he used to meet him (probably at Mrs. Gaskell's), was a young fellow of strong Bohemian habits (meaning thereby, I presumed, a certain tendency to recklessness or even indecorum), known at that time principally as a painter and the leader of an eccentric school of art, but also as a poet whose poems, not yet published as a whole, were much belauded by a narrow circle among whom they passed from hand to hand.

I also recall, as one of the fountains from which I quenched my thirst for any sort of *ana* relating to Rossetti, that on a holiday in the Lake Country I met a stranger whom I thought I recognized as the author of "*Festus*," and that with much akin to the foregoing I also heard from him that in his young manhood the poet's manners had been, to say the least, robustious, suggesting a person in deliberate revolt against nearly all the conventions of society, and delighting, if only out of perversity or for devilish amusement, in every opportunity to startle people out of their propriety.

But more arresting, because obviously of more serious import than such pictures of the excesses of a vigorous physical and intellectual youth, were the slight peeps I was able to get from Bright, Houghton, and others of the life the poet lived then. It appeared that Rossetti had long been living in the strictest seclusion in a large house in Chelsea, which had once been the home of the Princess Elizabeth; that neither the literary nor the artistic society of London saw anything of him; that his face was unknown to the pictorial newspapers, and unfamiliar to his contemporaries in either of the two arts in which he was now illustrious; that outside a close and very limited circle he was as one who was dead and buried, save for the splendid achievements in poetry and painting which emerged at intervals from the sealed doors of his tomb.

It was natural that about an existence so shrouded by mystery various myths should have gathered, and in reply to my questioning I received a number of fragmentary romances, some of them having, as I now see, a certain substratum of truth. Thus I

was told that Rossetti's seclusion had been due to the shock occasioned by the death of his wife, and again to the remorse that had followed on having allowed himself to exhume her body for the recovery of the manuscripts which he had buried in her grave, and yet again to the distress and sense of degradation which had resulted upon the adverse criticism of a brother poet, taken up by a whole pack of critical hounds in full cry.

Such were the portraits of Rossetti with which I fed my curiosity in those early days in Liverpool, and the first outcome of my enthusiasm was a lecture which I delivered at the local Free Library, when, "*Notes and Queries*" having subsided, the rolling stone was once more moving on.

I do not remember to have said anything about Rossetti the man, though that might have been a promising theme for a popular audience, neither did I attempt to tell the story of the origin and publication of his books, but I gave a narrative account of the stories of his greater poems, and then wound up with an abstract analysis of the impulses animating his work.

I cannot but smile when I cast my mind back some thirty years and think of myself as a young fellow of five-and-twenty, full to the throat of the last phrase, not to say the last jargon, of the "higher" literary criticism, pouring out its abstract theories to an audience consisting chiefly of working men and women, who listened to me, I remember, in the most indulgent silence. But sure I am that some kindly Fate must have been directing my incongruous efforts, for knowing Rossetti's nature as I afterwards learned to know it, I see that such pleading for the moral influences animating his work was of all things most likely to enlist his sympathy and engage his affections. Smarting still under the monstrous accusation that he had by his poetry been engaged with others in an attempt to demoralize the public mind by the glorification of mere lust, he jumped with eagerness at a whole-hearted defense of his literary and human impulses, as a writer who had been prompted by the highest of spiritual emotions, and as a man to whom the passions of the body were as nothing unless sanctified by the concurrence of the soul.

My lecture was printed about a year

after its delivery, and then eagerly but nervously, and I think modestly, I sent a copy of it to the poet, hardly expecting more than a word of response. A post or two later brought me, however, the following reply:

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA,

July 29, 1879.

DEAR MR. CAINE: I am much struck by the generous enthusiasm displayed in your lecture, and by the ability with which it is written. Your estimate of the impulses influencing my poetry is such as I could wish it to suggest, and this suggestion, I believe, it will always have for a true-hearted nature. You say that you are grateful to me; my response is that I am grateful to you; for you have spoken up heartily and unfalteringly for the work you love.

I dare say you sometimes come to London. I should be very glad to know you, and would ask you, if you thought of calling, to give me a day's notice when to expect you, as I am not always able to see visitors without appointment. The afternoon about 5 might suit you, or else the evening about 9.30.

With all best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

If the foregoing letter seems to the reader to be little more than a courteous acknowledgment by a famous poet of an appreciative criticism sent by a stranger, I must urge that in order to realize what it meant to me it is necessary to think of who and what I was, as (for this purpose chiefly) I have tried to show myself in the foregoing story—a young man in the country who had begun life in the most unlikely of all conditions for the pursuit of the literary calling, who had scratched and scrambled through a kind of miscellaneous education, Heaven knows how, who had made efforts to emerge from an environment for which he was quite unfit, and thus far failed in all of them. To this raw and untutored beginner, quite unrecognized and unknown, a great man, illustrious in two arts, in return for a little essay, a mere lecture delivered in a provincial city to an audience whose opinion could have no sensible effect on his fame, held out his hand and said, at a moment perhaps of deep discouragement, "I should be very glad to know you." Is it a matter for much surprise that the day

I received that first letter from Rossetti seemed to me to be the greatest day of my life?

I think it not improbable that my reply sufficiently expressed the emotion I describe, for the poet wrote to me again and again within a very few days, with a warmth and tenderness which I still feel to be, under the circumstances of the great disparity between us, both as to age and gifts and condition, almost inexpressibly touching.

"My dear Caine," he wrote, after a while, "let me assure you at once that correspondence with yourself is one of my best pleasures, and that you cannot write too much or too often for me; though after what you have told me as to the apportioning of your time [I had to be at my office at six in the morning in those days] I would be unwilling to encroach unduly upon it. Neither should I on my side prove very tardy in reply, as you are one to whom I find there is something to say when I sit down with a pen and paper. I have a good deal of enforced evening leisure, as it is seldom I can paint or draw by gaslight. It would not be right in me to refrain from saying that to meet with one so 'leal and true' to myself as you are has been a consolation amidst much discouragement.

"Do please drop the 'Mr.' in writing to me again."

Later he wrote: "I am truly delighted to hear how young you are: I suppose you are not married. In original work a man does some of his best things by your time of life, though he only finds it out in a rage much later, at some date when he expected to know no longer that he had ever done them."

My employment in Liverpool delayed for many months the moment when I was to meet Rossetti in London, but our intimacy deepened by correspondence, and he began to send me some of the shorter poems which he had not yet published, and to ask me to show him such work as I had done myself.

In reply to inquiries like this I was naturally very eager to show what I had done, so I sent poetry, criticism, prose narrative, and, I think, fragments of drama, most of it unpublished and some of it never to see print.

While the hampering conditions of my employment delayed our coming together, Rossetti showed a good deal of friendly

anxiety to bring me in contact with such of his friends as were near to Liverpool or had occasion to visit it. In this way I met Madox Brown, and sat to him for one of the figures in his admirable frescoes in the Town Hall at Manchester, and in this way, too, I met Stephens, the art critic.

My health failed me for a time, and though Rossetti and I had not even yet seen each other face to face, his anxiety about my condition could not have been greater had I been his own son.

"You are very young to be so beset with dark moods," he said, "and I am much concerned to hear it. Everyone, I suppose, thinks *he* only knows the full bitterness of the Shadowed Valley. I hope health is whole with you—then all *must* come out well, with your mind and such energy as yours to make its way.

"It is very late. Good-by for to-night."

Such were the earliest of the letters which formed the beginnings of my first great literary friendship. I have quoted them because I believe they illustrate, as hardly anything else can, the sweetest and most intimate if not the highest and noblest side of Rossetti's nature—that side, namely, which showed his capacity for the most disinterested friendship.

Not to me only, as I now know, did he show sympathy and unselfishness, for the stories are not few or rare of how he gave his time and energies, and even in some cases sacrificed a little of his personal aims and ambitions in order to forward the interests of his friends, but I think there was something exceptional in the friendship he gave to me. If he lived a solitary life in those days it was not because he might not have found society enough among importunate admirers round about him, who would have been only too eager to give him their company at the faintest hint or wink; but outside the narrow circle of intimate com-

rades he selected for his friend a young fellow in the country, half his age, who could bring him nothing but sympathy, and counted for so very little in a world in which he counted for so much.

I am not ashamed to say there are tears in my eyes and a lump in my throat when I read again in Rossetti's letters of the long evenings in his studio, when it was impossible for him to paint or draw by gaslight, and his loneliness was broken by writing to me, for I know that but for the unselfishness with which in this way he gave me so many hours of his silent company, and but for the encouragement, the strength, and self-sacrifice he brought me, it would have taken me long to emerge from the commonplace round of daily life. Not that I was in any sense an object of pity, for I was no poor little drudge in a blacking warehouse, but, on the contrary, a much-indulged servant of an employer who had made me his friend; but all the time I was a clerk in the lower middle class of provincial life, and that is perhaps the wheel of life from which it is hardest of all to escape.

That I escaped from it all was perhaps chiefly due to the generous extravagance with which Rossetti told me, in so many ways, that my "time could not be long delayed," and that in spite of the dark moods "all *must* come out well." There was not much to justify such bold predictions then, and when, years afterwards, on the publication of the first of my *Manx* novels, Rossetti's brother William said, "After all Gabriel knew what he was doing," I was more moved by that than by many favorable articles, and since then, if I have spent countless precious hours reading the efforts of beginners and struggling to say good words of them, it has been only by way of balancing my reckoning with one who, in my early and dark days, did so much for me.

(To be continued.)



# A KYOTO DIVINITY

By ISRAEL PUTNAM



HE was not in the least like an ordinary globe trotter. I abhor globe trotters. They go about the world getting impressions. Impressions are the Majority's substitute for convictions. I never knew a person with impressions who was not offensive; generally they are noisy.

She had come either by way of the East, across the Pacific, or else from the West, by Suez. I did not know which. I only knew that she could not have been long in Japan—knew it by her clothes which were not Japanese. They suggested other worlds beyond the sea too expensive for Anglo-Orientals to live in. They suggested—but why continue? If I were to set down half of the things suggested by those dainty, fleecy, shimmery, fascinating things I should never get on with my story. And it was not her clothes which attracted me to her. It was her mind.

A man never worries about a woman's mind unless it is concealed behind a beautiful face. Hers was. I got behind the curtain and was not disappointed. But I never ceased to prefer the curtain. This is heresy and unsound reasoning, but it's true.

We had been friends for some time. If she was a globe trotter she had the decency to descend to a walk when she struck Japan. A person who can trot through the gladdest of God's countries deserves no sympathy.

Our friendship had the advantage of being unconventional from the start. I rendered her a traveler's service and she was not afraid to be civil to me afterwards. This was the first thing which drew me. Then there were others. They came thick

and fast. Finally we discovered that we had mutual friends. That is, she mentioned people who were friends of friends of mine. I told her that I knew them, as it would make her more sure that I was all that I ought to be. It was not strictly true, and when she taxed me with it afterwards I told her she was worth it. She accepted the explanation.

I used to come to breakfast late so that I could talk to her across the deserted dining room. I got horribly hungry, for she never came down until just before the doors closed—sometimes afterwards, when she would push them open again. The doors were of paper, and it didn't matter.

I like a woman who can be lazy at the right end of the day—which is the front end. Early risers are a nuisance, and ought to be prohibited by law.

One morning I waxed bold. I had been screwing up my courage for a week.

"And what are you going to do this morning?" I asked as I ate my orange. It really wasn't an orange. It was a horrid big thing with a skin like a horse blanket and insides which tasted like medicine.

"I'm going to do another temple," she replied. "It's almost the last."

"Have you sworn off, or has the supply run out?" I ventured to inquire.

"It's merely a sightseer's vacation."

"I wish you'd take me with you." I said this desperately, as a man might confess suddenly to a crime, or propose marriage to a woman of his mother's generation. I was abashed at my boldness. She looked me over. I think I appeared harmless. I felt so.

"Certainly not!" she replied.

"I'm sorry. But it probably isn't really worth seeing. One temple is just like another. I don't think I like temples. Why

don't you spend your mornings in the hotel gardens, feeding the goldfish?"

She flew to arms in defense of her hobby.

"This is the finest temple in Japan. It's the temple of—never mind the name; I don't remember it. That's where I go with my book when I want to be quiet."

"How about the beggars and the babies?" I asked, delighted with my success.

"They're a part of the whole."

"They're the whole of the part—that I detest," I answered.

"Don't you care for the temples?"

"In a way I do. But I don't want to know who built them, or for what purpose, or in what year of Meiji they were restored by which Daimyo, or what celebrated artist painted the bird that had to be painted into a cage to prevent it from pecking at the eyes of the goldfish in the water which the idol wept when he thought what a wonderful thing the artist who made the temple had done or——"

"Oh, be quiet, *please!* Old things appeal to me. Did you never feel that you could sympathize with ancestor worship?"

I shook my head. "I am afraid not. Didn't have that kind of ancestors."

I had finished my breakfast long ago. I ordered strawberries, and the mechanical doll who served me twittered: "Very sorry." They were out of strawberries. So I took oatmeal. I would have taken pigs' feet to gain time.

"Where is your bump of veneration?"

"It's a depression, I'm afraid. But I could venerate some things—if I might."

She ignored the remark. "I admire a people who are so faithful to their past, who cling to it." Her eyes were dreamy. By the way, they were blue, those eyes, and the deepest blue I have ever seen. When you looked into them you never seemed to get to the bottom. It always makes me dizzy to walk along great heights and look down.

"Don't you think," I suggested gently, "that in the name of common sense, not to mention common decency and possibly one or two other things, a certain discrimination should be exercised? There are pasts and pasts."

"I was speaking of the past of a nation, not of an individual."

"When two or more people are banded together in the form of a nation, they can

do more harm than could possibly occur to the mind of one poor, solitary sinner," I proclaimed. "If Japan is beautiful in the present let her past rest. It needs it. Those Shoguns and things must have made it awfully tired."

"Are you as flippant with the present as you are with the past?" she asked scornfully.

"I'm not flippant with the past. I'm only flippant with my friends. I'm very distant with the past—very much so. I'd like to strike it off my visiting list."

She laughed and left the room. I took my cigar and a piece of bread for the goldfish.

## II

She didn't seem particularly surprised when she saw me at the temple. I had prepared all sorts of explanations, but I had no need of them. She was sitting just without the main shrine on a platform which overlooked the valley. I began to think that temples had their uses—as frames. I spoke to the picture, indicating the frame with a wave of my hand.

"Excellent example of the work of Kuagi-ni-Midgo who flourished in the reign of Koaki-ni-Kodzu, just before——"

"I know all about it," she interrupted. "Though I must admit that your names mean as much as the real ones. The Buddha is supposed to be remarkably fine."

"It looks like a relative of mine," I observed, looking at her book. It was a paper bound pamphlet which undertook in twenty pages to explain Buddhism, Infinity, the Hereafter, and the nature of God, all in bad English.

"I thought this a good place to study it in," she explained.

"Pray accept me as a teacher."

"How funny! I couldn't imagine you teaching anything."

"Oh, but I can. Let me demonstrate the theory of emanation and absorption. It's apropos."

"Pray proceed."

"Well, for instance, you emanate things and I absorb them."

"Such as what?"

"Repose, for one thing. You are repose personified. You might ask me to join you."



She quoted from her Murray.  
 "'The temple is opened to all visitors during the hours from eight to six.'"

I threw myself at her feet. "Now I have absorbed your repose. There is your demonstration. What next?"

"There is the doctrine of existence and nonexistence," she suggested.

"I was in Kyoto. That was nonexistence. You came. Now it is existence. Ask me something difficult."

"If you talk like that I shall go away."

"That would be inconsistent. You are a searcher after Light and you would discourage me from telling the truth."

"It's not the truth, but no matter." She opened the book and read: "'On arriving at the perfection of pure action one becomes a Buddha.' Don't you think that a beautiful idea? It's a religion of hope and incentive."

"Not to me. I should hate to think you'd ever become anything with a face like that in the temple there."

She turned the pages of her book.

"Here is something which I don't altogether grasp.

Let us cite an analogy to throw light on the above doctrine. A gold lion is made of gold by a smith. The figure once forged may be transformed at any time. It is certainly gold throughout, but it has not the true nature of a lion; so we must say that the lion is nothing but a mere figure, having an apparent existence by virtue of the cause-and-condition (the gold and the smith). Existence and Nonexistence pervade the gold lion and are absolute truth. Anyone who does not recognize the gold lion to be the result of cause and condition may be said to be ignorant of its true nature. And anyone who persists that the lion is nothing, because he regards only the gold and negates the existence of the lion, denies too much. If one takes the form of it for permanent existence, he is said to have a misconception of existence. Buddha would class all such persons as being in error.

"What do you gather from that?"

"I think Buddha guessed right for once. Read it backward and make the lion an ass and the whole thing will be clear. It reminds me of an aunt of mine who is a Christian Scientist."

"It's certainly perplexing," she said, laughing. She had wonderful white teeth

and lips which suggested warmer things than Buddhist doctrines.

It was a glorious sunlit morning. Japan can apologize more gracefully after a long spell of rainy weather than any country on earth. It had poured incessantly for five days, and now on the sixth, the moisture glistened on every leaf. The toy people in the valley below were swarming in and out of their toy houses and up and down their toy streets. Nature smiled and man smiled with her. The deep tones from the bell of another temple came to us across the valley. Down in the heart of the city a temple roof and a factory chimney, Romance and Utility, the Past and the Present, were dwelling side by side.

Man has never invented an instrument for correctly measuring time. I have a watch which cost several hundred dollars and rings bells when you press a lever, and yet I know that this particular morning was three hours shorter than those of preceding days. I had just joined her when she discovered that it was time to go home to lunch.

"What a bother!" she said. "I could spend the day!"

"You shall," I answered. I had foreseen this and ordered a lunch, the like of which was never before sent out from the hotel. "Luncheon will be served right here in ten minutes."

She demurred at first, but I insisted.

"This is the most proper place in the world," I explained. "Right in plain sight of the city and on temple grounds. If you will only stay, I'll go away, if you like, and eat with the *rickisha* men."

"What nonsense!" she answered. "I accept with pleasure."

"My lunch is the best thing about me," I proclaimed when they had spread it all out before us. There were salads and all sorts of things done up in little wooden packages. She took a child's delight in investigating the mysteries of a crockery jar built in tiers like a pagoda. It contained salt, pepper, butter, and cheese, each in its own little story.

"I must send word to the hotel," she said.

It must not be imagined that my Divinity—for as such I had begun to regard her—was traveling alone. She had a duenna in the shape of an aunt whose expenses I

judged she was paying. I gathered this from the way Divinity allowed herself to be bored by the old party. Nothing short of the rôle of hostess would have justified such submission. The aunt had blue eyes, like Divinity, only very much diluted. She had the sort of a voice which belongs to those people who use the word "awful" as an adverb. Moreover, she was interested in Japanese morals and other improper things. If it hadn't been for Divinity, I think she might have become a reformer.

So Divinity sent word to her aunt that she would not be home, and having soothed her conscience ate her lunch without self-consciousness. I admired her ability to do an unconventional thing without dwelling upon its unconventionality.

I had known her a month or longer. And we had been alone together many times. I blamed myself when I thought of the time I had lost. I looked for an opening and resolved to make one.

"Hotels are only made to sleep in. We should lunch like this every day."

"It's the novelty that makes the attraction," she replied.

"Some things never lose their novelty."

"Such as what?"

"Well, love, for instance." That would do for a starter. I helped myself to more salad. "If you were in love, do you think it would lose its novelty?"

"Well, really! I— How should I know?"

"Haven't you ever been?"

"Oh, well; yes! I think so. When I was a little girl."

"Tell me about it."

"I was in love with the little boy who lived across the street."

"Really in love?"

"Oh, yes, really—and desperately! I just worshiped him."

"Fortunate youth. What became of him?"

"I don't know. He went away. West, I think. His parents were poor. I wonder what it would be like to care for a grown-up person like that and be grown up yourself?"

"Don't think it. Grown-up people never care like that—not when they're really grown up. It's different."

"Are you always cynical?"

"It's not cynicism. It's philosophy. Philosophy is cynicism properly digested. Cynicism is the way a moral dyspeptic absorbs philosophy. But seriously, it's true. Love, like everything else, is biggest in childhood and dwindles with maturity."

We had finished and I lit a cigarette. She looked across the valley at the hills beyond. "I suppose if I met him now, I should laugh. I hope I never do."

"Let's hope you don't. Horrid little freckle-faced boy!"

"He wasn't at all!"

"I know he must have been. They all are. Did he know it?"

"That I loved him?"

"Please don't put it that way. That you were experiencing the common form of youthful insanity which goes by the name calf love. Because calves never have it, I suppose."

"Of course I never told him. I would have died first. Oh, he was a splendid little fellow! So manly. He worked so hard at school, and afterwards he used to earn money to help his mother. She was a widow. Poor little chap! I wonder how the world has gone with him." She spoke wistfully, and there were actually traces of tears in those wonderful eyes. She was the type of woman to whose eyes tears often come, but from which they seldom fall.

"He's probably made a fortune by this time. He's the Mayor of Minneapolis—or some other horrid place."

"You speak as though it were ages ago," she laughed. "Do I look so very old?"

"It was; ages and ages ago. You have outgrown it. It belongs to a previous existence."

"And you?"

"Oh, my affairs were legion! I began, as you did, when I was a child. But unlike you I didn't know when to stop. I had seven or eight before I was eighteen. When I was eighteen it was serious—very serious."

"Tell me about it."

"I will. She was a married woman. You needn't look shocked. Everything was very proper. She was about thirty-five and had a husband of about sixty. She also had children. One was a dreadful little girl of eleven. The mother used to bribe her to come into the room and do

kittenish little things like a girl of six. I worshiped her—the mother, I mean. I used to kiss her hand and give her presents. I had it all figured out that we were to be married. Her husband couldn't live more than ten years, and then she would only be forty-five. I used to go around inspecting women of forty-five and trying to think how young they really were. It was hard work. Perhaps that's the reason I fell out of love. I always hated work."

"What a character you must be!" she exclaimed.

"But that's not the worst of it. I've been in hot water all my life, until five years ago. After I got over that attachment there were a few others. Not serious. I was blasé and too much a man of the world. I couldn't take women seriously. I took nothing seriously. I was cursed in being rich, so I didn't have to. Well, when I was twenty-five—I— O Lord! I went and did for myself!"

She was giving me close attention.

"What did you do?" she asked. I fancied she was interested.

"I got engaged. She was a slip of a girl of nineteen. Very pretty, insipid style, you know."

She nodded. "Yes, I know. Go on."

"Well. There's no place to go to, you see. The truth is that, in a way, nothing radical having been done and—and——"

"Oh, for goodness sake! Out with it!"

"You might say we are engaged yet."

"Then why didn't you say so in the first place? When are you going to be married?"

I resented her calm manner.

"I don't want to be married—exactly."

She laughed merrily and I was compelled to join in.

"You see," I said, "I haven't seen her in five years, and I know I don't love her, and I honestly haven't any idea that she still loves me or that she ever did. We never were *lovers*; that is, she never was. I think she thought it would please her mother and—oh, hang it all! It was October and the foliage was turning and we were alone in the country!"

She didn't seem disposed to treat the matter as a jest.

"But surely, you must have some sort of an understanding. You haven't seen her for five years. Do you correspond?"

"Yes—in a way—at intervals."

"As lovers?"

"Oh, no! That is—well, of course, I sometimes write things that—well, that I wouldn't write to your aunt, you know."

"I'm not so sure of that. Is this why you have stayed away so long?"

"Yes. She thinks I am in business here in the East."

"Are you?"

"No."

"Then the truth is, you haven't the manhood to write to the girl and tell her honestly that you want to break the engagement."

I nearly jumped off the plateau. "Would you consider that manly?" I demanded.

"Can a man break an engagement?"

She reflected. "I don't see why not," she said at length. "I think that is just the distinction which should be made between marriage and engagement. If the engagement is to bind for all time, why the marriage at all? If I were engaged I'd stop at the altar if I thought better of it."

"Ah, but that's different! You're a woman. A man who jilted a girl would be thought a cad."

"I think it's infinitely worse to act as you have for five years. That's cowardly."

"Perhaps it is. I never thought of it that way before. Ought I to go home and say: 'My dear young lady, I am ready for the sacrifice'?"

"You might write and break it off."

"Well; the difficulty about that is that it's all so very vague. A man would seem like an ass if he wrote to a girl breaking off an engagement which didn't exist, wouldn't he?"

"What's the record since then?"

"The last five years? Nothing. I've been traveling. Twice I went home when she was in Europe. I learned my lesson. I wish I knew what to do."

"Do you mean to tell me you haven't been in love with anyone for five years?"

"Absolutely—until——"

"You're burning your coat with your cigarette ash."

"I—you must think me a fool!"

She laughed. "Not necessarily. Fools are not smart enough to run away from



*Drawn by George Brehm.*

*"Will you never marry me until I have written another book?"*





a woman they don't want to marry. They go through with it and ruin a couple of lives. You're a bit of a fool on that one subject, perhaps."

"Do you imagine that I couldn't love if I met the right woman?" I demanded.

She rose to her feet. "I haven't the least doubt you could. It seems to be your specialty. No, please don't come with me. I'm going shopping. You may put me into my *'rickisha*, if you like."

"Remember one thing," I said, as we parted. "I've a clean record for five years."

"I'm not sure that that's not the worst part of it," she retorted. "Good-by."

### III

The next day the weather had a relapse. When I awoke, it was pouring in torrents on the roof above my head, and when I looked out of the window it was a mist in the valley, a fog around the hotel, and higher up the mountain it became a cloud. What an idiotic thing language is!

When I reached the breakfast room Divinity had gone. Later, swathed in a mackintosh and fortified against bad smells with a pipe, I went for a long tramp.

When a man passes thirty and is still in a fog about his love affairs, he is in a truly bad way. There is some excuse for twenty not knowing its own mind; absolutely none for thirty. At the latter age a man should be able to say positively: "I love this person" or "I do not love this person."

Something told me that Divinity was Divinity, and that there would never be another like her. But I knew my weakness. A man who has ten faults, and knows the whole ten, is better off than the man who has a single fault, of which he is ignorant.

My fault of faults was susceptibility, and on that account I had fully resolved not to marry. And now a person in white gowns who haunted temples and read books on Buddhism threatened the whole fabric of my resolutions with collapse. It did collapse, and sooner than I expected.

When I returned to the hotel she was in the deserted reading room, before an open fire reading a Kobe newspaper.

"Any news about Buddha?" I inquired.

She gave me a wonderful smile and her hand. "Good morning. Have you been for a walk? How energetic!"

"I have that kind of energy. The kind which sets people to tramping about the country with no object. I lack the sort which makes them stay indoors and do things."

"You should have been a farmer. Did it ever occur to you?" She looked fairer with each succeeding day. I made up my mind to make love to her. Love is a peculiar thing. It suggests itself to a man; it must be suggested to a woman.

"Yes," I replied. "It has occurred to me. Most things have. But I shouldn't be a success. I could never bear to raise cabbages when roses could be made to grow out of the same sort of ground."

"A man who spends his life raising roses finds them all thorns in the end. You'd better pay some attention to the cabbages before all your rose leaves fall."

"Why should they ever fall? There's a new crop every season."

"They will fall because it's the law of the world that men should work and not play. You are a disciple of idleness."

"And why not? If it's a good, innocent sort of idleness?"

"Is it?"

"Oh, well, I—look here! We're discussing a general proposition."

"I wouldn't give a fig for a general proposition that couldn't be backed up by a good practical illustration."

"I don't want to be a 'good practical illustration.' My ambitions don't run that way."

"No? Which way do they run?"

"I am afraid you will laugh if I tell you."

"I promise not to."

"I want to be an author."

"Then why don't you write something?"

"I have—several books. Some people liked them. Some people have wretched taste."

"I don't remember ever having heard of you."

"What charming frankness! Why should you? I have written three novels and—a full confession is good for the soul—a volume of verse."

"You don't mean it! And I've set you

down as a dawdler. It was mean of you not to tell me."

"Not at all. An author is a dawdler. That is, the sort of an author I am. People who write books about the atmosphere, and religion, and politics and how to cook, are different. They're useful members of society. I don't know enough to write things like that."

"Were your books successful?"

"One of them sold twenty thousand—*The Lady of June*."

"What! Are you——"

"Yes. It's my *alias*."

"It's a charming little story. I cried over it."

"That settles it. I'll never write another line as long as I live. What business have I to go about making people cry?"

"Have you written anything lately?"

"No. The last one was four years ago. I'm too old now. I'll be thirty-two in the autumn."

"And to think that a man like you wrote that beautiful love story!"

"Look here—what do you mean by that? Why shouldn't I? What's the matter with me, anyway?"

"I beg your pardon. I was thinking of what you told me yesterday. I wonder if all the men who write beautiful things about love are triflers with life."

"I'm not a trifle with life. I'm a poor, weak specimen who is trampled on by your sex."

"Then you *must* be a poor, weak specimen! A man who allows himself to be trampled on by one woman is a poor specimen. By more than one, a mighty poor specimen!"

"How old are you?"

"Why should I tell you that?"

"You shouldn't. Only when it comes to your judgment of the faults of others, you have the charity of nineteen. I might be a lot worse than I am."

"There's a whole miserable philosophy in that sentence. You should say that you might be a lot *better* than you are. Then there would be some hope for you. I am twenty-seven."

"Then you have developed slowly. You're unformed. You have a great deal to learn. You——"

"Go on."

"You're altogether charming. I'm falling in love with you." I took the plunge boldly and felt better.

She laughed. "I more than half suspected it. Since when?"

"Couldn't you possibly take me seriously—in that way?"

"Not possibly."

"What right had you to suspect it?"

"Your record. If I were not here it would be my aunt."

"Oh, I say now; really!"

"Be careful. You mustn't be rude."

"I know I mustn't. I'm always doing things I mustn't. Now I've fallen desperately in love with you and I've told you all about myself so that there's no chance—so that you can't possibly—can you?"

"No."

"You've no heart. You've led me on. You've encouraged me. You've confessed me. You've been adorable, and you've deliberately and willfully done everything you could to add to and aggravate your adorableness. You've given me every reason to believe—being the only man in the hotel—that you've done it for me."

"Was it so dreadfully forced?"

"Not a bit. It was the most natural thing in the world. You were perfection to start with. I love you."

"Would you consider me personal if I reminded you that you're engaged to a girl at home?"

"*Very* personal, actually rude. Unardonably presumptuous. Besides, it isn't the truth. It isn't really an engagement, and if it is, I'll make her break it off. I'll be a beast. I'll confess dreadful things to her. I'll get drunk and go and call on her mother. No, I won't. I'll do the breaking myself. You said yesterday I could. Wasn't that encouraging me?"

She was confused. I could see it. She changed color. I gloated over the change.

"Oh, I had no idea then that——" She stopped abruptly.

"That what?"

She arose. "What nonsense! I'm not going to take you seriously."

"Oh, but you must! I *will* be taken seriously. I love you." As I spoke I had taken her hand.

Real life is the clumsiest stage manager in the world. She delights in anticlimax.

Just then the aunt appeared on the scene and talked for half an hour about the high prices asked for satsuma. Then she carried Divinity off to lunch.

## IV

"Is there nothing in the world," I asked, "which could induce you to look with favor on the holy estate of matrimony?"

"I don't know," she answered. "A man might."

She was in the garden back of the hotel, and was leaning with her head on her hand watching a great hungry goldfish which came to the surface and gobbled the breadcrumbs she had thrown it. How beautiful she was! Her soft brown hair was fixed in a new way. Her figure suggested perfect maturity as well as perfect grace. She had a voice as gentle as the voice of our own good resolutions—only there was more force and conviction to it.

"I have an idea," I pursued, "a well-conceived idea, that I am the man, selected by Providence for that undertaking."

I had been awake half the night thinking it over. Yes. I did love her. It was really love this time. Nothing else, none of the others had ever counted.

"How absurd!" she murmured, but I could see that she flushed.

"Please define definitely."

"What?"

"The obstacles."

"I haven't time. It lacks only two hours of lunch time."

"Are they so many?"

"Well—perhaps not so many. But they are insurmountable."

"Firstly?"

"I'm not sure that I love you."

Everything in the universe began to sing songs. "Not sure? How can you doubt it?"

She laughed. Nature's music was silenced in very shame of its inferior performance. "I didn't mean to say that," she admitted, with a blush.

"Of course you didn't. You couldn't doubt it. You're not that kind. You know your own mind. You're strong minded. You show it by wanting me to—do things."

"Aside from that—you're—you're not the kind of a person I think I want to marry."

"You mean I'm not your ideal?"

"No. I haven't any ideal, but you lack too many qualities which I have always considered necessary to a wife's happiness."

"Such as what?"

"Constancy—for one thing."

"What do you want me to swear by? And what right have you to set me down as inconstant? Those other girls? They didn't count. I've told you so before. They were only a phase. They——"

"How do I know I'm not a phase?"

"You're not. You couldn't be if you tried. There's nothing *phasey* about you. You suggest permanency. You're substantial, you're solid, you're weighty, you're heavy, you're——"

"Heavens, what a picture!"

"I'm referring to your character, not your person, which is——"

"That will do—please."

I looked the admiration which she would not allow me to express. "Try me!"

"Ah, that's not possible!" she exclaimed sadly. "How can a woman try a man in our generation? What is there to try him with? We've just got to take you on faith and run our chances. It's a losing game."

"Stuff and nonsense! There are as many things to be done now as there ever were. There's more real knighthood in me than there is in all the old wooden-faced Daimyos and Shoguns that ever disfigured a temple wall. I'll go home and get to work. I'll go to Congress. It only costs six thousand dollars where I come from."

"I don't want you to do that. You've a profession. Write another book."

"I will," I exclaimed. "I'll write a wonder. If you'll marry me."

"No, I won't. If I did, you'd never have anything to make you write another. I'm not such a fool."

"Is it your idea to prolong our engagement until I have written enough to make a fair-sized library? May I ask that you marry me when I'm sixty, whether I have finished or not?"

"I was not aware that the engagement you speak of existed."

"No? Then I'm glad you heard it first from me. I'll send you a letter confirming it this afternoon."

She laughed. "There's another obstacle. The girl at home."

"Oh, bother! I'll write at once and

announce my engagement to you. That's a delicate and considerate way of breaking off our understanding. It assumes nothing and settles a great deal. She couldn't expect me to be a polygamist, you know."

"I wish she'd sue you for breach of promise," she declared viciously—"it's all you deserve."

"She's not that kind. Besides there isn't any to breach. She's in love with another man by this time. Women are fickle."

She fell silent, and I went over our conversation. Decidedly it gave me reason to hope. I would hope. It's the occupation I'm best fitted for anyway. I detest dependent people.

"Shall the book be prose or verse? I'm going to write it to you—to your heart, if you have any."

"Then make it prose, by all means. Poets are apt to change their inspiration with their meter."

"And when it's finished?"

"You've no idea how much happier you'll feel."

"Come, now. I'm a bit of a business man with all my nonsense. Will you marry me when it's finished?"

"No. Oh, no! Please."

"Then I won't write it. I'll never write another line. I'll commit suicide, and then I'll go to the dogs. You're a heartless, brutal, unfeeling, inconsiderate——"

She had risen to her feet and was, I thought, a shade paler.

"Don't go!" I cried; "I really didn't mean it!"

"When you've finished it—if it's a good book—a successful book—I'll—we'll talk about getting engaged."

All the blood in my body went to my head. It had to go somewhere, for my heart was working overtime. I advanced to her and held out my arms.

"Darling! And until then?"

"I'm keeping you from your work," she said, and with that she went in search of her aunt.

## V

Will a man work? Will a bird sing in the mating season till it all but bursts its little throat? Will a priest pray to go to heaven?

During the weeks and months which fol-

lowed I was a different man. I worked ten hours a day—feverishly. The only hours I allowed myself were ones when she and I were together. We talked of everything in the world but love, for she had placed love on her conversational black list. As I felt the book growing each day and worked out the thread of my story I felt a joy in the work which I had never known before.

It wasn't a love story. I was too much in love myself to write a love story. It was a tale of adventure, and one of the characters got horribly in the way toward the end. There was nothing to do with him. So I murdered him. I mean, of course, I had one of the other characters do it, but the crime was mine all the same. He stood between me and the finishing of that book, and the finishing of that book meant things I dared not think about. I used to dream of her lips.

I learned to love those characters. They were more than real to me. Each one of them was hustling night and day to help me in my love. I cared nothing for literary merit. I would do things with that later on, when I had leisure and she and I—joyful thought—were together for all time.

And yet the book wasn't altogether bad. It had some good points. One was, it taught me how much a man can do in a little time when he gets at it. This is very useful knowledge, because it encourages you to spend so much time in idleness. A man who works day and night for a week can make a record which will enable him to loaf through the next three months serene in the consciousness of what he can do when he wants to.

And then, one glad morning, about three months after I had gotten to work, all the light went out of the world.

We were sitting in the secluded little garden which we had both come to love. I was talking, and she was listening. She would sit for a long time looking at me with eyes which said that I was a mystery and so was life, but she hoped for the best. She had come to trust me. I could see that. The most trusting women of all are the common-sense ones who have thought it all out and reached the age of thirty without marrying. The trust of a young girl is nothing to it. A girl's trust is her weakness; a woman's, her religion.

"You look charming this morning," I had been saying. "I feel for you a distinct and very friendly veneration. Confound your black list. Veneration laughs at lock-smiths—I mean at black lists. Are you going to tyrannize over me after we're married?"

"Take care! That's getting on forbidden ground."

"I don't care if it is. I've been corked up long enough. There are things I want to say to you. Very important things."

"Then finish your book."

"I will. It will be finished this afternoon. It's finished now. All but the final touches. Those are done in proof."

I took her hand and kissed it. This much of liberty she allowed me. Just then a servant of the hotel appeared on the scene with a letter. He came up and handed it to me with a profound bow. When we were alone I glanced at the envelope.

"It's from her."

"From whom?"

"The girl at home."

"She's in deep mourning, apparently."

I looked at the letter again.

"Why; so she is! I hadn't noticed it. It's something new. I wonder who for?"

"Read it and see."

It was dated San Francisco and began: "My dear George:" George is my name. I never mentioned it until I had to because I am ashamed of it. However, it's one of the very few objectionable things connected with my personality for which I am not responsible.

I read on. She announced the death, within a month, of both her father and mother, and then told how, in the examination of the affairs of the estate, they had learned that what had been supposedly a large fortune had dwindled away to nothing, as a result of speculation.

"Her father and mother are both dead," I said, pausing in the reading, which was a refreshing thing to do, for she wrote one of those across-the-paper-in-four-directions letters which are not easy to decipher, "and she has lost all her money. They were supposed to be very rich, but it seems the father speculated."

"Poor girl! Why! what on earth is the matter?"

I had jumped to my feet with an exclamation. No, I may as well be honest. I'm

afraid it was an oath—a mild oath, of course, but still an oath, for at the beginning of a new paragraph I read this:

I have thought it all out, Dear, and I feel that it is the only thing to do, for I do not know that you can leave your business and it takes so long to get a letter. I am coming out on the next steamer and we will be married in Yokohama as soon as I get there. I have all your beautiful letters with me, Dear. I know you have had reason to think me cold, but it was really because I wasn't sure I loved you. All this trouble has given me a clearer vision, Sweetheart. You can never say I am cold again.

There was more of the same sort, but that was enough. I was sick at heart.

"O my God!" I cried. "What a horrible mess!"

"What is it?" she asked in a pained voice.

"It—I—she— Oh! Read it! Read it!"

She took the letter and read it through to the end, while I sat with my head in my hands, trying to realize the situation.

"Well?" she said at length.

I looked up. I could gather nothing from her face.

"So you found her letters cold, did you?"

I groaned. "Oh! Don't!"

She got up and walked to the end of the garden, where there was a terrace. She stood for a long time looking off over the valley. Finally she came back and stood in front of the bench.

"What are you going to do?"

"Do? What can I do? She'll be here in a week. Oh, what a farce! What a tragedy! I can't marry her. I *won't* marry her. A girl has no right to do a thing like that. It's not maidenly. It's not decent! Why under the sun didn't she give me a chance to come home?"

"It's altogether your own fault. You let her understand that you were in business out here and couldn't get away. Oh, I'm afraid you can't blame her for this!"

It was my turn to pace up and down the walk.

"One of the bad features of the whole business is," I said, "that she thought we were engaged all along——"



"I imagine that she was justified."

"And all that time she was supposed to be an heiress. Don't you see the point of it all? She wouldn't do this if she had a fortune. I don't believe she cares a rap for me. But I couldn't face the world if I were to break with her just when she's lost it all and— Oh, it's horrible!"

She had been sitting on the bench apparently lost in thought. Suddenly she said:

"You don't love her. Are you sure you love me?"

"Absolutely. I never half guessed how much until now."

"Then don't marry her. You've a right to your life. A woman never hesitates to break with a man she no longer loves; surely a man is entitled to the same privilege. What do you care for the world's opinion? Love is above everything. I love you."

As she spoke the last words her voice broke. She was leaning forward, searching my face with her eyes, as though to read my soul. The air was charged with the intensity of human emotion. Instinctively we both felt that the crisis of our lives had come.

As for me, everything seemed to be going from me at once.

"I hardly think you understand," I said. "This girl will be in Yokohama in a week, alone and friendless, and relying on my love and protection. I've been a bit of a cad, I know, but I don't think I've ever been quite the scoundrel. I can never tell you how much I feel the wrong I've done you if you love me. But I——"

I stopped, for she was weeping.

"Oh, thank God!" she said, "thank God!"

"You—you didn't mean it?"

"No! *of course* I didn't. I wanted to see if you were what I had hoped. O my darling, you've made me so happy!"

"Happy? This is no time for happiness! This is the deluge." In spite of my words, there was a feeling very near to peace in my heart, and the shadow her words had cast was lifted.

She looked up, smiling.

"I suppose you can't understand," she said, "men seldom do. But I've not been happy all these months. I've been in doubt. I knew I loved you, but I had no reason to trust you. And I was afraid. It's all such a terrible risk with a woman, dear.

She has to take the leap in the dark, usually, and trust to God and her faith to bring things right. A woman's love is not like a man's."

I sat on the bench beside her, and took her hand in mine. Together we watched the sunlight shimmer on the backs of the goldfish as they swam about the little pond.

"Tell me," I asked softly, "what is a woman's love?"

There is nothing further to record about that morning except that when we parted, I had come into a kingdom of happiness which passes far beyond that of mere possession of a heart's desire. I wanted to be alone to dream.

That is probably the reason I met her aunt, who detained me for one mortal hour talking about her observations of Japanese home life.

## VI

Eight days after, late in the afternoon, I stood in front of the Grand Hotel in Yokohama and watched a great ship come around Honmoku Point, looking like a phantom in the mist and rain. She was a big new liner on her first voyage, and she was bringing two prospective brides to their prospective bridegrooms. The other bridegroom was with me, and had been fidgeting about all day, waiting. I had done no fidgeting. I was calm. There is a calmness which precedes dissolution. As far as everything I valued in life was concerned, the dissolution was coming as fast as twin screws could carry it.

The other bridegroom and I went out to quarantine in a little launch. There was a high sea running outside the breakwater, and the rain was driving in across the bay.

For two mortal hours we waited, drenched to the skin, while the little Japanese doctors felt the pulses of American sailors twice their size. We lay alongside the huge black mass and could just see the faces of the passengers peering over the side. My companion soon distinguished his bride, but mine was nowhere to be seen. Night fell thick and wet and black, and the only thing we could see was the yellow flag at the masthead.

It was down at last, and we climbed on

board. I stood about for a few moments on the deck and in the passageway, while people bumped into me and exchanged greetings and embraces with their families from shore. My *fiancée* was not to be seen, but I recognized in the purser an old acquaintance. We had spent twenty days together once, helpless in the mid-Pacific with a broken shaft. "Ah, there you are!" he said, and I fancy his manner was constrained. "Come into my room a minute, old man."

"Is Miss Warring a passenger?" I asked.

"Yes. Yes. Of course. Come this way."

He led the way to his cabin, which was cozy and warm after the wet. Then he rang the bell for a drink, and put out a box of cigars. "I say," he began.

"Well, say it, for I've got to be hunting up my—*fiancée*."

He sat down on the locker.

"I've a slight disappointment for you, old chap. She's not on board. She only came—that is she stopped over—you know—at Honolulu."

"Oh! Then she'll be along, I suppose, on the next boat."

"Perhaps not the very next, you see. Oh! Blast it, I'm no good at this business! Here, read it yourself!" He thrust a letter into my hand and started for the door.

I barred his way. I had no idea of reading through one of her lengthy crisscross letters to find out what the matter was.

"Hold on!" I cried. "Tell me what's up—man! Now! at once!"

"Well, then—old man, I'm beastly sorry, you know, and it's an infernal outrage, and she isn't worth your worrying about. She—she got off at Honolulu and married a sugar planter. A chap with millions who came over from Frisco. Have a drink. Why! *What on earth?*"

I had looked at my watch and bolted from the room. He caught me just as I reached the gangplank at the foot of which the launch was whistling. I think he thought I was going to jump overboard. He grasped me by the arm.

"For God's sake, man, be calm——"

"Calm? Don't stop me! I want to catch the night train for Kyoto! Let me go. I'll write you!"

I shook him off, and caught the launch just as she was backing off. We left the side of the monster and plowed our way back through the choppy sea to the hatoba. The other bridegroom was on board with his bride. They were making a show of themselves in the cabin. I was the only other passenger on board. I looked through the little port. He was kissing her.

"It might have been me!" I sang gleefully. "It might have been me!"

## VII

She adhered to her determination not to marry me until I had written a successful book. So I went home to publish it. We traveled together on the same ship, and those days and nights at sea were something never to be forgotten.

I published the book, and it was a failure. It deserved to be, for a man cannot write for a purpose, whether it be love or money, and be proud of what he has written.

When there was no doubt about its being a failure, I determined to have it out with her. I was her guest in her home in the country. The aunt was still with us. She had no other family. I meant to retire the aunt.

It was just at sunset when I went in search of her. I found her in the rose garden behind the house. She was gathering roses for the table.

"Divinity," I began. "Here is a letter from the publisher. The book is a flat failure. It won't sell. People don't want it."

She made no reply, and I continued:

"Are your ambitions so insatiable? Will you never marry me until I have written another successful book?"

"You are young, and life is big, and so is the world," she said. "Write another. Am I not worth it?"

I felt that I had stood for her nonsense long enough. I went deliberately up to her and took her in my arms.

"I have waited," I exclaimed. "I'll wait no longer. I don't care for the world. You are my world."

The roses slipped from her hands and strewed the path at our feet.

"Then your book is successful," she said, softly, "for it has pleased the world."

# ARE THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY DEAD?

By ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL



IF England and other European countries are proud of their immobile customs and traditions the United States possesses to a marked degree the vanity of change. Americans boast of progress and of the unsettled conditions which progress generally implies. In politics, in religion, in social life change appears to be the only thing which is certain and assured. To be stationary is apparently to run the risk of stagnation.

This constant onward movement results from time to time in certain phenomena which register plainly changes of thought and feeling—the ideals people are giving up or acquiring, customs that are passing away, new modes of thought, new manners and emotions.

These phenomena, considered as results, are most picturesque and radical in two widely different worlds—that of science and that of women. If the changes wrought by electricity are stupendous, the changes brought about by the new occupations and aims of women are scarcely less so. Within the last twenty-five years—an astonishingly short period for so great a development—women emerging from the home, from the old conventional narrowness of spinsterhood and the uncertain conditions of dependence, whether happy or unhappy, have entered almost every field of activity once sacred to men. They demanded first higher education, and obtained it, so that in less than a generation an unheard-of thing became a commonplace. Somber, intense women of the early seventies made it possible in a few short years for any pink-checked child of eighteen to enter college and take her curls and picture hats and airy graces with her, square waists and flat

heels being no longer synonymous with a knowledge of Greek. After they had become trained in the higher branches the next step was easy. They entered the professions of medicine, of law, of architecture. They invaded newspaper offices and business offices; and there are now strong signs that they are invading politics, though it is probable that they are taking their femininity with them, according to the evidence of Mrs. Cobden Sanderson, who told in a speech at Cooper Union that the first remark made by one of her devoted band, after she had been hustled into the Black Maria, was the immortal "Is my hat on straight?" As long as women still care for the proper tilt of their millinery, you may scratch a suffragette and find Eve.

The results of these radical changes in the aims and occupations of women are as yet too embryonic to put into cut-and-dried decisions, but some of them are clear enough for conjecture at least. As woman in her most significant character is a wife and mother or a sweetheart, it is in the domains of domesticity and gallantry that the inquirer must look for differences wrought by the new state of affairs.

The old joke of the toast, "Here's to women, once our superiors, now our equals," embodies perhaps the first resentful surprise of the masculine mind confronting the novel conditions, his transitory jest over claims which seem to him so much less worthy than the old tender claim of a woman to be sheltered and protected. He feels, in a sense, that his prancing steed is no longer needed to rescue distressed maidens, and that his sword may rust in its scabbard. The absurdity is palpable of sheltering from the cold blast a lady who may at any moment tell him that she won her last case by her eloquent

pleading in court; or ask him his views on the latest experiments in vivisection.

Is it true that the ancient light of chivalry has faded from a prosaic age, or can the old spell of Eve, once exercised in an enchanted garden, still cast its prismatic colors through the apparently solid walls of business and professional life behind which so many women have taken up their residence? Is there room for the silently moving sunlight from a fairer world in the dusty law courts, and can the echo of soft nothings be heard above the jargon of scientific terms proceeding out of the lips of "lady professors"?

To answer fairly one must first of all remember that not all the women of the world are going to college and entering business and professional life, and in the next place that the spirit of chivalry is, in its essence, not dependent upon the changing customs of civilization, but upon something far deeper, innate in the hearts of men.

While an unprecedented number of women have become wage earners, and investigators and practicers in fields formerly monopolized by men, this number is large and conspicuous chiefly by contrast with former times. The immense majority of women still fulfill their chief and, in the last analysis, greatest destiny by being wives, mothers, and homemakers. And if they were truthful, even the women who live wedded to their work would confess that a book or a painting or a successful lawsuit or a new discovery is but a barren substitute for a little child, and the vast, echoing, empty crowded corridors of the world a poor makeshift for the firelight of the home hearth. Some of them boast that escape from economic servitude is compensation for all the ills of solitude, and it is undeniable that the economical dependence of women on men has produced many unhappy marriages, making chivalry an empty name. But there are other slaveries besides the slavery of dependence, which ceases to be, as soon as love enters into the question, and women have not always rid themselves of fetters by "living their own lives," unless, indeed, as is the case with women physicians and with women nurses, those lives are essentially lives of service, bringing out the maternal spirit in them, and thus expressing their true mission.

Meanwhile a vast majority of women

are falling in love in the good old fashion, marrying and rearing families, and some of them will be able to prepare their boys for college when the time comes, on the strength of their own academic degrees. But whether college bred, or bred in that sweetest of all schools for a girl, her own home, this majority is keeping alive the old traditions of chivalry which are founded not on an ancient feudal system, nor on the ideals of an aristocratic society, adoring the great dame and scorning the peasant woman as a clod of the field, but on the instinct of strength to protect weakness, to worship beauty, to yield to the sway of mystery; and beauty and mystery are represented in this world chiefly by women. Beauty is their birthright, and mystery is a part of their very constitution, being, as they are, nearer than men to the spiritual side of life—the hidden procreative force which peoples both heaven and earth.

The old toast was right—women are the superiors of men, but not in intellect, nor in those brawny qualities which are necessary for a tussle with the world. They are superior by right of gentleness, purity, faith, and the old sweet instinct to serve and to bless. Men haven't time in these crowded modern days for the fairer aspects of existence, just as in the days of Aucassin and Nicolette they were too occupied with fighting and hunting to do more than place their hopes of nobler, holier things in the white hands of some woman whose heart would cherish for them what they could not cherish for themselves. This, then, was and is the real nature of chivalry, despite enthroned ladies and guarded pages and madrigals and sonnets and the splendor falling on castle walls and all the rest of it!—this recognition of Heaven seen in the sweet face of a beloved woman; this need to be prayed for and forgiven; this remembrance of some diviner world made real by the soul of a fair lady—fair whether in kings' courts or tending sheep by the meadow brooks; this reaching out toward beauty because a girl's hair was gold and her eyes blue; this belief in mysterious things because a girl passed out of vision and was hungered for, and when seen again brought all Heaven with her. "And I saw a damosel, as methought, all in white with a vessel in both her hands, and forthwith, I was whole."

The old stories of the Holy Grail bore the essence of chivalry because they recognized that through the soul of a woman a man can sometimes behold his God, or, at least, a far-off fringe of splendor from worlds unmapped. And because this is the true spirit of chivalry, whose most picturesque manifestation was in the Middle Ages, no innovations of modern times, no reversal of the occupations of men and women, no dusty prose of a mechanical age can ever destroy it. Thanks to high Heaven, who created people to love and admire and be glad in each other, chivalry still flourishes on the earth, though the forms in which it is embodied differ from those earlier ones, as the dress of to-day differs from the old knightly armor. American men are a high-pitched, hard-driven creation, and when they are racing for a ferryboat, to catch which may mean a gain of hundreds, they cannot stop to kiss the hand of the lady who waves her pink parasol at them. But doubtless if they were pinned down to it, they would confess that their leisure moments were the more blessed because of that same lady or another equally charming.

It is undeniably true that the general rush and scamper of a highly nervous age are not conducive to those gentle manners which embroider life all over and hide its gauntness, but manners are of the heart and soul, and the composite soul of American men manages to remain, despite the reign of materialism, kind, generous, helpful to the weak, and susceptible of that enchantment which is deepest near the hearth fire, and haunts the presence of the woman whom it loves.

That this is so is partly in the nature of things, for there is an indestructibility of goodness, as well as of matter, but largely because of women themselves, and of what they have done to make the home and its associations sacred. On women depends, not the continuance of chivalry—for that is in nature itself—but its greater emphasis in an age too devoted to selfish aims and material standards. When the pendulum has swung to its limit in the direction of women's newly acquired privileges there is

likely to be a reaction, signs of which are not wanting, in favor of the world-old ideals. Then women will return to the fireside, but bringing with them riper experience and broader sympathies. The higher education never hurt any woman if it descended from her head to her heart, an organ which can transform even Sanskrit roots into spring blossoms.

The wider experience, the higher education once assimilated and veiled, as all treasure should be, what kind of chivalry will women ask of men? It is not likely that they will lay so much stress as in former days upon those delicate courtesies which their souls love, but which their common sense tells them are not always possible in the hurry and preoccupation of modern life. But, if they are wise, they will put the emphasis where it really belongs, on the essence of chivalry itself, demanding of men the homage of truth, honor, nobility, care of the weak, and the protection of the helpless. They will not ask so much to be set up on individual pedestals and pinnacles as to be aiders and helpers in the common welfare. They will learn that they can best command chivalry under their own roof trees. Nature has made the appeal of the wife and mother very strong. Where this appeal is heightened by intellectual sympathies and common aims, the kind of chivalry called out is better than the fairest of preceding generations, when a gulf was set between a woman and the mental life of her lord and master which she could not share.

But even the women who do not marry can take their part in the evocation of chivalry. Business and professional women especially have many opportunities to place their voice or their influence quietly for the qualities that make for true manhood. If they demand this sort of chivalry they will get it, for in the last analysis women create the standards of society. They should see to it that they make themselves charming enough, as well as wise and good enough, for men to follow them even to the borders of those regions full of magic lights and shadows where the fair gods dwell and where the heart is at rest.



# SHAD CARPENTER OF GUMSHOE AND THE DOCTRINE OF IMPLIED CONTRACTS

BY M'CREADY SYKES



REGRET, sir, that my visit to the metropolis should have happened at a time, sir, when there is, as it were, nobody in town. You have a very fine town, sir."

I bowed. We New Yorkers fling maledictions on our own city, but we insist that others shall praise her. On this occasion the rooms were swarming with visitors, so it was an evening of praise. A distinguished statesman, the governor of a western state, who had attained vast popularity by the pleasing reiteration of certain somewhat elementary truths of morality as applied to statesmanship, and who, having uttered his sentiments, had decided to let it go at that, was passing through New York; and at a hurried reception in his honor, in the middle of August, of course a large part of the enthusiastic gathering was made up of casual visitors to the city.

For in a local and technical sense there was, as Colonel Postlethwaite had remarked, nobody in town—but merely in a local and technical sense, whereby it is understood that out of the four million inhabitants, perhaps a hundred thousand, say two and a half per cent, are out of town.

The visiting throng stood respectfully during the governor's speech. There were many from his own state; many from farther west, and a great many from the south. They were getting a line on the governor, and were interested in seeing how he took with the east. It was during the aftermath, when we were all mov-

ing about, and everyone spoke with everyone else, that Colonel Postlethwaite made the remark I have quoted.

We had scraped an acquaintance the moment before, and I still held the colonel's card in my hand. It read:

Member Register of Residence, 1064 Le  
American Attorneys Grande Boulevard.

J. EBENEZER POSTLETHWAITE,  
Imperial Block,  
Gumshoe, Nevada.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.

## Specialties:

Real Estate  
Mining, Patent and Divorce Law  
Carey Act Projects Independent 'phone 462  
Bankruptcy Bell " 370  
Corporation Law  
Collections

The colonel was a large man. From an enormous gold watch chain hung the sign of the Swastika. He was dressed in black throughout, and wore a black string tie. He was a man of perhaps sixty, and had very kindly blue eyes and the high furrowed brow of a constructive statesman. In his buttonhole gleamed the golden emblem of the Elks.

We conversed earnestly, for I had not been to the coast in several years, and the colonel had much news of California. Indeed, he promised me the pleasure of his company at lunch.

"I am particularly distressed," said the colonel, "because I must prolong my visit, sir, until there is somebody in town."

"Indeed?" I said.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir. Do I seem to speak mysteriously?"

I admitted that his words were susceptible of a mystic interpretation.

"I will tell you about it. My mission in New York is a very delicate one—very delicate, sir. Perhaps, as an old resident, you can suggest methods for running down my clues."

The colonel always spoke slowly and impressively. He imparted respect to his very clues by the solemnity of his manner.

"In the meantime, sir," he continued, "I hope that you will do me the very great honor of joining me in a drink."

As we walked downstairs to the café, the colonel nodded affably to a dozen or more of the visitors, men, he told me, who, like himself, had just dropped in, and whom he had met that evening. The colonel already knew twice as many as I did—twice as many as anyone brought up east of the Great Divide would have met in that length of time.

"I suppose," said the colonel, speaking in a little lower tone, "that you have read the sensational accounts of the recent informalities at Gumshoe?"

Now the fact was that I did not even know that there was such a place as Gumshoe, Nevada. Foolishly, I took a random shot. "You mean the Western Federation troubles?" I began.

I once knew a man who understood and practiced seven different ways of setting a dynamite bomb so that it would accurately and unerringly blow a human being into eternity. Somehow the name Gumshoe sounded as if that man might have operated there; but the colonel quickly corrected my error.

"Ah! I observe that you confuse us with Goldfield. Nothing could be more misleading. Our mines are indeed rich, but we have suffered little from labor troubles. No; I refer to the—ah—the acceleration of the demise of the late Shad Carpenter."

"He was—killed?" I inquired, apologetically.

"Well, yes. His end was, you might say, hastened—by a committee."

"I see; he was lynched."

The colonel politely raised his glass.

"Before we proceed further, sir, allow me to drink your very good health. Your personal health, sir."

"Your personal health," I replied. "And now tell me about Shad Carpenter."

"Mr. Carpenter," said the colonel, lighting an enormous cigar, "was, as we count things in Gumshoe, an old-timer. He had been in Gumshoe four years. He came from Ioway. He prospected for a while, but he had more ready cash than most prospectors. I guess he had four or five thousand dollars when he came into the state.

"Well, he got into the way of buying claims. He'd buy an interest in most any claim, if it was offered cheap enough. Never bought stock in these companies, you understand; though goodness knows he sold stock enough. He'd take a claim and incorporate it into a company and sell all the stock he could. But mostly he'd buy the claims themselves, or an interest in them, and just hang on. He always said he only needed to make good in one of them, and that would even up for the cost of all.

"He sold real estate, too, and took out a special agency for McCormack's Chilled Steel Plow. He was superintendent of the Campbellite Sunday School, and fixed teeth on Wednesdays and Saturdays. He examined titles and drew deeds, although he was not technically a member of our profession, sir.

"Shad's one failing was for the cards and dice, and he spent more time than was good for him at the roulette wheel. You see he was a man of varied accomplishments—"

"I gathered as much," I murmured.

"—of varied accomplishments," the colonel went on, "and sought relief from the nervous strain of his wide activities. He was considerable of a player—a great artist in that line, sir.

"Not to inflict upon you unnecessary and irrelevant details, I speak now of the events of the historic fourteenth of May—of last May, this very year, sir.

"Carpenter was playing poker with Judge Huston, of the District Court, and Hell-Devil Poggenburg—all cracks at the game. Hell-Devil Poggenburg was a little in liquor. I never knew just how it happened, but a string of jackpots ran

heavily against Shad, sir, and he got farther and farther behind, and after a while began to buy chips from the judge, who was banker, with his I. O. U.'s. At five o'clock he rose from the game, saying that anyone might properly quit when he was a loser. At that point, sir, the judge held twenty-six thousand dollars of Carpenter's I. O. U.'s. Waiter, take the gentleman's order.

"Judge Huston was winner himself for about eighteen thousand dollars of the twenty-six. Hell-Devil pushed his eight thousand dollars of chips over to the judge.

"Can you give me my money on them to-night, judge?" he says.

"I can give you Mr. Carpenter's I. O. U.'s right away," says the judge. "I presume he will redeem them in the morning."

"I think I have told you, sir, that Hell-Devil was somewhat in liquor. 'Judge,' he says, stepping up and going round to the judge's side of the table, 'Judge, I ask your opinion on a nice point of law. Is them I. O. U.'s legal tender? If you say yes, that's your opinion as a lawyer and judge of the District Court, then I take 'em, and never a word of complaint. I paid you legal tender for all the chips I bought, and I'm entitled to legal tender from you when I turn chips in. Is them I. O. U.'s legal tender, judge?'"

"You must understand, sir," the colonel continued, "that Judge Huston was a great scholar and jurist—a very profound jurist, sir. Hell-Devil Poggenburg couldn't have hit on a better plan than appealing to the judge as a lawyer—though no one in Gumshoe would have believed, before, that Hell-Devil ever had any notion what legal tender was, anyway.

"Why, Mr. Poggenburg," says the judge, turning around, "of course these promissory notes of Mr. Carpenter's aren't exactly legal tender; but as we have both been playing with him on the basis of these notes, and have both won from him, we can each take our *pro rata* share of his I. O. U.'s, which will of course be promptly paid."

"No!" shouted Hell-Devil, "I don't *pro rata* nothing. I bought chips from you, and paid you in silver and gold. Now I turn in chips, and I expect silver and gold

from you. It was you took Shad's I. O. U.'s for chips. I've only dealt in real money here, and you know it."

"I believe there were some very nice legal questions involved, sir, touching on the nature and obligations of implied contracts, but the judge was a gentleman and a scholar, sir, and he was to hold a term of court in Gumshoe next week, and he felt that for him to hold out might lessen respect for his court; so he says, very quietly:

"I shan't discuss it with you, Hell-Devil. Step around with me to the Imperial Bank, and I'll take up your chips in gold."

"So they all went round to the bank, quite a crowd following them, and rapped on the side door for Billy Carmichael, the cashier, and Billy opened the vault and got out eight thousand dollars in gold for the judge, and the judge handed over the eight thousand dollars to Hell-Devil and took his chips.

"Then, you see, he had twenty-six thousand dollars of Shad Carpenter's paper. All this time Shad had kept quiet, remarkably quiet, rather pale, and biting his mustache.

"That's a big bunch of paper of mine you've got, judge," he said, finally, "quite a lot to meet all at once."

"Yes, Shad, quite a lot," says the judge, speaking rather sternly. "You played pretty heavily on those jackpots."

"I—I—don't know just how much *cash* I can raise right away, judge," Shad stammers out, "but I've got two hundred thousand shares, ten thousand dollars par value, of the Gumshoe Kicker Mining Company, and twenty thousand dollars of the Royal Brickbat. I'd intended to hold on to them; but they'll make you a rich man, and they're yours, judge, if you say the word. I do hate to let them go."

"Well, sir, you should have seen the judge. Remarkably grave and studious man Theophilus Huston was, too, slow to wrath—a gentleman and a scholar, and a profound jurist, as I've told you before, sir.

"He reached over and caught Shad by the neck and flung him hard down on the floor outside the bank vault.

"You miserable, dirty welcher! You whelp! What do you mean by offering

me your rotten cats and dogs? Royal Brickbat! Royal Grandmother! You know the company had nothing but an option that's run out. As for your Gumshoe Kicker, your claim's been jumped, and no good anyway. Now, Shad Carpenter, I give you forty-eight hours to raise the cash for these I. O. U.'s. If you don't, you'll never hear from me again about them. Pay or not, just as you choose."

"Shad dug out his knife and made a jab at the judge and sliced a bit off his shoulder—an unheralded attack, you will observe, sir, made by a man who was in the wrong, upon a defenceless man. Though perhaps," Colonel Postlethwaite added thoughtfully, "not technically a contempt of court."

"Most unjustifiable," I nodded.

"Then they all closed in on Shad, and got his knife away from him. The judge wouldn't make a complaint, and they let him go. He walked out along Main Street, straight home, everyone speculating on the commercial value of his I. O. U.'s, aggregating, as I think I have told you, sir, \$26,000.

"But the shocking part of it was that that night Shad transferred all his mining stock, and all his claims, and his house and a saloon he owned on Main Street, to his wife. She came along early in the morning, and presented the deeds at the recorder's office and paid the fees.

"I think you will observe, sir," continued the colonel, "that with the filing of these papers the usefulness of Shad Carpenter as a citizen of Gumshoe may be said to have ceased. The man's moral nature seemed, sir, to have slipped away from him all at once. He stayed around town, brazening it out, and presently began to emit insinuations reflecting on the character of Judge Huston's wife. That, too, was not, I suppose, technically a contempt of court.

"Ours is a moral community, sir, and I shall not expound to you at length the increasing iniquities of Shad. Deprived of the society of decent men, and shunned by our leading citizens, he consorted with the vilest characters, and finally ended up by joining in an attempt at the robbery of the Imperial Bank.

"If it had been only one thing, he might have been left alone. But he had never paid a penny on the notes held by the

judge, and take it all together, he became, sir, a menace to the morals of the community. He was sent away twice, and threatened with death if he returned, but he came back both times.

"You see, sir, it was a very peculiar case. He was corrupting the morals of the place. He wouldn't stay away, and we couldn't imprison him by legal means, for Judge Huston, considering that he held twenty-six thousand dollars of his I. O. U.'s, refused to be placed in the equivocal position of trying him."

"A most commendable judicial reticence," I murmured, parenthetically.

"Quite so, sir! Quite so. I am glad you appreciate the finer feelings of a high judicial officer. After Shad came back the second time, there were several public meetings, and it was finally decided to turn the depraved man over to the Acceleration Committee."

"The what?" I asked.

"The Acceleration Committee; a body of citizens organized to mitigate the delay of legal procedure, sir. It may shock you to hear it, but there was no other alternative, so we took Shad out and shot him."

"What!" I gasped; "you lynched him!"

"As it were, as it were," said the colonel, softly, with a deprecatory wave of his hand. "And yet I dislike the word. His departure was, as I said before, accelerated. A fitter term," he murmured, "a fitter term."

"Really," I expostulated, "this seems very dreadful in these days."

"I know, I know," my friend went on. "It does seem—ah—impulsive. But I assure you there was no other way. It was all done very decently—no rioting, no disorder—everything precise, formal and artistic, except the mere technical details of judicial procedure. I am afraid you approach the subject from a too professional point of view. I may say, indeed, that they committed to me many of the details, and it was largely due to the public recognition of my services in that connection that I have allowed my friends, sir, to cause my name to be presented at the coming election as candidate for district-attorney of the county. I shall be elected—the county is safely Republican.

"And now, sir, you wonder, I suppose,

what all this has to do with my visit to New York. I will tell you.

"Some time after the decease of Carpenter, the Silver State Bank, which held some mining stock of his as collateral to a note, sold the stock, and it was bought in by Dr. Lemuel Carter, of Gumshoe, for a few dollars. Dr. Carter thought it would be a generous thing to give the stock to Carpenter's widow, as she had received nothing but the house and the saloon, both mortgaged. Shad had sold the equity for about twelve hundred dollars, and that was all the woman had, for the other stuff Shad had transferred to her the night of the fight was nothing but cats and dogs, as the judge said, and she sold the lot for forty dollars.

"But Shad's widow had left Gumshoe, which was, as you may conceive, sir, a place of painful recollections, very painful indeed, sir. She left no trail, or none to speak of, except that she said she was coming East, probably to New York. That, sir, is why I am here. Thank you, sir, I will."

This last was in response to my request that the colonel honor me this time by signifying to the waiter his choice of liquid refreshment.

"I don't quite understand, colonel," I ventured, "why that brings you here."

"I will enlighten you. Although Dr. Carter had paid but a few dollars for the Gold Hatchet mining stock, his desire to bestow the stock upon the relict of the late Carpenter was a generous one. He had an idea, and we all did, that there was a future for that stock. And several things had come to light that made us inclined, somewhat, to reconsider the judgment of the Acceleration Committee."

"Rather late, wasn't it, for that?" I suggested.

"Precisely. That very fact made it more a matter of conscience. In fact, taking it all together, Carpenter's aspersions on the character of Mrs. Huston had been the most offensive charge against him. In a primitive community, sir, slandering a lady can hardly be effectually discouraged except by—by—ah—"

"Acceleration?" I ventured.

"Exactly, my dear sir, exactly. I see you take me. And that is why it was that when we afterwards discovered and real-

ized that he hadn't said half enough, there was what might be not inaptly termed a revulsion of feeling,—yes, sir, a revulsion of feeling, in Shad's favor."

"But that was after he had been lyn—accelerated," I reflected, aloud.

"Unfortunately, yes. The acceleration was then an accomplished fact. I may say that from the night that Judge Huston's wife ran away with a yellow-faced prospector from Kansas and two thousand dollars in gold, the character and memory of the late Shad Carpenter rose steadily in the public mind. I really suppose Shad could be elected Mayor now.

"Do you see," the colonel went on, "we thought that the gift of the Gold Hatchet stock, especially if the mine should make good, would be a slight but graceful tribute and not displeasing to the bereaved widow. She was a fine woman; very talented, sir, speaking French, I am told, like a native, and evoking from the pianoforte chords of the most celestial harmony. But she had left Gumshoe, saying that she was coming East, and never wanted to see Nevada again.

"Meanwhile, several of us insisted on contributing to the amount Dr. Carter had paid for the stock, so that we might all have the satisfaction of joining in his gift, and we all contributed when there was a big assessment put on it. And then, sir, one of those surprises of a mining country occurred, for they struck a tremendous vein on the Gold Hatchet claim, and some Eastern capitalists came out and took over the whole thing. We sold the stock for cash, and out of the proceeds paid the bank's loan and all Shad's debts, including the twenty-six thousand dollars of I. O. U.'s he had given the judge. We put up a fine monument to Shad in the Gumshoe Cemetery, and when we were all through and put the rest in the bank, there was so much of it that we decided that somebody must come East and simply stay here till he found that widow and turned over the cash. I was selected, sir, for that delicate and responsible mission; and that explains why I am in New York, and I trust that you will not be unduly amazed when I tell you that on finding that unfortunate woman I am prepared to place in her hands the sum of forty thousand dollars! Yes, sir, f-o-r-t-y thousand dollars!"



"My dear colonel!" I exclaimed, "you simply take my breath away. Why this is the most quixotic fancy I ever heard of. You really mean to say that you have come across the continent, and are staying here merely to make this present of forty thousand dollars, and to a woman to whom none of you owe a cent! Colonel Postlethwaite, let me shake your hand. In a commercial age, it is refreshing to meet such men as you. Waiter, take the colonel's order."

The good colonel could not but be impressed with the fervor of my admiration. He was, as I have said, somewhat pompous of manner and grandiloquent of speech; yet he impressed me on the whole as a modest man. With the gesture of an uplifted hand he deprecated my words of praise.

"I pray you not to exaggerate our action, sir; 'twas a small thing. As I have already told you, and I blush in the recital, what poor Shad Carpenter said about the judge's wife wasn't half enough, sir; not half enough! And of course on this trip of mine a liberal appropriation will be deducted from the fund for—ah—traveling expenses—reimbursement merely, with of course no allowance for my time."

"With her forty thousand dollars, the suffering widow would be distinctly eligible in Gumshoe," I soliloquized, half aloud.

"Quite so, quite so," said the colonel. "And she is, as I have said, not—without charms of her own. The committee bore that fact in mind in selecting for this delicate mission your humble servant, a sedate married man, sir. My family is with me, and I trust that we may have the honor of entertaining you at our hotel. I should prefer that it might be at our home in Gumshoe, but as that may not be, Mrs. Postlethwaite and my son and daughters will be very proud to see you, very proud, sir."

"And so you have found no trace of the widow. How long has the search lasted?"

"I have been here, sir, a little over three weeks. I have inquired of, I think, all the hotels, of the various Western organizations, and even at the police stations. I have advertised. We had but a single clew. The only communication that has ever been received from Mrs. Carpenter

by anyone in Gumshoe since her departure is a single letter to Agatha Nodine. That letter was dated New York; it contained no street number, and did not mention the writer's place of abode; but it referred to a local organization in New York known as the Society of the Illuminati, from which the writer had derived much consolation and diversion; a society, as she said, of a distinctly Bohemian order, and embracing in its membership the most brilliant and gifted of the musical, artistic, and literary circles of the metropolis."

I shuddered. The colonel went on:

"This society, strangely enough, is not named in the list of social organizations in the city directory, and although I have obtained access to many of your most distinguished actors, to several artists at the opera and to not a few authors, I have been unable to find anyone who was aware of the existence of this society."

"My dear colonel," I exclaimed, "I am delighted beyond measure. Fortunately, I can tell you about the Society of the Illuminati. It meets at the Ajax Hotel once a week. I was once a guest at one of its dinners. I can undoubtedly obtain for you an invitation to its weekly dinner to-morrow night, and it will at least do no harm to go."

"My dear friend," cried the colonel, effusively, "how can I ever thank you? Fortunate indeed was the gathering that brought-us together. So you know this society! Tell me about it."

"My only acquaintance with the Society of the Illuminati," I replied, "is as a guest. And I know very little about it. I have heard its members describe it in terms similar to those you have used."

"Ah! I should like to spend an evening with the leaders of thought and with those identified with the literary and artistic life of the metropolis. It will indeed be a delightful evening. We shall enter the portals of Bohemia, whether we hear of the widow or not."

"You shall judge when we get there," I said. "It will indeed be what is called Bohemian. But I will not promise to show you the leaders of thought and of artistic and literary life. You may drink a lot of bad wine, and smell much garlic, and see many tragedians without an engagement, many dramatists who have

never produced a play, artists who have never sold a picture, and writers who have never published a story. Yes, it will be quite Bohemian."

The next day I procured from my illuminated friend the requisite cards of admission to the society's dinner, and at half past seven that evening the colonel joined me by appointment at the Ajax Hotel. There were perhaps a hundred and fifty at the dinner, all distinguished, so our host informed us, in the literary and artistic world.

"That broad-shouldered man at the table next to the corner, the man with the white hair, and soup on his shirt front, is the great poet Barkis. He wrote 'Idylls of Fifth Avenue.' The critics are down on him, but he keeps right on. Perhaps he'll speak to-night. He's great as an after-dinner speaker.

"You see that woman with the pompadour hair? She's an understudy or something at the Metropolitan—a wonderful soprano, only Eames and Geraldine Farrar and the rest have a pull and are so jealous that they won't let her sing except in the chorus."

"Who is that distinguished-looking young man next her, putting sugar in her wine?" asked the colonel. The colonel was subdued and awestruck by the galaxy of talent about us, and spoke almost in a whisper.

"That man? Why that's LeFevre," said our host. "Don't you know him? He's one of the rising novelists of the day."

"Really!" said the colonel. "I've heard of the men that wrote six-best-sellers, but I never saw one before."

"He isn't in the six-best-seller class yet. But he will be. He's bound to. He's written short stories mostly. He's got a volume now, 'Stories of Uplift,' that will simply mark an epoch when it's published. Harpers have got it in their hands now. If they decide to publish it, he's going to Europe for a year to study types.

"Over there is Harold Effingham, the great art critic. He doesn't send his criticisms to the papers, because they're over the heads of the newspaper public, but he often talks on art at these dinners.

"That man in a gray coat, with his elbows on the table, was toastmaster last

week. He's the author of 'How to Write a Short Story.' He's getting up a new magazine, and is saving up his own stories for that. He read a fine paper last year on 'The Rediscovery of the Heart Interest.'"

"This is delightful. This is delightful," murmured the colonel. "And yet they say that the metropolis is given over to the pursuit of wealth. I am indeed pleased to sit in the artistic and literary circle of New York, and, Mr. Quackenbush," he continued, turning to our host, "I trust that you will allow me the honor of drinking your very good health."

The intellectual repast after the dinner was of great variety. The poet with the soup read a long poem in blank verse on "The Spirit of the Slums." Mrs. Fletcher McVeagh Hoskins, the gifted writer, spoke on "The Newer Thought," and there was an animated discussion on "The Personal Aura—How Can It Best be Trained?"

The toastmaster, a young man with long hair and reversible cuffs, when he thought the discussion had proceeded far enough, announced that we should now have the great felicity of listening to a lady, who though she had but recently come among us, had been a most welcome addition to the artistic and literary life of New York.

"The Marchioness de Simi" (here there was something of a thrill in the audience) "brings with her the true spirit of Bohemia. She is, as you know, an American of the Americans. Though she has taken the name of her distinguished husband, our old-time member, the Marquis di Simi, who is himself dear to all our hearts, she is an American, born and bred in America, and best of all she has made the marquis a good American. [Great applause.] She has kindly consented to sing for us, and I know that I voice the feeling of all here present when I say that we don't care what she sings, so long as she sings. Ladies and gentlemen, the Marchioness di Simi!"

After this felicitous introduction the toastmaster sat down, and there was a great clapping of hands and tapping of glass, and many cries went up of "Viva the marchioness!" Quackenbush leaned over and said: "She's a wonderful woman.

Her first husband was an American capitalist out West, killed while enforcing law and order during a riot. She sings divinely."

I looked at the marchioness, who had risen from a table behind a row of artificial rubber plants, and having stepped to the platform was standing by the piano, bowing left and right. She was large, florid, impressive. She wore a very décolleté evening dress and a much-beflowered hat of enormous brim; it was set at a backward angle that revealed a vast wavy sea of chestnut hair and set off flashing earrings. Her mouth was wide, and her eyes, very wide open brown eyes, beamed smilingly on the admiring crowd. She was very happy.

A sudden ejaculation caused me to turn and look at Postlethwaite, who was almost behind me. The colonel had risen to his feet, with both hands firmly planted on the table before him, an enormous black cigar held tightly between his lips, and his eyes staring fixedly on the brilliant marchioness, who was still smiling and nodding at the admiring crowd.

"By the great Jehosaphat!" he exclaimed, tensely, staring in bewildered fascination, "by all the holy mother of mackerel, it's her!"

"Sit down, colonel," whispered Quackenbush, pulling at his coat-tails. He sat down.

The first song selected by the marchioness was, "The Year's at the Spring." The musical setting of this classic is a skyrocket composition, written for the delectation of the possessors of facile soprano voices. On the whole, the marchioness did fair justice to it. 'It calls for brilliancy, and can be made to go without temperament. But the marchioness had temperament, more of that, perhaps, than of absolute correctness of key, and there was in her rendition a certain charm that one might not have expected wholly from her good-natured rotundity and placidly smiling eyes. She sang again, of course; several times, in fact, and was evidently a favorite.

The colonel could hardly contain himself. He fidgeted around, let his cigar go out, talked in excited whispers to Quackenbush and myself, and when the last applause had died out, summoned a waiter

and dispatched him to the marchioness's table with the message—"for that lady that there was an old friend of hers that was very anxious to see her, and could she step in the outside hall for a moment?"

"So the widow's been consoled, colonel," I laughed as he slipped out to the conference.

When the colonel came back he had almost a worried look. "Boys," he said, "it's a queer case. When she saw me she sang out, 'J. Ebenezer Postlethwaite, what are you doing here?'"

"What am I doing?" I says, standing up firm under her withering glance; 'Madam, I have come three thousand miles to right a great wrong.'

"What's that?" she says, as if she was scared; 'colonel, you don't mean to tell me they've brought him back to life?'

"No," I said, 'not quite that; not quite that. But I want to tell you, before I go any farther, that the conviction has gradually come to be held in Gumshoe, I may say the firm belief, ma'am, that when your husband, the late Shad Carpenter, uttered his remarks appertaining to the character of Mrs. Judge Huston, ma'am, that he—that he didn't say half enough.'

"What's that to me?" she said, very proudly—very proudly, boys, like a queen—"You murdered my husband, and you ran the job, Ebenezer Postlethwaite."

"To some extent, madam," I answered her, 'I suppose that is true. That is why I am Chairman of the Committee of Restitution.' Then I explained to her what my errand here was, and about the draft for forty thousand dollars good at the Chase National Bank.

"That softened her up a good deal, and then she said she wanted to think it over. She's awfully upset. As you are a lawyer, sir, of this city," continued the colonel, turning to me, "I ventured to mention your name when she said she wanted legal advice. She's coming down to our table after a while."

Naturally, we lost interest in the remainder of the artistic programme; our minds were full of the marchioness.

"Tell me," said the colonel, after a pause, "does she belong to the nobility now? Think of poor Shad Carpenter's widow a marchioness! Dear me, dear me, how that would have pleased Shad!"

I explained that "marquis" was a rather free rendering of the Italian *marchese*, and that, alas! *marchesi* are not rare in Italy.

"From his general appearance," I suggested, "I imagine that the gentleman teaches music and lives in Harlem."

"Second floor, light housekeeping; twenty-four dollars to the right parties; gas included," murmured Quackenbush.

When the marchioness joined us, we all became friends at once. She plunged right into her problems.

"You see," she said, "when I came to New York, I hadn't more than eight or nine hundred dollars left in the world. Jim Dolliver wanted me to marry him out in Gumshoe, but he was nothing but a prospector on a grub-stake, always unlucky, as you know, Ebenezer Postlethwaite, and with nothing ahead of him. But I kind of half promised him, in case we should ever be able to see our way clear.

"Then, when I came here, I met the marquis, and we became very great friends, and we've been married now six weeks. He speaks English just as well as I do, and we've been very happy. Of course it's perfectly true that he married me with the idea he would support me, which he's done. I suppose you may say that was originally how it happened, for I certainly was getting to the end of the little I had, and no idea what I was going to do when that was gone. But as I told you, we've been very happy, and I like it here, and we're devoted to each other, and I should hate the idea of breaking it off."

"Breaking it off?" I gasped. "My dear marchioness, what *do* you mean?"

"I mean," said the marchioness, "that I feel in a way under an obligation to Jim. Now that I am going to get this money, the reason for my leaving Jim and taking the marquis doesn't hold any longer, and it seems somehow as if I ought to call it off here and go back to Jim."

"The lady means," explained the colonel, "that in regard to her union with the marquis, there has been what we lawyers technically term a Failure of Consideration, and she is wondering if that doesn't demand a rescission of the contract—mor-

ally, of course, disregarding for the moment the technicalities of the law."

Although reasons were as plenty as blackberries in summer, it really took us a little time to persuade the honest marchioness that she was not under the slightest obligation in respect to the disappointed prospector at Gumshoe.

"Indeed, madam," said the colonel, "I should consider your abandonment of the marquis—a man most to be envied, madam—" here he bowed politely, "as in very bad taste. As prospective district attorney of Bullion County, I cannot express too strongly my disapprobation of such a blow at the sanctity of the American home. Your duty, your future, dear madam, lie in your new-found country, in the East. Any remembrances that you may care to send back to your old friends, any little token, if I may speak on so painful a subject, to the memory of your departed husband, whose character, I assure you, is being rapidly rehabilitated, as the facts in regard to the life and conduct of Mrs. Judge Huston become better known—any such remembrances or tokens, my dear madam, J. Ebenezer Postlethwaite will be more than proud to be the bearer or erector of respectively."

It was a long speech for the colonel.

The marchioness took him at his word. She told us, a few days after, that she felt that out of the money turned over to her by the Committee of Restitution she ought to do something in honor of her late husband. Although her widowhood had lasted but six weeks, she felt that she should always have for his memory a tender place in her heart. She placed in the colonel's hands ten thousand dollars for the erection in the Court House of a statue of her late husband. "Somehow the Court House seems the right place for it," she explained, "considering how the feelings of the community have changed."

"Madam," said the colonel solemnly, "as prospective district attorney of Bullion County, I assure you that there will never be another lynching in Gumshoe. Your unfortunate husband was a martyr to the New Dispensation. It is by such that the progress of mankind is achieved."

# ACROSS EUROPE BY MOTOR BOAT

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

## VI. FROM SULINA TO BOURGAS



WHEN the "floating population" of Sulina, chiefly composed of seafaring folk, learned that we had come "'cross country" from London in the *Beaver* and were bound across the Black Sea to Constantinople we became the object of much friendly remonstrance. They told us that ours was a good sporting proposition for the summer season, but that we had arrived a month too late. It was then the 18th of September; the Equinoctial gales were due any day, and with them the seasons changed and unsettled conditions might be expected thereafter. A thirty-five foot motor boat all open abaft the cabin-house would not last in a Black Sea gale as long as the proverbial snowball in the infernal regions; we had no sail and, if the motor balked, would drift around indefinitely until we foundered in a gale, were taken off by some passing vessel, or drove ashore to be broken up on the reefs which fringed the coast.

It was freely intimated, and has been since, that we were rash and inexperienced. This is not true. Both Pomeroy and I had a full store of sea-going experience in many different types of vessels, large and small. Among my own comparatively recent reminiscences I could recall a hurricane weathered out in Campeche Bay off the coast of Yucatan in a small thirty-ton schooner hove to for three doubtful days, and eventually driven on a lee shore from which we worked off with great difficulty; also a typhoon in the China Sea, much sloppy weather in the Pacific, and a westerly

gale on a schooner yacht in mid-Atlantic. There were besides the usual number of minor incidents, such as so many of us have been through who have spent a number of seasons in knocking up and down the New England coast in small cruising boats. Pomeroy had once bought a big English yawl in which he had cruised around the West Indies, and had also a considerable yachting experience in the Mediterranean. Therefore, it can hardly be said that we did not know what we were attempting. People who go down to the sea in big ships very often do not actually know what good weather a small boat can make of an ugly sea if properly handled.

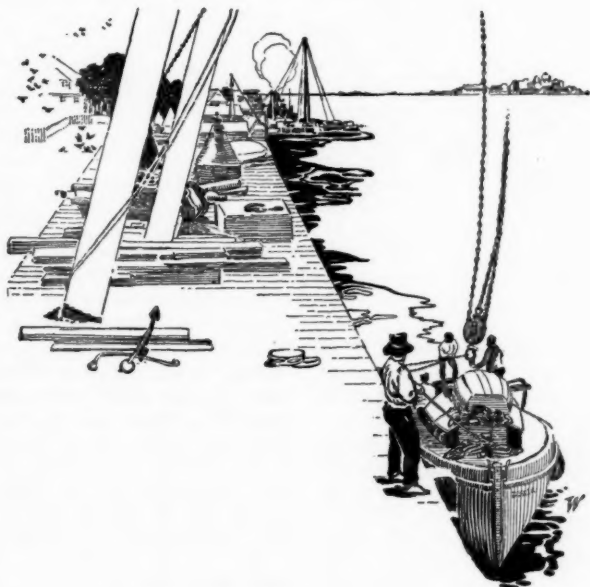
No, there was nothing foolhardy in our attempt. We were exposing ourselves to a certain amount of danger no doubt, but not unwarrantably. Our longest run without a port was only one hundred and twenty one miles and the shortest fifty-six. The *Beaver* was a splendid sea boat, full bilged under water, buoyant and capable, and we had traveled for the last two thousand miles without being obliged to stop the motor. Since leaving London we had experienced a great many peculiar and unanticipated dangers, in the Channel, the Seine, and the Danube, and we decided that there were, no doubt, a good many more ahead of us in the Black Sea and Mediterranean, all of which were unavoidable details of our somewhat original undertaking to cross and circumnavigate Europe in a thirty-five foot motor boat. The *Beaver* would have to take her chances with the old Euxine and its "hacking waves" just as she would later, after passing out of



the Dardenelles, have to do her best with "Levanters," mistral, bora, sirocco and leveche.

We were fortunate in finding a friend in Sulina. This was Mr. Kuhl, the Chief Engineer of the European Commission for the Navigation of the Danube, with whom Pomeroy was personally acquainted. It is a pity that lack of space in this article does not permit of a description of Mr. Kuhl's

at Panama in preparing for APPLETON'S MAGAZINE a series of papers on the Panama Canal.\* "Some years I win," said Mr. Kuhl, throwing out his hands, "sometimes it is the river! I make promises, and the Danube breaks them for me, and then the steamship captains swear!" He gave a short laugh. "The Danube flings mud into the Channel, and I scoop it out and build a dike and make the Danube



*"Shifting our propeller blades at Sulina."*

courageous years of warfare against the combined forces of the Danube and the Black Sea in keeping the Sulina Channel navigable. We spent an evening at his house, where he showed us in a series of charts, the results—and lack of them—of his many years of constant struggle with the great stream, all of which was particularly interesting to me, as only eighteen months previously I had made a study of somewhat similar hydraulic problems

keep it out. Then the littoral of the Black Sea sweeps it in again, and I make the Black Sea take it away. But this has disturbed the balance, and look! Here is the river filling up the Channel in a single flood, and before I can quell this mutiny there is another somewhere else. Sometimes it has happened that the water has taken charge and flung mud all over the

\* "The Truth about Panama." Vide APPLETON'S MAGAZINE, April, May, June, 1906.



*"Off the breakwater at Varna."*

place, and then the steamship captains fling it at the Commission, and they want to know why there is not the thirty feet of water which I promised."

We lay for two days in Sulina, taking fuel and provisions and getting ready for sea. Mr. Kuhl very kindly rendered us every assistance and had the boat lifted out under the crane of the Commission's yard, where his machinist shifted our spare propeller blades, the old ones which had brought us through several thousand kilometers of river and canals being somewhat scored around the edges. Thanks to the splendid material and construction of the boat and her fine big American elm keel the many bumps which we had given her were scarcely perceptible, but we found a very dangerous state of affairs about the steering gear and one which we did not care to think about in connection with our run through the rapids of the Grein and above the Iron Gate, for the lag-screws holding the iron shoe which took the rudder post had worked loose and were on the point of dropping out, thus leaving the rudder all adrift and the propeller blades unprotected. This was soon remedied,

after which we took fuel, a very fine Russian oil from Batoum. We had already taken three hundred and sixty liters of petroleum at thirty cents a liter, but as Mr. Kuhl very kindly let us have the same oil at the wholesale rate paid by the Commission we took advantage of this opportunity and loaded all that we could carry, paving the whole cockpit, engine room and cabin with tins, over which we laid planks to move about on.

We were two days fitting out in Sulina, which time was not lost, as the weather was unsettled and it was blowing hard outside. From the point of land on which Mr. Kuhl's house stood we could see a wicked chop dashing over the breakwater, and a short, steep, combing sea running farther out. We did not object to the delay, as we were in the midst of the most unsettled season and a day or two lost did not matter. Sulina is a wheat port; there were a great many vessels loading grain, and the place was full of color and animation. We took our meals in a little restaurant frequented by the captains of tramp steamers—British, German, Austrian, Greek, Italian, Russian, all nationalities in fact

—and among these we made a number of friends. The captain of a British tramp, the *Anna Moore*, said one evening:

"Our agent was asking about you chaps to-day. When I told him you were going to *Constant* in that little motor boat he said: 'Are they crazy?' 'No,' said I. 'They're Anglo-Saxons.' 'But they ought not to be allowed to go!' says he. 'They'll get drowned!'"

We asked him if that was his opinion, and he looked rather grave.

"No," said he. "That's a good sea boat of yours and she ought to make it unless you catch bad luck. It's about two hundred and sixty-five miles to the Bosphorus on a straight course. The lightship is fourteen miles off shore. Are you going to lay a course straight across or follow the beach around?"

We told him that it would depend on the weather and how the motor appeared to be running.

"If you follow the coast," said he, "you have got a run of eighty miles to Kustendje, then eighty miles to Varna, fifty-six miles to Bourgas, and one hundred and twenty-one miles to the Bosphorus. It's longer, but it's safer. You ought to have some sail on that thing."

"Suppose we get a steady glass and good wind and sky?" we asked. "Why not make a run direct?"

He shook his head.

"This is the Black Sea, and it's not like anything else. Your glass is no good to you at all. You might have it steady as if it were nailed and the sky without a cloud and a calm sea. First thing you know you'd see a dark streak to the northward. Then *look out!* She's coming down off the Steppes of Russia—a cold slant, and when she hits she'll tear things loose. Have you got a sea anchor?"

We told him that we had not, but thought that we could rig one with the sampan and our anchor. I had done this trick before.

He nodded.

"That boat of yours ought to live through most anything if you can keep her head to sea," he said. "What's your speed?"

"It's supposed to be ten land miles, but it's nearer eight."

He nodded thoughtfully.

"Well, you may just slip in between blows and get it smooth all the way. But if I were to advise you it would be to leave your boat here and come out next summer to finish your trip."

The boat was all ready the afternoon of the 19th of September, and Pomeroy and I went over to the yard to bring her across to our former berth, intending to start as soon as the weather moderated. It had been raining and blowing and there was still a good deal of sea running. As soon as we had started the engine Pomeroy suggested that we poke around outside and look it over. We slipped down and headed out through the breakwater, dipping our ensign to a Roumanian man-of-war coming in out of the blow and receiving a return salutation. Once outside we found crazy water due to the hard breeze striking across the eddy made by the river current, but we were both delighted by the behavior of the boat in her deep trim. Throwing in the full strength of the motor we slammed her full bore into and across the ugly rip through which she went like a trawler, throwing the water freely but perfectly dry.

"We shall not strike it anywhere worse than it is right here on the bar, with this breeze," said Pomeroy.

I quite agreed with him, and we decided to start some time during the night. Running back to our berth we proceeded to take water, after which we got our papers, and said good-by to our friends, in the expectation of leaving before midnight. But a little later there came a big black cloud bank in the north and it began to blow very hard with a cold rain.

By six o'clock in the morning it was still blowing fresh, but the clouds had cleared off and we decided to start, so heating "*Dan*" up we ran out through the breakwater, and at seven-thirty rounded the whistling buoy and laid a course for another buoy a couple of miles off shore. Mr. Kuhl had warned us to take a big offing as the sturgeon fishers lay a meshwork of set lines from long trawls all the way from the Sulina Mouth for about thirty miles along the shoal to St. George's Mouth, and it would have been a very serious thing to have whipped up one of these in our propeller.

The Black Sea is almost fresh, receiving

as it does the Danube, the Dnieper, the Don, and the Irmak, and of smaller rivers the Dniester, Bug, Kuban, and innumerable others. As a result a fresh breeze quickly produces a short, choppy, lashing sea, which in many places is aggravated by the presence of strong currents, especially along the course which we were taking, where the flow of the three great rivers forms eddies on its way to the entrance of the Bosphorus. The terrific commotion caused thereby in a sudden sharp blow gives rise to what are referred to in the sailing directions as the terrible "hacking waves" of the Black Sea.

But the weather which had at first looked threatening speedily became glorious. The wind subsided and with it the swell, until by noon we were plowing along in a glassy sea helped on our course by smooth rollers. In spite of our precautions in taking a good offing of five or six miles we several times got among the sturgeon fishers' trawls, but fortunately slid over the set lines without picking any of them up. At ten-five o'clock we passed the first beacon off St. George's Mouth, and a little later slightly altered our course to the westward, as the land drops away on the other side of Dranova Island, and we did not wish to lose sight of it altogether. More than ten miles off shore the Danube water debouching from St. George's Mouth makes a sharp line of color demarcation with that of the Black Sea, the former being an "absinthe frappé" color and the latter a deep sapphire.

Considering the perfect weather conditions we decided not to put into Kustendje, but keeping a good offing to take a departure from the light on Galata Point, and then either cut across the gulf for the Bosphorus or lay a course for Bourgas, according to conditions. During the afternoon we lost the land altogether, but picked it up toward evening, and by seven o'clock were off Kustendje and about fifteen miles out.

That evening was a lovely one, the air of a delightful temperature, very clear, and the sea like a mill pond. A big school of porpoises came over to play with the boat, and the water was so sparkingly clear and of such a glassy surface that we were able to follow all of their movements even when they plunged to their fullest depth. They had not the slightest fear of the noise of the motor, but swam dangerously close to the

propeller and frequently rubbed themselves against the sides of the boat. One sportive youngster kept getting across the stem; for almost an hour I lay on my face forward with my head over the bow watching him. He was playful as a puppy and at last invented a little game of his own. Lying across the stem he would let the curve of the bow roll him over and over, presently disappearing to swim back and repeat the performance. I have watched porpoises in many waters of the globe, but have never seen any as kittenish as these.

As soon as the darkness came we picked up our lights, got our position by cross-bearings and laid a course for Bourgas, which would take us about twenty miles off Varna. Dividing the night into two-hour tricks we should have passed it very comfortably had we not been disturbed by the erratic behavior of the motor. In my watch below I was repeatedly awakened by its "missing," but going over it as carefully as I could was unable to find anything wrong, and finally concluded that the trouble had something to do with the lighter quality of the fuel.

Aside from this motor annoyance the night passed uneventfully. A little before midnight the breeze had sprung up freshly ahead, and by three o'clock had kicked up such a head sea that we made very little progress. During my trick at the wheel from two to four I was much puzzled by some peculiar lights flaring up from the sea all about, but on passing closer to one of these I discovered it to be a bonfire on the deck of a good-sized yawl, and was afterwards told that they were built by the fishermen to attract the sturgeon to the set-lines.

At daybreak the wind hauled westerly and began to blow very hard, so that before long the sea was combing nastily and for the sake of getting a lea we altered our course to the westward. The sunrise shone against the flanks of high saffron-colored mountains about fifteen miles away. This was the abrupt end of the Balkan Range which separates Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia.

"Varna is there," said Pomeroy, pointing to a great rift in the hills. "Shall we put in?"

I answered that on the contrary I should advise holding straight on our



*"A schooner flying the Turkish flag."*

course for Bourgas Bay and then, if the weather still remained as fine, to head off straight across the bight for the Bosphorus, this last being a run of one hundred and twenty-one miles. The glass was steady at 30.50 and the breeze while strong was from a good quarter, but there was a rising, choppy sea which threw the boat about rather violently, so for the sake of getting better water we edged in toward the land.

It was still early in the morning and Ranney's wheel when suddenly the forward engine began to "miss," making at the same time a peculiar and violent noise, while the speed of the boat was checked by half. A hurried examination of the motor showed that the spiral spring on the forward exhaust valve had snapped, thus putting the forward cylinder out of action and throwing the entire burden of the work upon its mate.

This was the first accident to any part of the motor which had occurred since leaving London, our early trials being due to defective packing and nuts not hardened down. But although inconvenient and annoying we did not at first regard the situation as serious, having spare parts for practically every part of the engine which was subject to breakage.

On getting out the spare, however, we made a very unpleasant discovery. A

comparison with the broken part showed that in order to fit the spring to the valve it was necessary to heat the last spiral, curl it in upon itself and flatten the under surface; in short, a job which needed a forge and a vise to perform. It was also one spiral too long.

We looked at each other in some dismay; the *Beaver* was drifting rapidly out to sea and wallowing violently about on the short, breaking chop which was increasing as we got farther from the land. There was no question of anchoring as we were near the one hundred fathom curve, we had no sea anchor, we were not in the course of any vessel, and the distant peaks of the Balkan Mountains were growing dim.

It is not agreeable to be broken down and blowing off shore in a small motor boat on the Black Sea within one day of the time due for the Equinoctial gales. Although we had made the attempt many times we had never been able to run the motor on one cylinder alone for more than a couple of miles at the most, since to do so interfered with the water circulation, with the result that the cold water all remained in the jacket of the idle cylinder while the working one quickly heated up, running slower and more laboriously until it finally stopped. When this occurred it was necessary to cool the cylinder before the motor



could be started again, and the only immediate way of doing this was to turn it over by hand, a terrific job and requiring perhaps half or three quarters of an hour of

Accordingly we got out the valve, removed the broken spring, and tried to get the new one in its place. At this point we found that we could not squeeze the spring



*"Leaving Varna behind us."*

the most extreme physical effort. With the breeze off shore and no bottom which we could reach, it scarcely seemed worth while to try to fetch the land on one cylinder, so we set about to see what we could do with the spare spring.

together enough to adjust it. Using the long clutch-lever to gain power we jammed the spring between it and the after thwart, only to find that when compressed it was barely too long for insertion, and that even if we had got it in we could not have

kept it in place against the cap on the valve.

"It is no use," said Pomeroy. "We can't fit this thing without a machine shop."

"How far is Batoum?" asked Ranney, observing our drift.

"About seven hundred miles to leeward. It would be better to try for Varna, which is about fifteen miles to windward."

Poor as it was this seemed to be our only chance, so we jammed down the forward air valves to lighten the work as much as possible for the after cylinder, heated up and cranked the motor. Dan responded sluggishly and we began to crawl toward the distant Balkan Mountains at the rate of about two miles an hour, bucking a hard breeze and a lumpy sea.

"Do you think you can make Dan do it?" Ranney asked, with a somewhat pardonable curiosity. "I told him that I thought so, but he knew that I was not telling the truth. 'Suppose he quits?' he asked.

"Then," said Pomeroy, "there will be a salvage job for somebody."

But we all knew that the chances for being picked up were very poor, as the *Beaver* was painted the blue Admiralty "disappearing color" and without any spars or sails.

By plugging the water circulation outlet, which one could do by reaching over the side and then opening the drip-cock of the water chamber belonging to the working cylinder, one could somewhat delay the heating-up process, as the result was to keep a steady stream of water passing through, where otherwise the circulation was entirely arrested. But the outlet of this stream of water was down into the bilge of the boat. As we had no way of piping it over the side two men were kept busy bailing, one with the pump, a hand affair, the other with a bucket. This was a tedious job, but we were only too willing to keep bailing all day if only the blessed stream would continue to run. Before we had gone far the single cylinder began to show signs of fatigue and could be kept at its work only by the most careful manipulation of the different controls.

Sometimes when we took a big sea full it was necessary to throw out the clutch or the sudden strain on the propeller would have stopped the motor, when I

doubt if we could have started it again, as the jacket was so hot that one could not hold one's hand against it. To make matters worse, turning the motor over so slowly and with so little fuel permitted the cooling of the combustion chamber, so that it was necessary to keep the blast lamp going continually, a difficult matter with the wind and spray.

Three hours passed and still the motor pounded wearily on. Standing there watching every symptom of failing breath and respiration was like fighting the slow approach of death for the waning life of a man. At times from some subtle cause the strength of the motor would flicker up, only to ebb again almost to the point of syncope.

The mountains loomed higher; a mosque, then a slender minaret appeared against the dull green slope far up the bight. Pomeroy and Ranney were almost exhausted from their bailing, so I relieved one of them. As we approached the shore the sea grew quieter and the wind lightened, so that while our power was gradually diminishing our progress was, if anything, better. Within three or four miles of the point on the southern side of the bay the motor suddenly stopped. We took a sounding and finding about thirty fathoms of water, bent our cable to a long towline and got bottom with the anchor.

Thereafter came the laborious job of turning over the engine by hand to get cold water around the hot cylinder, which task fell somewhat solidly upon me, being the only one aboard heavy enough to crank the motor. Ten successive revolutions were all that I was up to without a breathing spell.

In time this cooled the cylinder off enough to get the motor going again, and we managed to work in through blessedly still water almost to the breakwater, where the engine collapsed again. It was then getting late in the afternoon, having taken us all day to work our way in. While lying there waiting for the motor to cool sufficiently to take us the rest of the way a little schooner came in flying the Turkish flag, but we noticed that she did not come from a direction which would have brought her within sight of us had we completely broken down.

Our last gasping effort carried us inside the breakwater, dipping to a Bulgarian

man-of-war as we passed, and within fifty meters of the quay the motor snorted feebly and expired, but our way carried us alongside. Being the first motor boat which had ever been seen in this port, so far as we could ascertain, we were viewed with curiosity and, our American ensign being unknown, with some suspicion. We were too tired to do more than sit in the cockpit and smoke dejectedly, but we handed up our ship's papers and passports to a somewhat peremptory official who appeared to be the doctor of the port, and told him to kindly take them and clear out and not bother us.

I am afraid that we were more inclined to be disgusted with our hard luck than grateful over being in port instead of flopping around on the Black Sea. Pomeroy and Ranney went below and busied themselves in silence, Pomeroy writing in his logbook:

"... and about ten miles from Galata Point the forward engine exhaust valve spring broke, and with great trouble slowly worked our way into Varna. Once we were forced to let go the anchor and again just outside the breakwater. Get in at 5 and tie up to the quay. . . . Criminal for the engine builders to send a boat to sea with spare parts in such a condition."

In regard to this last I will simply make the comment that we were ourselves equally to blame for not having more carefully examined all of these spare parts; still, they looked exactly alike, and one does not dismount one's entire motor for the sake of fitting new parts.

I don't know what Ranney did, but have a strong suspicion that he either whitened his shoes or pressed his trousers with his patent iron.

Eventually I gathered energy enough to rig myself out in a suit of very loud-checked clothes which I brought especially to impress the natives of outlandish parts, and climbed up on the quay, where I presently fell in with a beach-comber who directed me to a gentleman who proved to be one of the agents of a shipping house, the head of which, a Herr Hoffmann, we had met in Braila. This gentleman told me that one of their steamers was coming in that evening, and kindly offered to ask his chief engineer to help us.

A little later the vessel arrived, a trim little ship of perhaps two thousand five hundred tons, named the *Kelet*. My new-

found friend took me aboard and introduced me to the captain and chief who were Austrians, and, like all of their nationality with whom I have ever come in contact, kind and courteous. The chief took our spring and spare valve aboard his ship, where he adjusted them, afterwards bringing them aboard the *Beaver* and setting them up.

"If there is any chance of your having trouble with your motor," said the captain, "you had better not try to make the run to Constantinople. If you like I will give you a tow."

I asked him what speed his vessel made and he told me eleven knots, at which I said that as our steering gear was defective, I did not think that it would be safe for us to tow at that pace through such broken water as we were apt to find outside.

The following morning we started the motor and ran the boat around inside the breakwater when the behavior of the engine proved far from satisfactory. For some reason both cylinders kept "missing" repeatedly; in the case of the after one I think that this may have been due to our having run it hot for so long a time the previous day, while with the forward one the new valve spring did not fit perfectly and occasionally jammed, throwing the forward cylinder out of its beat, all of which was extremely annoying, the weather being perfect, with a comparatively smooth sea and a bright, cloudless sky.

Discussing the matter among ourselves we decided that, considering the bad behavior of the motor and the trick which it has served us the day before, we should do better to accept the captain's offer than to put to sea again under our own power. If it breezed up we could always cast off and go our own gait, but as the weather seemed to be fixed fair it was possible that we might tow straight through to the Bosphorus without encountering any rough water. Accordingly we took two towlines from the port and starboard stern chocks of the *Kelet*, and a little later steamed out of the harbor in tow.

Once clear of the bay the steamer headed down the coast and struck her pace, when we were not long in discovering that as a barge the *Beaver* was very far from being a success. Long and narrow and deep-laden, it was almost impossible to keep her lined



*"Towing behind the 'Kelet.'"*

up; she would take a sudden sheer to port or starboard, then forge ahead like a rope ferryboat and could only be brought back with a great deal of difficulty, a thing which struck us as odd, for under her own power she ran as true as a die. No doubt we should have done better with a single towline, but once under way we could no longer communicate with the folk on the

steamer owing to the roar of water under our bows.

About noon it began to breeze up with the usual nasty, choppy sea, through which we plunged like a porpoise. The constant tendency of the boat to take a sheer caused me a great deal of anxiety, as I knew our steering gear to be very frail, owing to the necessity of carrying the tiller lines

through five leads from the tiller to the wheel, and I was afraid that if one of these lines were to carry away suddenly, as had happened many times before, the *Beaver*, deeply laden as she was, would take a side sheer, be dragged on her beam ends, and either fill or roll over before one could reach the tiller or slip the towline. Altogether it was nervous, disagreeable work, with one hand at the wheel and another standing by to grab the helm, and we decided that on reaching Bourgas Bay we would proceed to Constantinople under our own power rather than go through the night with similar conditions.

On arriving at Bourgas Bay the captain of the *Kelet* and I went ashore for a walk about the quaint, semi-Oriental town and along the high bluff overlooking the sea. Bourgas is in Eastern Roumelia on the south side of the Balkan Mountains from Varna, which is in Bulgaria proper. The principality of Bulgaria, which separated from Turkey in 1878, has, like all of the Balkan countries, a very mongrel population, of which at this day scarcely twenty per cent. are Turks. The Bulgarians proper are Christians, but do not recognize the Ecumenical Patriarch of the Greek Church, which leads to a continual throat-cutting between these dissenting sects, to the damage of their souls and the infinite relish of the Moslem.

The Balkan Peninsula and especially Bulgaria present peculiar difficulties to the traveler, the chief of which is the question of language. One speaks Turkish, Bulgarian, Greek, Roumanian, Armenian, Kurzo-Wallachian, Yiddish, with a few dialects which are spoken in Bosnia and Herzegovina and also those of the Circassians and Georgians. There is also an important language, Serbo-Croatian, which is in fairly common use over the western part of the Peninsula, while the various European tongues are spoken by the more educated people. No three languages would be enough to take one about the Balkans away from the beaten paths.

Eastern Roumelia is a beautiful country, fertile, green and fresh, with open, scatter-

ing forests and mountains clothed in green to their very summits. Some of these forests are very dense and primeval, and we were told that they abounded in game—deer, bear, pig, wolves, chamois—and among the more inaccessible regions a few moufflon. Back in the neighborhood of Philippopolis the great industry of the country is the extraction of attar of roses, and in this region the whole countryside is planted in rose trees of the Damask variety.

But during our brief stay in Bourgas the feature which most interested us in regard to the country was how best to get out of it. Taking counsel among ourselves we decided that since we could not trust our steering gear it was very dangerous to tow behind the *Kelet*. We considered the advisability of stopping over a day or two, taking down our motor and giving it a thorough overhauling, but the objection to this lay in the fact that the weather was apt to change at any moment, when we might be cooped up in Bourgas Bay for days or even weeks before we could put to sea. Eventually we decided that the best course under the circumstances was to sail that night for Constantinople, and if on reaching the entrance of the bay the behavior of our motor seemed to warrant our going on, to continue. Should it act badly, to return to Bourgas, give it an overhauling, and take our chances on getting a good slant to make our run. There were one hundred and twenty-one miles of open sea from Bourgas to the Bosphorus with no port whatsoever between, and we did not think that with the motor running as it was we could make more than about six miles an hour. That meant twenty hours of sea, but by leaving at sunset we counted on being able to arrive at Kavak, get our *firmin* before the sunset gun, and then proceed to Therapia.

Having accordingly decided on this plan we went up to the Custom House, got our papers and cleared for Constantinople. Then as it was growing late we quickly got the *Beaver* ready for sea, little guessing at the tragic fate which lay before her.

(To be continued.)



# IN CHARGE OF IRENE

BY DOROTHEA DEAKIN



UNT is supposed to take care of us both, but the trouble of looking after Irene when she left school weighed heaviest on me, of course, for Aunt is dull of perception and asthmatic, and says she is too old to be worried.

At twenty-seven my uncles tell me I am quite old enough to keep any minx of eighteen in order. I have only been in charge of Irene for six months and I—well, I wish she would marry young. I cannot regard the constant care of my beautiful, high-spirited sister the unqualified joy and delight that her sweethearts do. *They* are all eager for the privilege, but would they be if they knew her as I do? Can a man ever know a girl as well as her sister does, if she has sea-blue eyes with black lashes and a dimple in her chin?

Robin loves her better than his own soul; he often says so. I don't suppose he knows enough of his own soul to attach any importance to it, but would he stake it so rashly if he heard, for instance, the deplorable story of the Fair Persian?

Aunt has always steadily refused to allow us to keep a kitten. She has a horror of cats, and when Irene lugged that heavy basket up to my room late on Wednesday night, I had not the remotest idea of its contents.

"Give me your scissors, quick," she cried, as she dumped it breathlessly down. "Let's cut the string and see what it's like. The dear!"

"Irene—it's not——"

"Yes, it is," said she triumphantly. "I answered an advertisement in the *Bazaar and Mart*. It's a blue Persian, seven months old, amiable and domesticated,

seventeen and six. It's very quiet, isn't it?"

"Dead perhaps?" I suggested with a glimmer of hope. "Irene, how could you when you knew how Aunt——"

"Aunt's absurd," said she sharply. "She doesn't know what she wants. It will grow up to be the greatest comfort to her. All nice old ladies like a cat on their knee. It's not decent of Aunt to be so affected about it."

She raised the lid slowly—something gray glared at her a minute with wild, frightened golden eyes, then sprang out like a flash and disappeared under the bed.

"Couldn't you slip down for some warm milk?" said Irene in a whisper. "Mind you shut the door after you. I'll sit on the floor and talk softly to it till it knows my voice. Pretty pussy—puss—puss—puss. She's a lovely Persian lady in a horrid strange house, so there she is! Come, then —puss—puss—puss——"

I ran down for the milk and found that the servants were naturally wild with curiosity.

"We couldn't get that porter to go, Miss Pen," Charlotte said. "Stood in the hall, 'e did, and wanted to come in and see it opened. Said its 'owls had been blood curdlin' coming along, and reminded 'im of 'ome and 'is mother's voice, as nothin' 'adn't done since he were a child. Said 'e didn't believe no 'uman cat could waken such memories in 'is breast, and wanted cook to give 'im a drop of something to keep the cold out and drown the voice of remorse."

"I hope cook didn't——" I began severely.

"Not a blessed drop," said Charlotte promptly. "Cook could see with 'arf an eye that 'e'd had some already, and besides

she was too busy wondering whatever would Missis do when she 'eard there were a cat in the ouse. She can't abide cats. You remember the sandy kitten the milk-man brought cook, and Missis made the sweep take away in 'is bag——"

I got the milk and escaped.

How could Irene be so thoughtless? How were we to live a life of peaceful happiness if these differences went on continually between Irene and Aunt? My door was wide open when I reached it.

"Irene!"

She wasn't there. I looked in her own room. That was empty too. She surely hadn't waked Aunt up to show the cat to her? No, even Irene could hardly have done anything so tactless.

Then I thought I heard a noise in my study at the top of the house, and flew up in an agony of apprehension. Irene in my study was bad enough—but Irene hunting a strange cat!

I found the door wide open, the room empty. The windows were open, too, and the draught had scattered my papers all over the floor. I trod on my fountain pen and broke it as I rushed in. The red ink was upset. I saw that with the tail of my eye. It looked like a stream of blood.

"Irene! It's too bad. Where are you? You'll catch your death." But no. There was no one on the leads. I looked along that narrow gray terrace, barred by the ghostly moon shadows thrown by the tall chimney pots. Irene was not there; neither, as far as I could see, was the Fair Persian.

"Oh, well, if the cat's once out there on the tiles, she's lost forever," I said in a tone of deep thankfulness, and I drew in and shut the window, wiped up the red ink, gathered my scattered papers, groaned over my pen, and went downstairs again to my bedroom.

Where could Irene be? I hadn't a glimmering of the real truth, and I was too much annoyed to go into her room and tell her what I thought of her. Even when the tapping began at my window, I thought it was merely the draught aggravating me with the blind tassel. And then I heard a low whistle. Some one was trying to whistle, "Believe me if all those endearing young charms." A wild idea flashed into my mind. No. It *couldn't* be. I pulled up the blind hastily—something was sway-

ing there; a small dark object flapping the window. Was it a bat? Impossible. Not a *shoe*? I flung the window open and caught Irene's little bronze slipper in my hand.

"Penelope!"

A small agonized voice broke on my ear as I tugged the shoe. I looked up in amazement. The slipper was hanging by a string from the leads above; Irene was hanging over the edge with the Fair Persian's head, distended in a wide meow, appearing under her arm. She was kneeling in a white gown on those sooty leads, dangling her slipper against my window by a string. I had shut her out.

Here was a nice thing.

I rushed upstairs and opened my study window, and she scrambled to her feet and jumped down into the room with a rueful smile. Her pretty dressing gown was covered with soot all down the front breadth. Her hands and face were sooty, too. The Fair Persian yelled.

"You needn't have locked your only sister out on such a night," said she in ashamed tones. "Did you recognize the tune I was whistling?"

"I should think so. A nice thing to have you hanging over the roof whistling 'Believe me——'"

"It wasn't. It was 'My lodging is on the cold roof.' It nearly was too. But I've found the Fair Persian."

"What have you done to your dressing gown?"

"It's not mine, it's yours." She giggled. "I snatched up the first thing and flew. I've just been told I look like a dear little chimney sweep. It's all your fault."

"I looked out of the window and there wasn't a sign of you," I said indignantly. "You ought to have known better than to go over the roof after that disgraceful cat. You don't know who might have seen you."

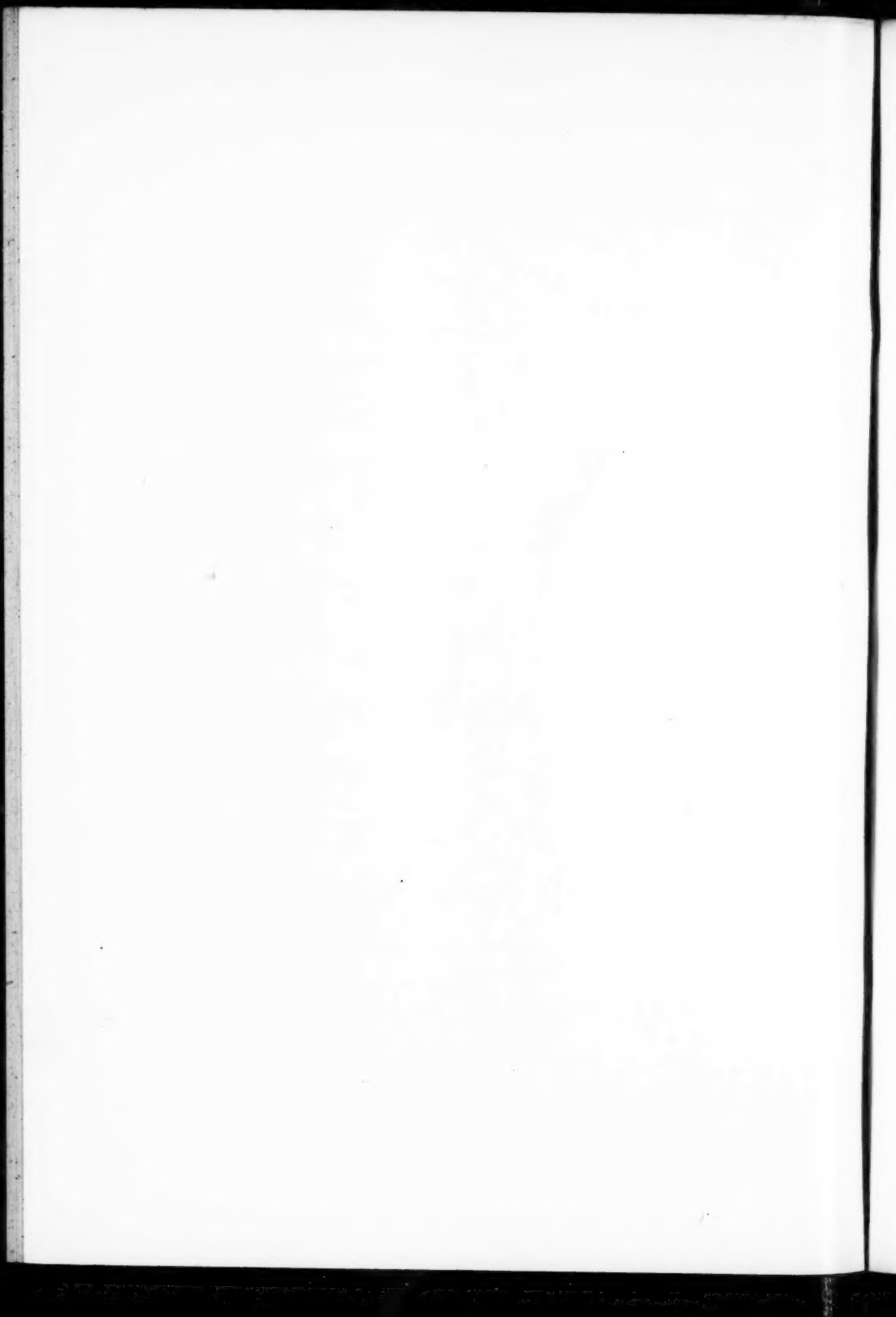
"Only a policeman and two hansom cabs. I didn't find her on the roof. The fact is"—she smiled wickedly, and even through her soot I could see the blushes—"we had rather an adventure, the Fair Persian and I. But I *must* go and wash, Penelope, before I touch anything. Did you get her milk? I'm afraid it will have gone cold again."

As usual, I waited on her hand and foot;



*Drawn by George Frehm.*

*"Irene has sea-blue eyes with dark lashes."*



carried hot water from the bathroom for her and fed the cat.

"You see," said Irene, drying her face briskly, "you didn't shut the door properly, and she bolted upstairs directly I opened it to call out and tell you so. I rushed after her and she dashed into your study, and if you think I upset those papers, you're wrong, for the wind did it, and the window was open when I went in. She made straight for it, and I followed her, of course. I was afraid she would get on the roof and that I should lose her forever. There was a policeman in Wal-demar Street—I saw him when I looked down—and I daren't run the risk of attracting his attention by any climbing experiments."

"That was thoughtful of you," I grimly remarked.

"It would have been awkward, calling explanations so far down," said she lightly. "But luckily the cat kept to the leads, and I followed her as fast as I could for a long way, past window after window, and I'm afraid several people saw me, for I kept hearing them opening behind me, but I wasn't going to lose that darling, and seventeen and six, so I just kept on. She stopped every now and then till I just couldn't touch her, and then flitted off again. She seemed to enjoy it, and I'm not sure that I didn't, too, until—" She laughed.

"Until what? I looked right along, but I couldn't see you——"

"No," said she demurely. "You see, the Fair Persian happened to turn in at a window at last——"

"Irene! You didn't——"

"I followed her of course."

I regarded her with speechless horror.

"Well," said she defiantly. "The blind was up and the window open. The cat sprang in and I was after her before I really grasped the fact that it wasn't one of our windows. It didn't take me long to grasp it though when I once got inside."

But I was incapable of speech. She laughed again.

"It was rather awful," she said. "Imagine me face to face with an old lady sitting up in bed in a night cap, shrieking 'Murder' and 'Fire' at the top of her voice. I stood thunderstruck and stared at her.

"'There's half a sovereign on the dressing table in a small bead purse,' she said. 'I put it there for the purpose every night. Take that and spare my gray hairs.'"

"Irene!"

"'It's only the cat,' I said feebly. She shook her fist at me and told me she could see very well I wasn't a cat, and if I had a mother of my own, for Heaven's sake show mercy now."

"Irene!" I gasped.

"I've never felt so uncomfortable in my life," said Irene earnestly. "But I told her I wasn't a burglar at all, and that I hadn't got a mother, and asked if I might turn the gas up and look for the Fair Persian. And she just stared at me all white and trembling, and I thought she was going to faint. Then I remembered that I'd got Aunt's vinaigrette in your pocket, that she asked you to take to her room and you'd forgotten, and I sat down on the bed beside her and put my arm around her, and held the vinaigrette to her poor little nose—it was twitching like a rabbit's—and just as I was busy explaining, the door was flung open and a young man in a velvet smoking coat and curly hair rushed in and pointed a pistol at me."

"Irene!"

"Well, the gas was up," said she, dimpling, "and I wasn't so sooty then, and he saw in a flash that I wasn't a garroter in a red neckerchief and a mask, and I explained the whole matter thoroughly, and kissed the poor old dear and apologized in dust and ashes, and asked her son if he'd mind catching the Fair Persian for me, and he was awfully nice. He said he thought they'd had a pretty good catch of lovely foreigners already."

"Irene!"

"And his mother said she was a silly old woman, and I said I'd got an Aunt at home who'd have been just as silly in the same circumstances and——"

"Irene!"

"You see we parted the best of friends." Irene smiled to herself. "And it was a good thing we did, for I had to go back to them when I found that you'd locked me out, and borrow a ball of string. The old lady is the Honorable Mrs. Featherstone. She sleeps at the top of the house for a fad; thinks the air healthier high up. She is



going to call upon Aunt in the morning and persuade her to allow me to keep the Fair Persian. You know what a snob Aunt is. She will be so pleased that she'll promise anything."

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked in horror, "that that poor lady has forgiven your unwarrantable intrusion?"

Irene giggled.

"Well—you see—she's not like Aunt. She adores cats. And it must have been such an enormous relief to her to find out that I was just a nicely brought up girl instead of what she'd imagined. I expect she loved me, you know, for not being a burglar. What should you think?"

"I should think you'd better go to bed at once," said I with a groan.

## RUNNERS OF THE RAIN

By LLOYD ROBERTS

GAUNT and black the naked pines are scrawled across the sky,  
The wild wet winds are clinging where the hard peaks lift and soar.  
They watch our long gray hosts of rain forever marching by,  
While up through all the canyons we send our sullen roar.

From every sodden meadow we've trampled out the sun,  
We've ground the pale green stalks of grass that lifted through the hills;  
Across the yelping torrents a thousand feet have run,  
Till waters scream in anger and the wide-mouthed valley fills.

Among the moaning spruces we thrashed our heedless way,  
And out upon the barrens where the lonely spaces hide  
We stamped the miles of mosses and blackened out the day,  
And woke the awful silence where all the winds have died.

The stars flamed brave before us and the greater light hung still  
When the white smoke of our breath blew up and drowned the hollow  
night;  
We crushed them out beneath our feet and leapt from hill to hill  
Till east to west the sweep of space was rocking with our flight.

The little walls of man uprose like shields beneath our feet;  
We beat upon their hollow cells a million shafts of rain;  
Our wild song of freedom was loud in every street,  
While down along the shining wharves the great ships lift and strain.

The dawn pushed pale thin fingers above the flattened sea—  
Groping blind, white fingers that lawed the shroud of night,  
Till from the straining eddies the pale forms turned to flee,  
And a million tongues of madness rose singing through the fight.

Across the quaking marshes we turned and wandered back,  
The trapper in the clearing heard the wan thin hosts of rain.  
We moved between the steaming trails where all the woods dripped black,  
And high among the empty hills we pitched our tents again.

# WORKING TOGETHER ON OUR BIGGEST JOB

BY EARL MAYO



BY the edge of a sun-baked Indian wheat field two men are squatting over the Hindu farmer's mid-day meal of rice and buttermilk, alternately sopping up bits of gravy with broken pieces of bread as they discuss the weather, the prospects of the crop, and the homely affairs of current interest. When they have finished one of them rises and walks along the field examining the heads of wheat and pulling a stalk here and there, then bids adieu to his host and trudges on his way. He is a crop reporter, and the information he gains in his day's visits will be flashed under seas by cable and will be posted to-morrow morning on the Chicago Board of Trade and reproduced in newspapers throughout the grain belt of the United States.

Similarly, if one could drop into a village of the Caucasus he would find a bearded man in peasant garb chatting with the farmers as to the probable yield of their fields, shelling out the kernels of wheat and running them through his fingers, visiting scores of villages and hundreds of farms in his quest. Far away on the other side of the world other men are riding from one lonely station to another in the great Australian interior, from ranch to ranch across the Argentine plains, and in dust-covered buggies along Dakota roads.

All these and hundreds of others like them who are making a thorough study of all the great wheat fields of the globe are part of the vast mechanism employed in the yearly handling of the world's cereal

crops. They are the scouts and skirmishers whose task is the important one of determining the size of the crop and its condition. From the time when the seed goes into the ground they are at work, observing and reporting every factor that influences the yield or the quality of the world's great staple. In this they are playing an important part in the great work of handling the year's crop, for volume and quantity, regulating price, determine the flow marketward, both as to speed and as to the direction from which the supply must be drawn.

The interdependence of different parts of the world in the matter of food is a development of modern commercial conditions. Two centuries ago, if England did not raise enough wheat to give her people bread they went hungry, and if some other nation had a surplus of grain, it rotted in the fields or remained in the barns against another season. Nowadays the system of world-wide transportation, and particularly the methods of world-wide communication, have changed all this. The calamities and the good fortune are distributed over a wider area and bear less heavily upon particular localities or peoples.

The first necessity to be reckoned with before the handling of the crops begins is to know conditions. The relation of supply and demand fixes prices, in spite of the assertions of buncombe politicians. It is an important matter, therefore, to know whether the world's supply will be greater or less, as an indication as to whether prices will go lower or higher. Drought in India, floods in Argentina, rav-

ages by the Hessian fly in Kansas, or rust in Dakota, all have a direct bearing on this matter. A vast amount of complicated machinery is called into play to determine it. Tens of thousands of dollars are paid in cable tolls, thousands of observers in all quarters of the globe are busy securing information, highly paid experts are employed to forecast the probable harvest, governments themselves take a hand in estimating results, and publish official reports of conditions from time to time.

All this is sometimes referred to as part of the elaborate "gambling" apparatus of the speculator. The grain exchanges, notably the Chicago Board of Trade, which is the largest wheat market in the world, spend vast sums to gather crop statistics from every part of the world. If we believe the politicians, the grain dealers of Chicago are gamblers, and consequently this must be a gambling device. "What is it to you, Mr. Farmer, whose horny hands have struggled with the reluctant soil and made it blossom with its wealth of grain—what is it to you to know what is taking place on the other side of the world? You have brought forth your crop by hard, sweat-wringing labor. You sell it for a tithe of its value to the soft-handed gentry who play battledore and shuttlecock with prices in the gambling pit, fighting each other for the wealth that you produce."

That is the kind of talk that is let loose upon the honest farmer in every political campaign. What is the fact? There is no place in the world where money, time, and effort are expended so lavishly to eliminate chance as in the great wheat market. Knowledge is power there. How many million bushels of wheat will the world require this year? How many bushels will be produced, and what will be its condition? The man who can answer these questions with the closest accuracy can tell whether grain will be dearer or cheaper, whether he will be wise or foolish in helping to put up prices by buying freely. And no one man or set of men can monopolize this information.

Imagine for a moment all this mechanism of accurate statistics wiped out. The Kansas farmer with his two hundred acres of wheat harvests a record yield. All about him other farmers are similarly for-

unate. To the southward the crop has been beyond all expectation; from the north he hears that the promises are for a big harvest. It seems to him that there never was so much wheat in the world before. So it does to the local dealer with his restricted storage facilities. He decides that he can easily buy all the grain he can handle for sixty cents a bushel. He offers that price. The farmers hold back until a few, needing money to pay their bills, sell a part of their crop. Others see this grain going to market and follow suit. Soon the dealer's warehouse is filled. He will buy no more at sixty cents, but he offers a lower price with an agreement for delivery later. The dealer himself does not know how he is coming out. He is taking chances. If he can't sell this season he will hold his grain over. If prices go up he will make a lot of money; if not he will lose. He is a real speculator, a gambler if you will, because he trusts to chance that important factors affecting the demand for grain may be favorable to him.

Meanwhile, in Russia conditions have been bad all summer. The grain first sowed did not grow; the second sowing was late, and the wheat will hardly come to a head. The Czar's country will be a buyer instead of a seller of grain this year. In India, a long drought has made the wheat scarcely worth harvesting. In Australia and Argentina the crops are only fair. Presently Europe begins to clamor for wheat. The demand reaches New York, clears out the stocks there and travels west to Chicago. The commission men send out the call for wheat, the millers take the cue and begin to lay in huge supplies. The price climbs rapidly upward. The Kansas dealer sells out the accumulations in his warehouse for eighty cents a bushel, calls for the delivery of the other supplies that he has bought and sells them for a dollar. If any of the farmers have grain left they receive a high price for it, but most of them have been unable to wait so long. The Kansas grain dealer is happy, but the farmers are blue. He has made a good clean-up, but he has done it by speculation. He has been gambling in wheat because he didn't know of the conditions that have made the price rise.

This is a purely supposititious case, but it gives a reasonably accurate idea of what

the situation would be if the mechanism for the collection and dissemination of crop information did not exist. Under present conditions every favorable or unfavorable factor is quickly grasped, reported in the great grain markets, weighed, measured, and given out for the information of the public. These "gamblers" of the Chicago grain exchange, whose Board of Trade spends tens of thousands of dollars in cable tolls on crop information from all parts of the globe, know pretty well what the relations of demand and supply are to be before the self-binder begins to shear the Dakota fields or the thrasher's whirl is heard in Kansas. Not only do they know it, but so also does the farmer. His daily paper tells him all about what is happening to the wheat crops in all parts of the world, for the information which the exchanges gather is given promptly to the press. He can telephone any morning to the local market town to find the current quotations on spot wheat or December delivery. The agricultural papers and the commission men furnish him with precise reports and expert advice. When the local dealer approaches him to buy his crop a conversation like this probably takes place:

"What's wheat worth to-day?"

"Eighty-six."

"They quoted me eighty-seven from X yesterday."

"I don't understand that. Freight's the same as from here, and anyway it's a longer haul for you. When can you deliver?"

"Not now. Got to do my fall plowing first."

"Well, then, suppose we make it sixty days. December delivery at 'December' price."

"All right, I'll take you."

The dealer makes a memorandum of the purchase; "5,000 bushels, No. 1 hard, at 86, delivery Dec. 1." That date is two months ahead. Both dealer and farmer are trading in futures. The grower reasons that the price is about as high as wheat is likely to go. He wants money to pay bills or to meet a note, and he accepts the offer that assures certainty without requiring the interruption of his farming operations by the immediate delivery of the grain. Instead of immediate payment

from the buyer he may realize on the crop by borrowing against it at the bank. This he may do with safety, since he knows what his grain is to bring. Likewise, the bank is safe in loaning to the farmer even 80 to 90 per cent of the price of his crop, because of the stability of values that results from the provision of what is practically a world market for every bushel of wheat raised.

The dealer goes his way. By evening he has bought perhaps 20,000 bushels of wheat, all or most of it for future delivery. But he is not a speculator. He wires to a broker in Chicago or some other grain market to sell 20,000 bushels for December delivery. The market takes it. The price received gives the dealer a small profit beyond the cost of transportation and the broker's commission, but he prefers returns that are sure if small to taking chances. Already the grain has been sold twice although it has not left the farmer's bins. Perhaps the purchaser at the second sale was a big flour company contracting for future supplies to keep its mills busy; perhaps an exporter booking orders received from Liverpool; perhaps a speculator buying for a rise.

It may be that the local dealer buys from the farmer's wagon at his warehouse, and sells for future delivery. In this case he is called upon to pay for the grain at once. To meet his payments he, like the farmer, must have money. He goes to the local bank and the bank makes a loan to a certain proportion of the value of the grain he holds. If the bank is in a district where wheat is the chief crop there may be a dozen dealers and hundreds of farmers among its customers, all of whom want loans at the same time. At other seasons the bank cannot find use for all its funds locally, so it sends a part of them to eastern cities to be put out at interest there. When harvest time comes around these eastern funds are recalled. Banks all over the grain country are calling for money. If their deposits in the financial centers are not sufficient for their needs, they in turn become borrowers, putting up as security the paper of their customers. This is the demand that sends half a billion dollars westward every fall. It is the financial side of the great crop movement. Every year it subjects the currency system of the

United States to a serious strain, and causes money to be "tight." It is one of the chief influences that inspire the demand for a more elastic currency, a system that will permit the issues of bank notes to expand as the demand for them increases.

Parallel with the financial operation of handling the crop goes the physical movement of the grain itself. Unlike the floods that sometimes spread destruction along the great river courses of the country, the wealth-bringing flood of grain begins in the South and rolls steadily northward. The winter wheat harvest commences in Texas and Oklahoma in June, and calls to the wheat fields the most nondescript army of labor that can be found anywhere. Men whose trades demand their labor chiefly during the winter, men forced out of jobs in the cities, college boys earning money to continue their education, even hobos, relapsing for the time being from their ordinary scorn of work or dragged from passing freight trains and forced into service, are all to be found in its ranks. It moves steadily northward, following the yellowing line of ripening grain across Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, and over the Canadian border to the far northern fields of Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Behind this army of workers the grain deluge forms. It trickles in rivulets from the farms to the local shipping points, where it is gathered into small elevators, some of them independently operated, and others branches of one of the great elevator systems. From here the growing tributaries of the main streams flow to the primary markets, such cities as Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Duluth, and Kansas City, which rank in the order named in receipts of grain. Last year 250,000,000 bushels of wheat were received at the ten largest primary markets in the country, and the total receipts of the leading cereal crops were 860,000,000 bushels.

The moving of this vast amount of grain is the most important feature in the year's transportation business for a large number of railway lines, so important that they are commonly referred to as the "granger" roads. Foreknowledge of a short crop which forces grain prices up sends the securities of these roads down months before a carload of the year's wheat yield

is moved over their rails. Similarly, a bumper crop moves "granger" stocks up as automatically as the mercury in the thermometer responds to an increase in temperature. To the railway investor the moving of a record crop brings joy because it means a growth in net earnings, the stuff of which dividends are made. To the operating force of the railway, however, it means all the different kinds of trouble that are imaginable, and some beside. When the flood is at its height the congestion of trains on the roads leading from the grain country to such centers as Chicago, Minneapolis, and Duluth makes the movement of traffic almost impossible. Every imaginable device is resorted to in the effort to obtain cars. The railroads steal them from one another ruthlessly; they are hauled off rusty sidings where they have been left to decay or are patched hastily together in repair shops. A few seasons ago it was reported that every siding for ten miles from Duluth was blocked with grain freights waiting to be unloaded.

At the primary markets the grain, or as much of it as may be, goes into huge elevators, many of them with a capacity of a million bushels or more. From the central shipping points the grain still rolls eastward to the Atlantic and southward to the Gulf. In huge vessels, passing down the Great Lakes, and by every line of rail, it travels to the Atlantic and Gulf ports. There the portion demanded by Europe is transferred to ocean steamers for the final stage of its journey, and that required for domestic consumption is distributed among mills and warehouses.

In the wake of the golden flood of grain follows a flood of golden wealth. Half a billion dollars in cash and credits and receipted bills from Europe for our food-stuffs, enough to pay for one third of everything we buy abroad; \$4,000,000,000 to the farmers of the country for the chief cereal crops; \$5,000,000 in freight earnings to the railroads from wheat shipments to the primary markets alone; nearly \$10,000,000 in wages for harvesting and thrashing the wheat crop of the country. Pianos and European trips for the farmer's wife and daughters; automobiles and a college education for the farmer's sons. More work in making shoes and clothes and a thousand manufactured articles for the work-



men of the industrial cities. When the farmer walks down the village street with the grain dealer's check in his pocket, he stops in at the local stores, pays up back bills, and orders new supplies. Within a few weeks he has put a good part of his receipts into circulation through various channels. The money seeps back into the local bank which soon finds its cash on hand rising steadily again, and once more forwards its surplus funds to the financial centers, where they set to work for the manufacturer, the builder of railroads, the developer of real estate, and all the various enterprises of industry and trade. Thus the cycle of prosperity repeats itself from year to year, receiving fresh impetus when the broad acres of the West yield up their harvests, certain to continue while the crops hold good.

It is the country's biggest single job, this one of moving the crops. For that matter, it is the most important commercial undertaking in the world. Iron and steel play a tremendous part in the mechanism of modern civilization; gold is the measurer of the world's values; in this age of electricity, copper is the most useful of all metals, after steel. But after the claims of all other candidates to our high consideration are weighed and canvassed, we must come back to the products of the soil as the one essential requirement of mankind, the one necessity without which it would be impossible to sustain life, the ultimate foundation of the country's prosperity. The tariff, currency, the gold standard, export trade in manufactures, all are weighty matters, but the question on the answer to which American prosperity really hinges is, "How are the crops?" It is the question that passes from lip to ear millions of times at this season between politicians canvassing the chances of party success, between Wall Street bankers bent on the flotation of stock or bond issues, between manufacturers anxious as to the future demand for their goods. Everywhere it is the one vital interrogation before which the question as to who will be the next President, or whether Chicago or some other baseball team will win the world's pennant pales momentarily into insignificance.

The reason of this is not far to seek. The American people depend upon their

crops to perform two great services: first to feed themselves, and second, by helping to feed the rest of a hungry world, to bring into the United States a vast amount of wealth which is used partly to pay for the products of other countries, and partly to maintain a balance of trade favorable to ourselves, adding to our wealth either directly by importations of gold or indirectly by reducing our foreign indebtedness.

What part the crops play in the American commercial scheme may be better understood by scanning the figures of a few crop values for last year. The yield of 1907 did not reach the bumper figures of the preceding season. Of the leading cereals the amount grown was 335,000,000 bushels less than in 1906, but higher prices made the total values the greatest in the country's history. At the head of the list comes King Corn, undisputed monarch of American agricultural products. The 1907 corn crop was more than 2,500,000,000 bushels, worth to the farmer \$1,337,000,000. There was wheat, 634,000,000 bushels of it, bringing the farmer \$554,437,000. Oats added 750,000,000 bushels more, or in terms of money \$334,568,000. The minor crops of rye, barley, and buckwheat swelled the total production a trifle less than 200,000,000 bushels, and the total value \$135,330,000. In the South the cotton crop, though not all marketed by the end of the year, was estimated at upward of \$675,000,000, and the country's hay crop, which, like a large proportion of the corn and oats, reaches the markets in the form of beef and pork, was valued at nearly \$750,000,000. Altogether the principal agricultural crops, leaving out of account the yield of the orchards, the gardens and other sources of agricultural production, footed up the total of \$4,000,000,000; while the value of farm animals, the beef, pork, mutton, wool, butter, and cheese producers of the country, fed on a part of these crops, was estimated at more than \$4,000,000,000 additional. The Department of Agriculture valued the total agricultural products of the United States in 1907 at \$7,412,000,000, an enormous store of wealth, the greater part of which would be valueless to the farmer except for the work of the railroads, the grain markets, the banks, the

warehousemen and other agencies that aid in moving the crops to the places where they are needed for consumption.

Each detachment of the great army that conducts the forward movement from the grain fields to the hungry consumers of our big cities and those of Europe plays an important part in the handling of the world crop; the grain exchange that provides an instant market for the farmer's yield, spending thousands of dollars in collecting exact information for the free use of everybody who is interested, no less than the railroad that moves the loaded cars to market, the workers who harvest it, the elevators that store it, the mills that grind it, and the ships that carry it abroad. Some well-meaning persons have sought to prevent all sales of grain for future delivery. Almost every winter bills designed to accomplish this result are introduced in State legislatures and in Congress. Their purpose is good—to prevent gambling in grain. But the means by which it is sought to accomplish this usually is bad—the destruction of the exchanges. If any one of these bills passed in the form in which most of them are introduced, its projectors would be surprised and pained beyond measure to find their names anathema among the grain growers of the country, who are the chief beneficiaries of the system of selling for future delivery. The balance wheel of certainty which the existence of a world market for grain provides is the farmer's greatest safeguard

against the abrupt fluctuations from unreasonable profit to almost total loss which otherwise would occur. The existing methods of crop handling and marketing, product of the necessities of half a century's practice, are of tremendously greater advantage to the grower in enabling him to command instant and reasonable prices for his produce than they are to the mere speculator who strives only to anticipate the course of the market to the benefit of his pocket.

Fortunately for the American people, the early promises of 1908's crops are highly favorable. Not in many years have so many persons not directly concerned with the business of raising or handling agricultural products realized so keenly the importance to their welfare of the maturing yield of the fields, because not for a long time has the wealth which the harvest will bring been so urgently needed to set the wheels of business prosperity moving at a better pace. And so the whole country watches the tasseling of the corn, the yellowing of the wheat, and the whitening of the cotton fields, waiting with eager interest for the successful production of the annual drama of moving the crops. As Secretary of Agriculture Wilson graphically phrased it in a recent conversation, the setting sun of each of these summer days says good night to a nation three million dollars richer in agricultural wealth than when it received his morning greeting.

## LOVE'S WAY

By AGNES LEE

O H, I could sing of love, and sing again,  
Fashion a wonder-word love's way to prove,  
Attune my lyre to love's potential strain,  
Who knew not love!

Now I would sing, would sing of love and fire.  
It is the day of days. But I am dumb.  
Yea, helpless I beseech a vacant lyre,  
For love is come.

# CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

*Author of "Cap'n Eri," etc.*

## CHAPTER XIV

### A CLUE



OSIAH DIMICK has a unique faculty of grasping a situation and summing it up in an out-of-the-ordinary way.

"I think," observed Josiah to the excited group at Simmons's, "that this town owes Cy Whittaker a vote of thanks."

"Thanks!" gasped Alpheus Smalley, so shocked and horrified that he put the one pound weight on the scales instead of the half pound. "Thanks! After what we've found out? Well, I must say!"

"Ya-as," drawled Captain Josiah, "thanks was what I said. If it wan't for him this gang and the sewin' circle wouldn't have nothin' to talk about but their neighbors. Our reputations would be as full of holes as a skimmer by this time. Now all hands are so busy jumpin' on Whit that the rest of us can feel fairly safe. Ain't that so, Gabe?"

Mr. Lumley, who had stopped in for a half pound of tea, grinned feebly, but said nothing. If he noticed the clerk's mistake in weights he didn't mention it, but took his package and hurried out. After his departure Mr. Smalley himself discovered the error and charged the Lumley account with "1½ lbs. Mixed Green and Black." Meanwhile the assemblage about the stove had put Captain Cy on the anvil and was hammering him vigorously.

Bayport was boiling over with rumor and surmise. Heman had appealed to the courts asking that Captain Cy's appointment as Bos'n's guardian be rescinded. Cy

had hired Lawyer Peabody, of Ostable, to look out for his interests. Mr. Atkins and the captain had all but come to blows over the child. Thomas, the poor father, had broken down and wept, and had threatened to commit suicide. Mrs. Salters had refused to speak to Captain Cy when she met the latter after meeting on Sunday. The land in Orham had been sold and the captain was using the money. Phœbe Dawes had threatened to resign if Bos'n came to school any longer. No, she had threatened to resign if she didn't come to school. She hadn't threatened to resign at all, but wanted higher wages because of the effect the scandal might have on her reputation as a teacher. These were a few of the reports, contradicted and added to from day to day.

To quote Josiah Dimick again: "Sortin' out the truth from the lies is like tryin' to find a quart of sardines in a schooner load of herrin'. And they dump in more herrin' every half hour."

Angeline Phinney was having the time of her life. The perfect boarding house hummed like a fly trap. Keturah and Mrs. Tripp had deserted to the enemy, and the minority, meaning Asaph and Bailey, had little opportunity to defend their friend's cause, even if they had dared. Heman Atkins, his Christian charity and high-mindedness, his devotion to duty, regardless of political consequences, and the magnificent speech at town-meeting were lauded and exalted. The Bayport Breeze contained a full account of the meeting, and it was read aloud by Keturah, amid hymns of praise from the elect.

"'Whom the Lord hath joined,'" read Mrs. Bangs, "'let no man put asunder.' Ain't that splendid? Ain't that fine? The

paper says: 'When Congressman Atkins delivered this noble sentiment a hush fell upon the excited throng.' I should think 'twould. I remember when I was married the minister said pretty nigh the same thing, and I *couldn't* speak. I couldn't have opened my mouth to save me. Don't you remember I couldn't, Bailey?"

Mr. Bangs nodded gloomily. Asaph stirred in his chair.

"I don't care," he said. "This puttin' asunder business is all right, but there's always two sides to everything. I see this Thomas critter when he fust come, and he didn't look like no saint then—nor smell like one, neither, unless 'twas a specimen pickled in alcohol."

Here was irreverence almost atheistic. Keturah's face showed her shocked disapproval. Matilda Tripp voiced the general sentiment.

"Humph!" she sniffed. "Well, all I can say is that I've met Mr. Thomas two or three times, and I didn't notice anything but politeness and good manners. Maybe my nose ain't so fine for smellin' liquor as some folks's—p'raps it ain't had the experience—but all I saw was a poor lame man with a black eye. I pitied him, and I don't care who hears me say it."

"Yes," concurred Miss Phinney, "and if he was a drinkin' man, do you suppose Mr. Atkins would have anything to do with him? Cyrus Whittaker made a whole lot of talk about his insultin' some woman or other, but nobody knows who the woman was. 'Bout time for her to speak up, I should think. Teacher," turning to Miss Dawes, "you was at the Whittaker place when Mr. Atkins and Emily's father come for her, I understand. I wish I'd have been there. It must have been wuth seein'."

"It was," replied Miss Dawes. She had kept silent throughout the various discussions of the week following the town-meeting, but now, thus appealed to, she answered promptly.

Angeline's news created a sensation. The schoolmistress immediately became the center of interest.

"Is that so? Was you there, teacher? Well, I declare!" The questions and exclamations flew round the table.

"Tell us, teacher," pleaded Keturah. "Wasn't Heman grand? I should so like

to have heard him. Didn't Cap'n Whittaker look ashamed of himself?"

"No, he did not. If anyone looked ashamed it was Mr. Atkins and his friends. Perhaps I ought to tell you that my sympathies are entirely with Captain Whittaker in this affair. To give that little girl up to a drunken scoundrel like her father would, in my opinion, be a crime."

The boarders and the landlady gasped. Asaph grinned and nudged Bailey under the table. Keturah was the first to recover.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "Everybody's got a right to their opinion, of course. But I can't see the crime, myself. And as for the drunkenness, I'd like to know who's seen Mr. Thomas drunk. Cyrus Whittaker says he has, but——"

She waved her hand scornfully. Phoebe rose from her chair.

"I have seen him in that condition," she said. "In fact, I am the person he insulted. I saw Captain Whittaker knock him down, and I honored the captain for it. I only wished I were a man and could have done it myself."

She left the room, and, a few moments later, the house. Mr. Tidditt chuckled aloud. Even Bailey dared to look pleased.

"There!" sneered the widow Tripp; "ain't that—P'raps you remember that Cap'n Whittaker got her the teacher's place?"

"Yes," put in Miss Phinney, "and nobody knows *why* he got it for her. That is, nobody has known up to now. Maybe we can begin to guess a little after this."

"She was at his house, was she?" observed Keturah. "Humph! I wonder why? Seems to me if I was a young—that is, a single woman like her, I'd be kind of careful about callin' on bachelors. Humph! it looks funny to me."

Asaph rose and pushed back his chair.

"I call'te she called to see Emily," he said, sharply. "The child was her scholar, and I presume likely, knowin' the kind of father that has turned up for the poor young one, she felt sorry for her. Of course nobody's hintin' anything against Phoebe Dawes's character. If you want a certificate of that you've only got to go to Wellmouth. Folks over there are pretty keen on that subject. I guess the town would go to law about it rather'n hear a word against her. Libel suits are kind of un-



*"Ain't that splendid? Ain't that fine?"*

comf'table things for them that ain't sure of their facts. *I'd* hate to get mixed up in one myself. Bailey, I'm going up street. Come on, when you can, won't you?"

As if frightened at his own display of spirit, he hurried out. There was silence for a time; then Miss Phinney spoke concerning the weather.

Up at the Cy Whittaker place the days were full ones. There, also, legal questions were discussed, with Georgianna, the Board of Strategy, Josiah Dimick occasionally, and, more infrequently still, Miss Dawes, as participants with Captain Cy in the discussions. Rumors were true in so far as they related to Mr. Atkins's appeal to the courts, and the captain's retaining Lawyer Peabody, of Ostable. Mr. Peabody's opinion of the case was not encouraging.

"You see, Captain," he said, when his client visited him at his office, "the odds are very much against us. The court appointed you as guardian with the under-

standing that this man Thomas was dead. Now he is alive and claims his child. More than that, he has the most influential politician in this county back of him. We wouldn't stand a fighting chance except for one thing—Thomas himself. He left his wife and the baby; deserted them, so she said; went to get work, *he* says. We can prove he was a drunken blackguard *before* he went, and that he has been drunk since he came back. But *they'll* say—Atkins and his lawyer—that the man was desperate and despairing because of your refusal to give him his child. They'll hold him up as a repentant sinner, anxious to reform, and needing the little girl's influence to help keep him straight. That's their game, and they'll play it, be sure of that. It sounds reasonable enough, too, for sinners have repented before now. And the long-lost father coming back to his child is the one sure thing to win applause from the gallery, you know that."



Captain Cy nodded.

"Yup," he said, "I know it. The other night, when Miss Ph—when a friend of mine was at the house, she said this business was like a play. I didn't say so to her, but all the same I realize it ain't like a play at all. In a play dad comes home, havin' been snaked bodily out of the jaws of the tomb by his coat collar, and the young one sings out 'Papa! Papa!' and he sobs, 'Me child! Me child!' and it's all lovely, and you put on your hat feelin' that the old man is goin' to be rich and righteous for the rest of his days. But here it's different; dad's a rascal, and anybody who's seen anything of the world knows he's bound to stay so; and as for the poor little girl, why—why——"

He stopped, rose, and, striding over to the window, stood looking out. After an interval, during which the good-natured attorney read a dull business letter through for the second time, he spoke again.

"I hope you understand, Peabody," he said. "It ain't just selfishness that makes me steer the course I'm runnin'. 'Course Bos'n's got to be the world and all to me, and if she's taken away I don't know's I care a tinker's darn what happens afterwards. But, all the same, if her dad was a real man, sorry for what he's done and tryin' to make up for it—why then, I cal'late I'm decent enough to take off my hat, hand her over, and say: 'God bless you and good luck.' But to think of him carryin' her off the Lord knows where, to neglect her and cruelize her, and to let her grow up amongst fellers like him, I—I—by the big dipper, I can't do it! That's all; I can't!"

"How does she feel about it herself?" asked Peabody.

"Her? Bos'n? Why, that's the hardest of all. Some of the children at school pester her about her father. I don't know's you can blame 'em; young ones are made that way, I guess—but she comes home to me cryin', and it's 'O Uncle Cy, he ain't my truly father, is he?' and 'You won't let him take me away from you, will you?' till it seems as if I should fly out of the window. The poor little thing! And that puffed-up humbug Atkins blowin' about his Christianity and all! D—n such Christianity as that, I say! I've seen heathen Injuns, who never heard of Christ, with more of His spirit inside 'em. There! I've

shocked you, I guess. Sometimes I think this place is too narrer and cramped for me. I've been around, you know, and my New England bringin' up has wore thin in spots. Seem's if I must get somewheres and spread out, or I'll bust."

He threw himself into a chair. The lawyer clapped him on the shoulder.

"There! there! Captain," he said. "Don't 'bust' yet awhile. Don't give up the ship. If we lose in one court, we can appeal to another, and so on up the line. And meantime we'll do a little investigating of friend Thomas's career since he left Concord. I've written to a legal acquaintance of mine in Butte, giving him the facts as we know them, and a description of Thomas. He will try to find out what the fellow did in his years out West. It's our best chance, as I told you. Keep your pluck up and wait and see."

The captain repeated this conversation to the Board of Strategy when he returned to Bayport. Miss Dawes had walked home from school with Bos'n, and had stopped at the house to hear the report. She listened, but it was evident that something else was on her mind.

"Captain Whittaker," she asked, "has it ever struck you as queer that Mr. Atkins should take such an interest in this matter? He is giving time and counsel and money to help this man Thomas, who is a perfect stranger to him. Why does he do it?"

Captain Cy smiled.

"Why?" he repeated, "why, to down me, of course. I was gettin' too everlastin' prominent in politics to suit him. I'd got you in as teacher, and I had 'Lonzo Snow as good as licked for school committee. Goodness knows what I might have run for next, 'cordin' to Heman's reasonin', and I simply had to be smashed. It worked all right. I'm so unhealthy now in the sight of most folks in this town, that I cal'late they go home and sulphur-smoke their clothes after they meet me, so's not to catch my wickedness."

But the teacher shook her head.

"That doesn't seem reason enough to me," she declared. "Just see what Mr. Atkins has done. He never openly advocated anything in town-meeting before; you said so yourself. Even when he must have realized that you had the votes for committeeman he kept still. He might have taken

many of them from you by simply coming out and declaring for Mr. Snow; but he didn't. And then, all at once, he takes this astonishing stand. Captain Whittaker, Mr. Tidditt says that, the night of Emily's birthday party, you and he told who she was, by accident, and that Mr. Atkins seemed very much surprised and upset. Is that so?"

Captain Cy laughed.

"His lemonade was upset; that's all I noticed special. Oh, yes, and he lost his hat off, goin' home. But what of it? What are you drivin' at?"

"I was wondering if—if it could be that, for some reason, Mr. Atkins had a spite against Emily or her people. Or if he had any reason to fear her."

"Fear? Fear Bos'n? Oh! my, that's funny. You've been readin' novels, I'm 'fraid, teacher, 'though I didn't suspect it of you."

He laughed heartily. Miss Dawes smiled, too, but she still persisted.

"Well," she said, "I don't know. Perhaps it is because I'm a woman, and politics don't mean as much to me as to you men, but to me political reasons don't seem strong enough to account for such actions as those of Mr. Atkins. Emily's mother was a Thayer, wasn't she? and the Thayers once lived in Orham. I wish we could find out more about them while they lived there."

Asaph Tidditt pulled his beard thoughtfully.

"Well," he observed, "maybe we can, if we want to, though I don't think what we find out 'll amount to nothin'. I was kind of cal'latin' to go to Orham next week on a little visit. Seth Wingate over there—Barzilla Wingate's cousin, Whit—is a sort of relation of mine, and we visit back and forth every nine or ten year or so. The ten year's most up, and he's been pesterin' me to come over. Seth's been Orham town clerk about as long as I've been the Bayport one, and he's lived there all his life. What he don't know about Orham folks ain't wuth knowin'. If you say so, I'll pump him about the Thayers and the Richards. 'Twon't do no harm, and the old fool likes to talk anyhow. I don't know's I ought to speak that way about my relations," he added, doubtfully, "but Seth is sort of stubborn and unlikely at odd times. We don't always agree as to which

is the best town to live in, you understand."

So it was settled that Mr. Wingate should be subjected to the "pumping" process when Asaph visited him. He departed for this visit the following week, and remained away for ten days. Meanwhile several things happened in Bayport.

One of these things was the farewell of the Honorable Heman Atkins. Congress was to open at Washington, and the Honorable heeded the call of duty. At the gate, between the stone urns, and backed by the iron dogs, the great man bade a group of admiring constituents good-by.

"I leave you, my fellow townsmen, er—ladies and friends," he said, "with regret, tempered by pride—a not inexcusable pride, I believe. In the trying experience which my self-respect and sympathy has so recently forced upon me, you have stood firm and cheered me on. The task I have undertaken, the task of restoring to a worthy man his own, shall be carried on to the bitterest extremity. I have put my hand to the plow, and it shall not be withdrawn. And, furthermore, I go to my work at Washington determined to secure for my native town the appropriation which it so sorely needs. I shall secure it if I can, even though—" and the sarcasm was hugely enjoyed by his listeners—"I am, as I seem likely to be, deprived of the help of the 'committee,' self-appointed at our recent town-meeting. If I fail—and I do not conceal the fact that I may fail—I am certain you will not blame me. Now I should like to shake each one of you by the hand."

The hands were shaken, and the train bore the Atkins delegation away. And, on the day following, Mr. Thomas, the prodigal father, also left town. A position in Boston had been offered him, he said, and he felt that he must accept it. He would come back some of these days, with the warrant from the court, and get his little girl.

"Position offered him! Um—ya—as!" quoth Dimick the cynical, in conversation with Captain Cy. "Inspector of sidewalks, I shouldn't wonder. Well, please don't ask me if I think Heman sent him to Boston so's to have him out of the way, and 'cause he'd feel consider'ble safer than if he was loose down here. Don't ask me that, for, with my strict scruples against the truth,

I might say, No. As it is, I say nothin'—and wink my port eye."

The ten-day visit ended, Mr. Tidditt returned to Bayport. On the afternoon of his return he and Bailey called at the Whitaker place, and there they were joined by Miss Dawes, who had been summoned to the conclave by a note intrusted to Bos'n.

"Now, Ase," ordered Captain Cy, as the quartette gathered in the sitting room, "here we are, hangin' on your words, as the feller said. Don't keep us strung up too long. What did you find out?"

The town clerk cleared his throat. When he spoke, there was a trace of disappointment in his tone.

"Well," he began, "I don't know's I found out anything much. Yet I did find out somethin', too; but it don't really amount to nothin'. I hoped 'twould be somethin' more'n 'twas, but when nothin' come of it except the little somethin' it be-  
gins with, I——"

"For the land sakes!" snapped Bailey Bangs, who was a trifle envious of his friend's position in the center of the stage, "stop them 'nothin's' and 'somethin's,' won't you? You keep whirlin' 'em round and over and over till my head's full of 'nothin', and——"

"That's what it's full of most of the time," interrupted Asaph, tartly. Captain Cy hastened to act as peacemaker.

"Never mind, Bailey," he said; "you let Ase alone. Tell us what you did find out, Ase, and never mind the trimmin's."

"Well," continued Mr. Tidditt, with a glare at Bangs, "I asked Seth about the Thayers and the Richards folks the very fust night I struck Orham. He remembered 'em, of course; he can remember Adam, if you let him tell it. He told me a whole mess about old man Thayer and old man Richards and their granddads and grandmams, and what houses they lived in, and how many hens they kept, and what their dog's name was, and how they come to name him that, and enough more to fill a hogshedd. 'Twas ten o'clock afore he got out of Genesis, and down so fur as John and Emily. He remembered their bein' married, and their baby—Mary Thayer, Bos'n's ma—bein' born."

"Folks used to call John Thayer a smart young feller, so Seth said. They used to cal'late that he'd rise high in the seafarin'

and ship-ownin' line. Maybe he would, only he died somewheres in Californy 'long in '54 or thereabouts. 'Twas the time of the gold craziness out there, and he left his ship and went gold huntin'. And the next thing they knew he was dead and buried."

"When was that?" inquired the schoolmistress.

"In '54, I tell you. So Seth says."

"What ship was he on?" asked Bailey.

"Wan't on any ship. Why don't you listen, instead of settin' there moonin'? He was gold diggin', I tell you."

"He'd been on a ship, hadn't he? What was the name of her?"

"I didn't ask. What diff'rence does that make?"

"Wasn't Mr. Atkins at sea in those days?" put in the teacher. The captain answered her.

"Yes, he was," he said. "That is, I think he was. He was away from here when I skipped out, and he didn't get back till '61 or thereabouts."

"Well, anyhow," went on Asaph, "that's all I could find out. Seth and me went rummagin' through town records from way back to glory, him gassin' away and stringin' along about this old settler and that, till I 'most wished he'd choke himself with the dust he was raisin'. We found John's granddad's will, and Emily's dad's will, and John's own will, and that's all. John left everything he had and all he might become possessed of to his wife and baby and their heirs forever. He died poorer'n poverty. What's the use of a will when you ain't got nothin' to leave?"

"Why!" exclaimed Captain Cy, "the answer to that's easy. John was goin' to sea, and, more'n likely, intended to have a shy at the diggin's afore he got back. So, if he did make any money, he wanted his wife and baby to have it."

"Well, what they got wan't wuth havin'. Emily had to scrimp along and do dressmakin' till she died. She done fairly well at that, though, and saved somethin' and passed it over to Mary. And Mary married Henry Thomas, after she went with the Howes tribe to Concord, and he got rid of it for her in double quick time—all but the Orham land."

"So that was all you could find out, hey, Ase?" asked the captain. "Well, it's at least as much as I expected. You see,

teacher, these story-book notions don't work out when it comes to real life."

Miss Dawes was plainly disappointed.

"I wish we knew more," she said. "Who was on this ship with Mr. Thayer? And who sent the news of his death home?"

"Oh, I can tell you that," said Asaph. "'Twas some one-hoss doctor out there, gold minin' himself, he was. John died of a quick fever. Got cold and went off in no time. Seth remembered that much, though he couldn't remember the doctor's name. He said, if I wanted to learn more about the Thayers, I might go see—Humph! well, never mind that. 'Twas just foolishness anyhow."

But Phœbe persisted.

"To see whom?" she asked. "Some one you knew? A friend of yours?"

Asaph turned red.

"Friend of mine!" he snarled. "No, sir! she ain't no friend of mine, I'm thankful to say. More a friend of Bailey's, here, if she's anybody's. One of his pets, she was, for a spell. A patient of his, you might say; anyhow, he prescribed for her: 'Twas that deaf idiot, Debby Beasley, Cy; that's who 'twas. Her name was Briggs afore she married Beasley, and she was hired help for Emily Thayer when Mary was born, and until John died."

Captain Cy burst into a roar of laughter. Bailey sprang out of his chair.

"De—Debby Beasley!" he stammered. "Debby Beasley!"

"She was that deaf housekeeper Bailey hired for me, teacher," explained the captain. "I've told you about her. Ho! ho! so that's the end of the mystery huntin'. We go gunnin' for Heman Atkins, and we bring down Debby! Well, Ase, goin' to see the old lady?"

Mr. Tidditt's retort was emphatic.

"Goin' to see her?" he repeated. "I guess not! Godfrey scissors! I told Seth, says I, 'I've had all the Debby Beasley I want, and I cal'late Cy Whittaker feels the same way.' Go to see her! I wouldn't go to see her if she was up in Paradise a-hollerin' for me."

"Nobody up there's goin' to holler for you, Ase Tidditt," remarked Bailey, with sarcasm; "so don't let that worry you none."

"Are you going to see her, Captain Whittaker?" asked Phœbe.

The captain shook his head.

"Why, no, I guess not," he said. "I don't take much stock in what she'd be likely to know; besides, I'm a good deal like Ase—I've had about all the Debby Beasley I want."

## CHAPTER XV

### DEBBY BEASLEY TO THE RESCUE

"MRS. BANGS," said the schoolmistress, as if it was the most casual thing in the world, "I want to borrow your husband to-morrow."

It was Friday evening, and supper at the perfect boarding house had advanced as far as the stewed prunes and fruit-cake stage. Keturah, who was carefully dealing out the prunes, exactly four to each saucer, stopped short, spoon in air, and gazed at Miss Dawes.

"You—you want to *what*?" she asked.

"I want to borrow your husband. I want him all day, too, because I'm thinking of driving over to Trumet, and I need a coachman. You'll go, won't you, Mr. Bangs?"

Bailey, who had been considering the advisability of asking for a second cup of tea, brightened up and looked pleased.

"Why, yes," he answered, "I'll go. I can go just as well as not. Fact is, I'd like to. Ain't been to Trumet I don't know when."

Miss Phinney and the widow Tripp looked at each other. Then they both looked at Keturah. That lady's mouth closed tightly, and she resumed her prune distribution.

"I'm sorry," she said, crisply, "but I'm 'fraid he can't go. It's Saturday, and I'll need him round the house. Do you care for cake to-night, Elviry? I'm 'fraid it's pretty dry; I ain't had time to do much bakin' this week."

"Of course," continued the smiling Phœbe, "I shouldn't think of asking him to go for nothing. I didn't mean borrow him in just that way. I was thinking of hiring your horse and buggy, and, as I'm not used to driving, I thought perhaps I might engage Mr. Bangs to drive for me. I expected to pay for the privilege. But, as you need him, I suppose I must get my

rig and driver somewhere else. I'm so sorry."

The landlady's expression changed. This was the dull season, and opportunities to "let" the family steed and buggy—"horse and team" we call it in Bayport—were few. Turning to the school teacher, she said, with a sigh:

"Well, I guess he can go. I'll get along somehow. I hope he'll be careful of the buggy; we had it painted only last January."

Mrs. Tripp ventured a hinted question concerning the teacher's errand at Trumet. The reply being noncommittal, the widow cheerfully prophesied that she guessed 'twas going to rain or snow next day; "it's about time for the line storm," she added.

But it did not storm, although a brisk, cold gale was blowing when, after breakfast next morning, the "horse and team," with Bailey in his Sunday suit and overcoat, and Miss Dawes on the buggy seat beside him, turned out of the boarding-house yard and started on the twelve-mile journey to Trumet.

It was a bleak ride. The wind tore across those bare hilltops in gusts that rocked the buggy on its springs. The bayberry bushes huddled and crouched before it. The sky was covered with tumbling, flying clouds, which changed shape continually, and ripped into long, fleecy ravelings, that broke loose and pelted on until merged into the next billowy mass. The bay was gray and white, and in the spots where an occasional sunbeam broke through and struck it, flashed like a turned knife-blade.

Bailey drove with one hand and held his hat on his head with the other. The road had been deeply rutted during the November rains, and now the ruts were frozen. The buggy wheels twisted and scraped as they turned in the furrows.

"What's the matter?" asked the schoolmistress, shouting so as to be heard above the flapping of the buggy curtains. "Why do you watch that wheel?"

"Fraid of the axle," whooped Mr. Bangs in reply. "Nut's kind of loose, for one thing, and the way the wheel wobbles I'm scart she'll come off. Call this a road!" he snorted indignantly. "More like a plowed field a consider'ble sight. Jerushy, how she blows! Git dap, Henry!

Don't you see the meetin'house steeple? We're most there, thank the goodness."

In Trumet Center, which is not much of a center, Miss Dawes alighted from the buggy and entered a building bearing a sign with the words "Metropolitan Variety Store, Joshua Atwood, Prop'r, Groceries, Coal, Dry Goods, Insurance, Boots and Shoes, Garden Seeds, etc." A smaller sign beneath this was lettered "Justice of the Peace," and one below that read "Post-office."

She emerged a moment later, followed by an elderly person in a red cardigan jacket and overalls.

"Take the fust turnin' to the left, marm," he said, pointing. "It's pretty nigh to East Trumet townhall. Fust house this side of the blacksmith shop. About two mile, I'd say."

"Say," he asked, as they moved on once more, "have we got to go to East Trumet? Jerushy! that's the place where the wind comes from. They raise it over there; anyhow, they don't raise much else. Whose house you goin' to?"

He had asked the same question at least ten times since leaving home, and each time Miss Dawes had evaded it. She did so now, saying that she was sure she should know the house when they got to it.

The two miles to East Trumet were worse than the twelve which they had come. The wind fairly shrieked here, for the road paralleled the edge of high sand bluffs close by the shore, and the ruts and "thank-you-marms" were trying to the temper. Bailey's was completely wrecked.

"I guess I shall get out very soon now," panted Phœbe. "There's the blacksmith shop over there near the next hill, and this house in the hollow must be the one I'm looking for."

They pulled up beside the house in the hollow. A little, story-and-a-half house it was, and, judging by the neglected appearance of the weeds and bushes in the yard, it had been unoccupied for some time. However, the blinds were now open, and a few fowls about the back door seemed to promise that some one was living there. The wooden letter box by the gate had a name stenciled upon it. Miss Dawes sprang from the buggy and looked at the box.

"Yes," she said. "This is the place.





"*I don't know's I found out anything much.*"

Will you come in, Mr. Bangs? You can put your horse in that barn, I'm sure, if you want to."

But Bailey declined to come in. He declared he was going on to the blacksmith's shop to have that wheel fixed. He would not feel safe to start for home with it as it was. He drove off, and Miss Dawes, knowing from lifelong experience that front doors are merely for show, passed around the main body of the house and rapped on the door in the ell. The rap was not answered, though she could hear some one moving about within, and a shrill voice singing *The Sweet By and By*. So she rapped again and again and again, but still no one came to the door. At last she ventured to open it.

A thin woman, with her head tied up in a colored cotton handkerchief, was in the room, vigorously wielding a broom. She was singing in a high, cracked voice. The opening of the door let in a gust of cold

wind which struck the singer in the back of the neck, and caused her to turn around hastily.

"Hey?" she exclaimed. "Land sakes! you scare a body to death! Shut that door quick! I ain't hankering for influency. Who are you? What do you want? Why didn't you knock? Where's my specs?"

She took a pair of spectacles from the mantel shelf, rubbed them with her apron, and set them on the bridge of her thin nose. Then she inspected the schoolmistress from head to foot.

"I beg pardon for coming in," shouted Phoebe. "I knocked, but you didn't hear. You are Mrs. Beasley, aren't you?"

"I don't want none," replied Debby, with emphasis. "So there's no use your wastin' your breath."

"Don't want—" repeated the astonished teacher. "Don't want what?"

"Hey? I say I don't want none."

"Don't want *what*?"

"Whatever 'tis you're peddlin'. Books or soap or tea, or whatever 'tis. I don't want nothin'."

After some strenuous minutes, the visitor managed to make it clear to Mrs. Beasley's mind that she was not a peddler. She tried to add a word of further explanation, but it was effort wasted.

"Tain't no use," snapped Debby, "I can't hear you, you speak so faint. Wait till I get my horn; it's in the settin' room."

Phoebe's wonder as to what the "horn" might be was relieved by the widow's appearance, a moment later, with the biggest ear trumpet her caller had ever seen.

"There, now!" she said, adjusting the instrument and thrusting the bell-shaped end under the teacher's nose. "Talk into that. If you ain't a peddler, what be you—sewin' machine agent?"

Phoebe explained that she had come some distance on purpose to see Mrs. Beasley. She was interested in the Thayers, who used to live in Orham, particularly in Mr. John Thayer, who died in 1854. She had been told that Debby formerly lived with the Thayers, and could, no doubt, remember a great deal about them. Would she mind answering a few questions, and so on?

Mrs. Beasley, her hearing now within forty-five degrees of the normal, grew interested. She ushered her visitor into the adjoining room, and proffered her a chair. That sitting room was a wonder of its kind, even to the teacher's accustomed eyes. A gilt-framed crayon enlargement of the late Mr. Beasley hung in the center of the broadest wall space, and was not the ugliest thing in the apartment. Having said this, further description is unnecessary—particularly to those who remember Mr. Beasley's personal appearance.

"What you so interested in the Thayers for?" inquired Debby. "One of the heirs, be you? They didn't leave nothin'."

No, the schoolmistress was not an heir. Was not even a relative of the family. But she was—was interested, just the same. A friend of hers was a relative, and—

"What is your friend?" inquired the inquisitor. "A man?"

There was no reason why Miss Dawes should have changed color, but, according to Debby's subsequent testimony, she did; she blushed, so the widow declares.

"No," she protested. "Oh, no! it's a

—she's a child, that's all—a little girl. But—"

"Maybe you're gettin' up one of them geographical trees," suggested Mrs. Beasley. "I've seen 'em, fust settlers down in the trunk, and children and grandchildren spreadin' out in the branches. Is that it?"

Here was an avenue of escape. Phoebe stretched the truth a trifle, and admitted that that, or something of the sort, was what she was engaged in. The explanation seemed to be satisfactory. Debby asked her visitor's name, and, misunderstanding it, addressed her as "Miss Dorcas" thereafter. Then she proceeded to give her reminiscences of the Thayers, and it did not take long for the disappointed teacher to discover that, for all practical purposes, these reminiscences were valueless. Mrs. Beasley remembered many things, but nothing at all concerning John Thayer's life in the West, nor the name of the ship he sailed in, nor who his shipmates were.

"He never wrote home but once or twice afore he died," she said. "And when he did Emily, his wife, never told me what was in his letters. Her and me didn't get along any too well. She said I talked too much to other folks about what was none of their business. Now, anybody that knows me knows *that* ain't one of my failin's. I told her so; says I—"

And so on for ten minutes. Then Phoebe ventured to repeat the words "out West," and her companion went off on a new tack. She had just been West herself. She had been on a visit to her husband's niece, who lived in Arizona. In Blazeton, Arizona. "It's the nicest town ever you see," she continued. "And the smartest, most up-to-date place. Talk about the West bein' uncivilized! My land! you ought to see that town! Electric lights, and telephones, and—and—I don't know what all! Why, Miss What's-your-name, Miss Dorcas, marm, you just ought to see the photygraphs I've got that was took out there. My niece, she took 'em with one of them little mites of cameras. You wouldn't believe such a little box of a thing could take such photygraphs. I'm goin' to get 'em and show 'em to you. No, sir! you ain't got to go, neither. Set right still and let me fetch them photygraphs. 'Twon't be a mite of trouble. I'd love to do it."

Protests were unavailing. The photo-

graphs, at least fifty of them, were produced, and the suffering caller was shown the Blazeton City Hall, and the Blazeton "Palace Hotel," and the home of the Beasley niece, taken from the front, the rear, and both sides. With each specimen Debby delivered a descriptive lecture.

"You see that house?" she asked. "Well 'tain't much of a one to look at, but it's got the most interestin' story tagged on to it. I made Eva, that's my niece, take a picture of it just on that account. The woman that lives there's had the hardest time. Her fust name's Desire, and that kind of made me take an interest in her right off, 'cause I had an Aunt Desire once, and it's a name you don't hear very often. Afterwards I got to know her real well. She was a widdier woman, like me, only she didn't have as much sense as I've got, and went and married a second time. 'Twas 'long in 1886 she done it. This man Higgins, he went to work for her on her place, and pretty soon he married her. They lived together, principally on her fust husband's insurance money, I cal'late, until a year or so ago. Then the insurance money give out, and Mr. Higgins he says: 'Old woman,' he says—I'd never let a husband of mine call me 'old woman,' but Desire didn't seem to mind—'Old woman,' he says, 'I'm goin' over to Phoenix'—that's another city in Arizona—to look for a job.' And he went, and she ain't seen nor heard of him since. And she advertised in the weekly paper, and I don't know what all. She thinks he was murdered, you know; that's what makes it so sort of creepy and interestin'. Everybody was awful kind to her, and we got to be real good friends. Why, I——"

This was but the beginning. It was evident that Mrs. Beasley had thoroughly enjoyed herself in Blazeton, and that the sorrows of the bereaved Desire Higgins had been one of the principal sources of that enjoyment. The schoolmistress endeavored to turn the subject, but it was useless.

"I fetched home a whole pile of them newspapers," continued Debby. "They was awful interestin'; full of pictures of Blazeton buildin's and leadin' folks and all. And in some of the back numbers was the advertisement about Mr. Higgins. I do wish I could show 'em to you, but I lent 'em to Mrs. Atwood up to the Center. If

'twan't such a ways I'd go and fetch 'em. Mrs. Atwood's been awful nice to me. She took care of my trunks and things when I went West—yes, and afore that when I went to Bayport to keep house for that miser'ble Cap'n Whittaker. I ain't told you about that, but I will by and by. Them trunks had lots of things in 'em that I didn't want to lose nor have anybody see. My diaries—I've kept a diary since 1850—and——"

"Diaries?" interrupted Phoebe, grasping at straws. "Did you keep a diary while you were at the Thayers?"

"Yes. Now why didn't I think of that afore? More'n likely there'd be somethin' in that to help you with that geographical tree. I used to put down everything that happened, and— Where you goin'?"

Miss Dawes had risen and was peering out of the window.

"I was looking to see if my driver was anywhere about," she replied. "I thought perhaps he would drive over to Mrs. Atwood's and get the diary for you. But I don't see him."

Just then, from around the corner of the house, peeped an agitated face; an agitated forefinger beckoned. Debby stepped to the window beside her visitor, and the face and finger went out of sight as if pulled by a string.

Miss Phoebe smiled.

"I think I'll go out and look for him," she said. "He must be near here. I'll be right back, Mrs. Beasley."

Without stopping to put on her jacket, she hurried through the dining room, out of the door, and around the corner. There she found Mr. Bangs in a highly nervous state.

"Why didn't you tell me 'twas Debby Beasley you was comin' to see?" he demanded. "If you'd mentioned that deaf image's name, you'd never got me to drive you, I tell you that!"

"Yes," answered the teacher, sweetly, "I imagined that. That's why I didn't tell you, Mr. Bangs. Now I want you to do me a favor. Will you drive over to Trumet Center, and deliver a note and get a package for me? Then you can come back here, and I shall be ready to start for home."

"Drive! Drive nothin'! The blacksmith's out, and won't be back for another hour. His boy's there, but he's a big

enough lunkhead to try bailin' out a dory with a fork, and that buggy axle is bent so it's simply got to be fixed. I'd no more go home to Ketury with that buggy as 'tis than I'd— Oh! my land of love!"

The ejaculation was almost a groan. There at the corner, ear trumpet adjusted, and spectacles glistening, stood Debby Beasley. Bailey appeared to wilt under her gaze as if the spectacles were twin suns. Miss Dawes looked as if she very much wanted to laugh. The widow stared in silence.

"How—how d'ye do, Mrs. Beasley?" faltered Mr. Bangs, not forgetting to raise his voice. "I hope you're lookin's as well as you feel. I mean, I hope you're smart."

Mrs. Beasley nodded decisively.

"Yes," she answered. "I'm pretty toler'ble, thank you. What was the matter, Mr. Bangs? Why didn't you come in? Do you usually make your calls round the corner?"

The gentleman addressed seemed unable to reply. The schoolmistress came to the rescue.

"You mustn't blame Mr. Bangs, Mrs. Beasley," she explained. "He wasn't responsible for what happened at Captain Whittaker's. He is the gentleman who drove me over here. I was going to send him to Mrs. Atwood's for the diary."

"Who said I was blamin' him?" queried the widow. "If 'twas that little Tidditt thing I might feel different. But, considerin' that I got this horn from Mr. Bangs, I'm willin' to let bygones be past. It helps my hearin' a lot. Them ear-fixin's was good while they lasted, but they got out of kilter quick. I shan't bother Mr. Bangs. If he can square his own conscience, I'm satisfied."

Bailey's conscience was not troubling him greatly, and he seemed relieved. Phœbe told of the damaged buggy.

"Um—hum. Well, then, I guess I can supply a carriage. My fust cousin Ezra that died used to be doctor here, and he give me his sulky when he got a new one. It's out in the barn. Go fetch your horse, and harness him in. I'll be ready time the harnessin's done."

"You?" gasped the teacher. "You don't need to go, Mrs. Beasley. I wouldn't think of giving you that trouble."

"No trouble at all. I wouldn't trust nobody else with them trunks. And be-

sides, I always do enjoy ridin'. You could go, too, Miss Dorcas, but the sulky seat's too narrer for three. You can set in the settin' room till we get back. 'Twon't take us long. Don't say another word; I'm a-goin'."

## CHAPTER XVI

### A REMARKABLE DRIVE, AND WHAT FOLLOWED

THE number of reasons given by Mr. Bangs, one after the other, to prove that it would be quite impossible for him to be Mrs. Beasley's charioteer was a credit to the resources of his invention. The blacksmith might be back any minute; it was dinner time, and he was hungry; Henry, the horse, was tired; it wasn't a nice day for riding, and he would come over some other time and take the widow out; he— But Debby had a conclusive answer for each protest.

"But, Mrs. Beasley," put in the schoolmistress, "why couldn't you give us a note to Mrs. Atwood and let us stop for the diary on our way home? I could return it to you by mail. Or you might get it yourself some other day and mail it to me."

"No, no! Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. My husband was a great hand to put off and put off. For the last eight years of his life I was at him to buy a new go-to-meetin' suit of clothes. The one he had was blue to start with, but it faded to a brown, and, toward the last of it, I declare if it didn't commence to turn green. Nothin' I could say would make him heave it away even then. Seemed to think more of it than ever. Said he wanted to hang to it a spell and see what 'twould turn next. But he died and was laid out in that same suit, and I was so mortified at the funeral I couldn't think of nothin' else. No, I'll go after them papers and the diary while they're fresh in my mind. And besides, do you s'pose I'd let Sarah Ann Atwood rummage through my trunks? I guess not!"

Phœbe began to be sorry she had thought of sending for the diary, particularly as the chance of its containing valuable information was so remote. Mrs. Beasley went into the house to dress for the ride. The schoolmistress went with her as far as the

sitting room. The perturbed Bailey stalked off, muttering, to the blacksmith's.

In a little while he returned, leading Henry by the bridle. Debby, adorned with the beflowered bonnet she had worn when she arrived at the Cy Whittaker place, and with a black cloth cape over her lean shoulders, was waiting for him by the open door of the barn. The cape had a fur collar—"cat fur," so Mr. Bangs said afterwards in describing it.

"Pull the sulky right out," commanded the widow.

Bailey stared into the black interior of the barn.

"Which is it?" he shouted.

Mrs. Beasley pointed with her ear trumpet.

"Why, that one there, of course. 'Tother's a truck cart. You wouldn't expect me to ride in that, would you?"

Mr. Bangs entered the barn, seized the vehicle indicated by the shafts, and drew it out into the yard. He inspected it deliberately, and then sat weakly down on the chopping block near by. Apparently he was overcome by emotion.

The "sulky" bequeathed by the late doctor had been built to order for its former owner. It was of the "carryall" variety, except that it had but a single narrow seat. Its top was square and was curtailed, the curtains being tightly buttoned down. Altogether it was something of a curiosity. Miss Dawes, who had come out to see the start, looked at the "sulky," then at Mr. Bangs's face, and turned her back. Her shoulders shook.

"It used to be a real nice carriage when Ezra had it," commented the widow, admiringly. "It needs ilin' and sprucin' up now, but I guess 'twill do. Come!" to Bailey, who had not risen from the chopping block, "hurry up and harness or we'll never get started. Thought you wanted to get back for dinner."

Mr. Bangs stood up and heaved a sigh.

"I did," he answered slowly, "but," with a glance at the sulky, "somethin' seems to have took away my appetite. Teacher, do you mean to—"

But Miss Dawes had withdrawn to the corner of the house, from which viewpoint she seemed to be inspecting the surrounding landscape. Bailey seized Henry by the bridle and backed him into the shafts.

"Back up!" he roared. "Back up, I tell you! You needn't look at me that way," he added, in a lower tone. "I can't help it. You ain't any worse ashamed than I am. There! the ark's off the ways. All aboard!"

Turning to the expectant widow, he "boosted" her, not too tenderly, up to the narrow seat. Then he climbed in himself. Two on that seat made a tight fit. Bailey took up the reins. Debby leaned forward and peered around the edge of the curtains.

"You!" she shouted, "you, Miss What's-your-name—Dorcas! Come here a minute. I want to tell you somethin'."

The schoolmistress, her face red and her eyes moist, approached.

"I just wanted to say," explained Debby, "that I ain't real sure as that diary's there. I burnt up a lot of my old letters and things a spell ago, and seems to me I burnt some old diaries too, but maybe that wan't one of 'em. Anyhow, I can get them Arizona papers, and I do want you to see 'em. They're the most *interestin'* things. Now," she added, turning to her companion on the seat, "you can git dap just as soon as you want to."

Whether or not Mr. Bangs wanted to "git dap" is a doubtful question. But at all events he did. Before the astonished Miss Dawes could think of an answer to the observation concerning the diary, the carriage, its long unused axles shrieking protests, moved out of the yard. The schoolmistress watched it go. Then she returned to the sitting room and collapsed into a rocking chair.

Once out from the shelter of the house and on the open road, the sulky received the full force of the wind. The first gust that howled in from the bay struck its curtained side with a sudden burst of power that caused Mrs. Beasley to clutch her driver's arm.

"Good land of mercy!" she screamed.

"It blows reel hard, don't it?"

Mr. Bangs's answer was in the form of delicate sarcasm, bellowed into the ear trumpet.

"Sho!" he exclaimed. "I want to know! You don't say! Now you mention it, seems as if I had noticed a little air stirrin'."

Another gust tilted the carriage top. Debby clutched the arm still tighter.



"Why, it blows awful hard!" she cried. "I'd no idee it blew like this."

"Want to 'bout ship and go home again?" whooped Bailey, hopefully. But the widow didn't intend to give up the rare luxury of a "ride" which a kind Providence had cast in her way.

"No, no!" she answered; "I guess if you folks come all the way from Bayport I can stand it as fur's the Center. But hurry all you can, won't you? I'm kind of 'fraid of the springs."

"Springs? What springs? Let go my arm, will you? It's goin' to sleep."

Mrs. Beasley let go of the arm momentarily.

"I mean the springs on this carriage," she explained. "Last time I lent it to anybody—Solon Davis, 'twas—he said the bolts underneath was pretty nigh rusted out, and about all that held the wagon part on was its own weight. So we'll have to be kind of careful."

"Well—I—swan—to—*man*!" was Mr. Bangs's sole comment on the amazing disclosure; however, as an expression of concentrated and profound disgust it was quite sufficient. He spoke but once during the remainder of the trip to the "Center." Then, when his passenger begged to know if "that Whittaker man" had been well since she left, he shouted, "Yes—*ever* since," and relapsed into his former gloomy silence.

The widow's stop at the Atwood house, which was in the immediate rear of the Atwood store, was of a half hour's duration. Bailey refused to leave the seat of the sulky and sat there, speaking to no one; not even replying to the questions of a group of loungers who gathered to inspect the ancient vehicle, and professed to be in doubt as to whether it had washed in with the tide or been "left" to him in a will.

At last Debby made her appearance, her arms filled with newspapers. The latter she piled under the carriage seat, and then climbed to her former place beside the driver. Henry, in response to a slap from the reins, got under way once more. The axles squeaked and screamed.

"Gee!" cried one youngster, from the steps of the store, "it's the steam calliope. When's the rest of the show comin'?"

"Hi!" yelled another; "see how close

they're hugged up together. Ain't they lovin'! It's a weddin'!"

"Shut up!" roared the tortured Bailey, whose hat had blown back into the body of the sulky, leaving his bald head exposed to the cutting wind.

The audience begged him to give them a lock of his hair, and added other remarks of a personal nature concerning the youth and beauty of the bridal couple and their chariot. Mr. Bangs was in a state of dumb frenzy. Debby, who, without her trumpet, had heard nothing of all this, was smiling and garrulous.

"I found all the papers," she said. "They're right under the seat. I'm goin' to look 'em over so's to have the interestin' parts all ready to show Miss Dorcas when we get home. Ain't it nice I found 'em?"

In spite of her driver's remonstrances, unheard because of the nonadjustment of the trumpet, she reached under the seat and brought out the pile of Blazeton weeklies. With her feet upon the pile, to keep it from blowing away, she proceeded to unfold one of the papers. It cracked and snapped in the wind like a loose mainsail.

"Keep that dratted thing out of my face, won't you?" shrieked the agonized Bailey. "How'm I goin' to see to steer with that smackin' me between the eyes every other second?"

"Hey? Did you speak to me?" asked the widow sweetly.

"Did I *speak*? No, I screeched! What in tunket—"

"I want you to see this picture of the mayor's house in Blazeton. Eva, my husband's niece, lives right acrost the road from him. Many's the time I've set on their piazza and seen him come out and go to the City Hall."

"Keep it out of my face, I tell you! Reef it! Furl it, you—you woman! I wish to thunder the piazza had caved in on you! I never see such an old fool in my born days. *Take it away!*"

Mrs. Beasley removed the paper, but only to substitute another.

"Here's Eva's brother-in-law," she screamed. "He's one of the prominent business men out there, so they put him in the paper. Ain't he nice-lookin'?"

Bailey's comments on the prominent business man's appearance were anything but flattering. Debby continued to reach

for more papers, carefully replacing those she had inspected in the pile beneath her feet. The wind blew as hard as ever; even harder, for it was now almost dead ahead. Henry plodded along. They were in the hollow at the foot of the last long hill, that from which the blacksmith shop had first been sighted.

"I know what I'll do," declared the passenger. "I'll hunt for that missin' husband advertisement of Desire Higgins's. Let's see now! 'Twill be down at the bottom of the pile, 'cause the paper it's in is a last year one."

She bobbed down behind the high dashboard. Mr. Bangs stood up in order that her gymnastics might interfere, to a lesser degree, with his driving. The equipage began to move up the slope of the hill, bouncing and twisting in the frozen ruts.

"Here 'tis!" exclaimed Debby. "I remember it's in this number, 'cause there's a picture of the Palace Hotel on the front page. Let's see—'Dog lost'—no, that ain't it. 'Corner lot for sale'—wish I had money enough to buy it; I'd like nothin' better than to live out there. 'Information wanted of my husband'—Here 'tis! Um—hum!"

She straightened up and eagerly began reading the advertisement. The hill was very steep just at its top, and the sulky slanted backward at a sharp angle. A terrific burst of wind tore around the corner of the bluff. It eddied through the sulky between the dashboard and the curtained sides. The widow, in her excitement at finding the advertisement, had inadvertently removed her feet from the pile of papers. In an instant the air was filled with whirling copies of the *Blazeton Weekly Courier*.

Henry, the horse, was a sober animal who had long ago reached the age of discretion. But to have his old ears and eyes suddenly blanketed with a flapping white thing swooping apparently from nowhere was too much even for his sedate nerves. He jumped sidewise. The reins were jerked from the driver's hands and fell in the road.

"Mercy on us!" shrieked Debby, clutching her companion about the waist. "What—"

"Let go of me!" howled Bailey, pushing her violently aside. "Whoa! Stand still!"

But Henry refused to stand still. The flapping paper still clung to his agitated head. He reared and pranced, jerking the sulky back and forth, its wheels still wedged in the ruts. Bailey sprang to the ground to pick up the reins. He seized them, but fell as he did so. The tug at his bits turned Henry's head, literally and figuratively. He reared and whirled about. The sulky rose on two wheels. The screaming Mrs. Beasley collapsed against its downward side. Another moment, and the whole upper half of the sulky—body, seat, curtains, and Debby—tilted over the lower wheels, and, the rusted bolts failing to hold, slid with a thump to the frozen road. The wind, catching it underneath as it slid, tipped it backward. Then Henry ran away.

Miss Dawes, left alone in the house at the foot of the hill, had amused herself for a time with the Beasley library, which partially filled a shelf in the sitting room. But *The Book of Martyrs* and *A Believer's Thoughts on Death* were not cheering literature, particularly as the author of the latter volume "thought" so dismally concerning the future of all who did not believe precisely as he did. So the teacher laid down the book, with a shudder, and wandered about the room, inspecting the late Mr. Beasley's portrait, the photographs in splintwork frames, the "alum basket" on the mantel, the blue castles, blue trees, and blue people pictured on the window shades, and the other works of art in the apartment. She even peeped into the parlor, but the musty, shut-up smell of that dusky tomb was too much for her, and she sat down by the sitting-room window, under the empty bird cage, to look up the road and watch for the return of the sulky and its occupants.

Sitting there, she was a witness of the alarming catastrophe on the hilltop, and reached the front gate just in time to see Henry go galloping by, dragging the four wheels and springs of the sulky, while, sprawled across the rear axle and still clinging to the reins, hung a familiar, howling, and most wickedly profane individual by the name of Bangs.

The runaway dashed on toward the blacksmith shop. Phoebe, bareheaded and coatless, ran up the hill. Before she reached the crest, she was aware of muffled screams,

which sounded as if the screamer was shut up in a trunk.

"O-o-oh!" screamed Mrs. Beasley. "O-o-oh! Ow! Let me out! Help! I'm stuck! My back's broke! H-e-e-lp!"

soaring, fluttering copies of the *Blazeton Courier*, that swooped and ducked like mammoth white butterflies.

The panting and alarmed teacher stooped and peered into the dark shadow between



"The runaway dashed on toward the blacksmith shop."

The upper part of the sulky, with its box-like curtained top, lay on its side in the road. From somewhere within the box came the groans and screams. The gale swept the hilltop, and, for a quarter mile to leeward, the scenery was animated by

the dashboard and the back curtain. All she could make out at first were a pair of thin ankles and "Congress" shoes in agitated motion. These bobbed up and down behind the overturned seat and its displaced cushion.

"O Mrs. Beasley!" screamed Phœbe, "are you hurt?"

Debby, of course, did not hear the question. She continued to groan and scream for help. Her lungs were not injured, at all events. The schoolmistress, dropping on her knees, reached into the sulky top and tugged at the seat. It was rather tightly wedged, but she managed to loosen it and pull it toward her.

The widow raised herself on an elbow and looked out between the flowers of her smashed bonnet.

"Who is it?" she demanded. "Oh, is that you, Miss Dorcas? Oh, my soul and body! Oh, my stars! Oh, my goodness me!"

"Are you hurt?" shrieked Phœbe.

"Hey? I don't know! I don't know *what* I be! I don't know nothin'!"

"Can you help yourself? Can you get up?"

"Hey? I don't know. Maybe I can if you haul that everlastin' seat out of the way. Oh, my sakes alive!"

Her rescuer pulled the seat forward, and, with an effort, tumbled it clear of the curtains. Debby raised herself still higher.

"Oh!" she groaned. "Talk about—Land sakes! who's comin'? Men, ain't it? Let me out of here quick! *quick*!"

She scrambled out of her prison on hands and knees, and jumped to her feet with reassuring alacrity. Her fur-collared cape was draped in a roll about her neck, and her bonnet hung jauntily over her left eye.

"I'm a sight, ain't I?" she asked. "Haul this bunnet straight, quick's ever you can. Hurt? No, no! I ain't hurt none but my feelin's. Hurry up! S'pose I want them men folks to see me with everything all hind side to?"

Miss Dawes, relieved to find that the accident had had no serious consequences, and trying her hardest not to laugh, assisted the widow to rearrange her wearing apparel. The blacksmith and his helper came running up the hill.

"Hello, Debby!" hailed the former. "What's the matter? Hurt, be you?"

Mrs. Beasley, whether she heard or not, did not deign to reply.

"Get my horn out of that carriage," she ordered. "Don't stand there gapin'. Get it."

The ear trumpet was resurrected from

the interior of the vehicle. The widow adjusted it with dignity.

"Had a spill, didn't you, Debby?" inquired the blacksmith. "Upset, didn't you?"

Debby glared at him.

"No," she replied, with sarcasm. "'Course I didn't upset! Just thought I'd roll round in the road for the fun of it. Smart question, that is! Where's that Bailey Bangs gone to with the rest of my carriage?"

The blacksmith pointed to his shop in the hollow. Before it stood Mr. Bangs, holding Henry by the bridle, and staring in their direction.

"He's all right," volunteered the "helper." "The horse stopped runnin' soon's he got to the foot of the next hill."

Mrs. Beasley was not, apparently, overjoyed at the news.

"Humph!" she grunted. "I 'most wish he'd broke his neck! Pesky, careless thing! gettin' us run away with and upset. Who's goin' to pay for fixin' my sulky, I want to know?"

"Mr. Bangs will pay for it, I'm sure," said Phœbe, soothingly. "If he doesn't, I will. O Mrs. Beasley! did you find the diary?"

"Diary? No, no! I told you I was afraid I'd burnt it up. Well, I had, and a whole lot more of them old ones. But I did get all them Arizona papers, and took the trouble to tote 'em all the way here so's you could look at 'em. And now"—she shook with indignation and waved her hand toward a section of horizon where little white dots indicated the whereabouts of the *Couriers*—"now look where they be! Blowed from Dan to Beersheby! Come on to the house and let me set down. I been standin' on my head till I'm tired. Here, Jabez," to the blacksmith, "you tend to that carriage, will you?"

She stalked off down the hill. The schoolmistress, turning to follow her, caught a glimpse of the "helper" doubled up with silent laughter, and the blacksmith grinning broadly as he stooped toward the capsized sulky.

Phœbe was downcast and disappointed. She was convinced, in her own mind, that the Honorable Atkins had some hidden motive for his espousal of the Thomas cause. Asaph's fruitless quest in Orham had not

shaken her faith. Captain Cy had refused to seek Debby Beasley for information concerning the Thayers, and so she, on her own responsibility, had done so. And this was the ridiculous ending of her journey. The diary had been a forlorn hope; now that was burned. Poor Bos'n! and poor—some one else!

Debby, marching down the hill, continued to sputter about the lost weeklies.

"It's an everlastin' shame!" she declared. "I'd just found the one with that advertisement in it and was readin' it. I remember the part I read, plain as could be. While we're eatin' dinner I'll tell you about it."

But Miss Dawes did not care for dinner. Like Mr. Tidditt and the captain, she had had about all the Debby Beasley she wanted.

"Yes, yes, you will stop, too," affirmed the widow. "I want to tell you more about Blazeton. I can see that advertisement this minute, right afore my eyes—'Information wanted of my husband, Edward Higgins. Five foot eight inches tall, sandy complected, brown hair, and yellowish mustache; not lame, but has a peculiar slight limp with his left foot——'"

"What?" asked the schoolmistress, stopping short.

"Hey? 'Has a peculiar limp with his left foot.' I remember how Desire used to talk about that limp. She said 'twas almost as if he stuttered with his leg. He hurt it when he was up in Montana, and——"

"Oh!" cried Miss Dawes. The color had left her face.

"Yes. You see he used to be a miner or somethin' up there. He'd never say much about his younger days, but one time he did tell that. I'd just got as far as that limp when the sulky upset. Talk about bein' surprised! I never was so surprised in my life as when that horse critter reered up and——"

Phoebe interrupted. Her color had come back, and her eyes were shining.

"Mrs. Beasley," she cried, "I think I shall change my mind. I believe I will stay to dinner after all. I'm ever so much interested in Arizona."

Bailey and the teacher began their long drive home about four o'clock. The buggy

axle had been fixed, and the wind was less violent. Mr. Bangs was glum and moody. He seemed to be thinking.

"Say, teacher," he said, at length, "I'd like to ask a favor of you. If it ain't necessary, I wish you wouldn't say nothin' about that upsettin' business to the folks to home. It does sound so dum foolish! I'll never hear the last of it."

Miss Dawes, who had been in high spirits, now took a moment for reflection.

"All right!" she said, nodding vigorously. "We won't mention it then. We won't tell a soul. You can say that I called at the Atwoods', if you want to; that will be true, because I did. And we'll have Mrs. Beasley for our secret—yours and mine—until we decide to tell. It's a bargain, Mr. Bangs. We must shake hands on it."

They shook hands, and Bailey, looking in her face, thought he never saw her look so well nor so young. She was pretty, he decided. Then he thought of his own choice of a wife, and—well, if he had any regrets, he hasn't mentioned them, not even to his fellow-members of the Board of Strategy.

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE CAPTAIN REMEMBERS HIS AGE

DECEMBER was nearly over. Christmas had come. Bos'n had hung up her stocking by the base-burner stove, and found it warty and dropsical the next morning, with a generous overflow of gifts piled on the floor beneath it. The Board of Strategy sent presents; so did Miss Dawes and Georgianna. As for Captain Cy he spent many evening hours, after the rest of his household was in bed, poring over catalogues of toys and books, and the orders he sent to the big shops in Boston were lengthy and costly. The little girl's eyes opened wide when she saw the stocking and the treasures heaped on the floor. She sat in her "mighty" amidst the wonders, books and playthings in a circle about her, and the biggest doll of all hugged close in her arms. Captain Cy, who had arisen at half past five in order to be with her on the great occasion, was at least as happy as she.

"Like 'em, do you?" he asked, smiling.



"Like 'em! O Uncle Cy! What makes everybody so good to me?"

"I don't know. Strange thing, ain't it—considerin' what a hard little ticket you are."

Bos'n laughed. She understood her "Uncle Cy," and didn't mind being called a "hard ticket" by him.

"I—I—didn't believe anybody *could* have such a nice Christmas. I never saw so many nice things."

"Humph! What do you like best?"

The answer was a question, and was characteristic.

"Which did you give me?" asked Bos'n.

The captain would have dodged, but she wouldn't let him. So one by one the presents he had given were indicated and put by themselves. The remainder were but few, but she insisted that the givers of these should be named. When the sorting was over she sat silently hugging her doll and, apparently, thinking.

"Well?" inquired the amused captain.

"Made up your mind yet? Which do you like best?"

The child nodded.

"Why, these, of course," she declared with emphasis, pointing with her dollie's slippered foot at Captain Cy's pile.

"So? Do, hey? Didn't know I could pick so well. All right; the first prize is mine. Who takes the second?"

This time Bos'n deliberated before answering. At last, however, she bent forward and touched the teacher's gifts.

"These," she said. "I like these next best."

Captain Cy was surprised.

"Sho!" he exclaimed. "You don't say!"

"Yes. I think I like teacher next to you. I like Georgianna and Mr. Tidditt and Mr. Bangs, of course, but I like her a little better. Don't you, Uncle Cyrus?"

The captain changed the subject. He asked her what she would name her doll.

The Board of Strategy came in during the forenoon, and the presents had to be shown to them. While the exhibition was in progress Miss Dawes called. And before she left Gabe Lumley drove up in the depot wagon bearing a big express package addressed to "Miss Emily Thomas, Bayport."

"Humph!" exclaimed Captain Cy.

"Somethin' more for Bos'n, hey! Who in the world sent it, do you s'pose?"

Asaph and Bailey made various inane suggestions as to the sender. Phœbe said nothing. There was a frown on her face as she watched the captain get to work on the box with chisel and hammer. It contained a beautiful doll, fully and expensively dressed, and pinned to the dress was a card—"To dear little Emmie, from her lonesome Papa."

The Board of Strategy looked at the doll in wonder and astonishment. Captain Cy strode away to the window.

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Bangs, "I didn't believe he had that much heart inside of him. I bet you that cost four or five dollars; ain't that so, Cy?"

The captain did not answer.

"Don't you think so, teacher?" repeated Bailey, turning to Phœbe. "What ails you? You don't seem surprised."

"I'm not," replied the lady. "I expected something of that sort."

Captain Cy wheeled from the window.

"You *did*?" he asked.

"Yes. Miss Phinney said the other day she had heard that that man was going to give his daughter a beautiful present. She was very enthusiastic about his generosity and self-sacrifice. I asked who told her and she said Mr. Simpson."

"Oh! Tad? Is that so!" The captain looked at her.

"Yes. And I think there is no doubt that Simpson had orders to make the 'generosity' known to as many townspeople as possible."

"Hum! I see. You figure that Thomas cal'lates 'twill help his popularity and make his case stronger; is that it?"

"Not exactly. I doubt if he ever thought of such a thing himself. But some one thought for him—and some one must have supplied the money."

"Well, they say he's to work up in Boston."

"I know. But no one can tell where he works. Captain Whittaker, this is Mr. Atkins's doing—you know it. Now, *why* does he, a busy man, take such an interest in getting this child away from you?"

Captain Cy shook his head and smiled.

"Teacher," he said, "you're dead set on taggin' Heman with a mystery, ain't you?"

"Miss Dawes," asked the forgetful Bailey, "when you and me went drivin' t'other day did you find out anything from—"

Phoebe interrupted quickly.

"Mr. Bangs," she said, "at what time do we distribute Christmas presents at your boarding house? I suppose you must have many Christmas secrets to keep. You keep a secret so well."

Mr. Bangs turned red. The hint concerning secret keeping was not wasted. He did not mention the drive again.

A little later Captain Cy found Bos'n busily playing with the doll he had given her. The other, her father's gift, was nowhere in sight.

"I put her back in the box," said the child, in reply to his question. "She was awful pretty, but I think I'm goin' to love this one best."

The remark seems a foolish thing to give comfort to a grown man, but Captain Cy found comfort in it, and comfort was what he needed.

He needed it more as time went on. In January the court gave its decision. The captain's appointment as guardian was revoked. With the father alive, and professedly anxious to provide for the child's support, nothing else was to be expected, so Mr. Peabody said. The latter entered an appeal which would delay matters for a time, two or three months perhaps; meanwhile Captain Cy was to retain custody of Bos'n.

But the court's action, expected though it was, made the captain very blue and downcast. He could see no hope. He felt certain that he should lose the little girl in the end, in spite of the long succession of appeals which his lawyer contemplated. And what would become of her then? What sort of training would she be likely to have? Who would her associates be, under the authority of a father such as hers? And what would he do, alone in the old house, when she had gone for good? He could not bear to think of it, and yet he thought of little else.

The evenings, after Bos'n had gone to bed, were the worst. During the day he tried his best to be busy at something or other. The doll house was finished, and he had begun to fashion a full-rigged ship in miniature. In reality Emily, being a

normal little girl, was not greatly interested in ships, but, because Uncle Cy was making it, she pretended to be vastly concerned about this one. On Saturdays and after school hours she sat on a box in the woodshed, where the captain had put up a small stove, and watched him work. The taboo which so many of our righteous and Atkins-worshipping townspeople had put upon the Whittaker place and its occupants included her, and a number of children had been forbidden to play with her. This, however, did not prevent their tormenting her about her father and her disreputable guardian.

But the captain's evenings were miserable. He no longer went to Simmons's. He didn't care for the crowd there, and knew they were all "down" on him. Josiah Dimick called occasionally, and the Board of Strategy often, but their conversation was rather tiresome. There were times when Captain Cy hated Bayport, the house he had "fixed up" with such interest and pride, and the old sitting room in particular. The mental picture of comfort and contentment which had been his dream through so many years of struggle and wandering, looked farther off than ever. Sometimes he was tempted to run away, taking Bos'n with him. But the captain had never run away from a fight yet; he had never abandoned a ship while there was a chance of keeping her afloat. And, besides, there was another reason.

Phoebe Dawes had come to be his chief reliance. He saw a great deal of her. Often, when she walked home from school, she found him hanging over the front gate, and they talked of various things—of Bos'n's progress with her studies, of the school work, and similar topics. He called her by her first name now, although in this there was nothing unusual—after a few weeks' acquaintance we Bayporters almost invariably address people by their "front" names. Sometimes she came to the house with Emily. Then the three sat by the stove in the sitting room, and the apartment became really cheerful, in the captain's eyes.

Phoebe was in good spirits. She was as hopeful as Captain Cy was despondent. She seemed to have little fear of the outcome of the legal proceedings, the ap-

peals and the rest. In fact, she now appeared desirous of evading the subject, and there was about her an air of suppressed excitement. Her optimism was the best sort of bracer for the captain's failing courage. Her advice was always good, and a talk with her left him with shoulders squared, mentally, and almost happy.

One cold, rainy afternoon, early in February, she came in with Bos'n, who had availed herself of the shelter of the teacher's umbrella. Georgianna was in the kitchen baking, and Emily had been promised a "saucer pie"—so the child went out to superintend the construction of that treat.

"Set down, teacher," said Captain Cy, pushing forward a rocker. "My! but I'm glad to see you. 'Twas bluer'n a whetstone 'round here to-day. What's the news—anything?"

"Why, no," replied Phoebe, accepting the rocker and throwing open her wet jacket; "there's no news in particular. But I wanted to ask if you had seen the *Breeze*?"

"Um—hum," was the listless answer. "I presume likely you mean the news about the appropriation, and the editorial dig at yours truly? Yes, I've seen it. They don't bother me much. I've got more important things on my mind just now."

Congressman Atkins's pledge in his farewell speech, concerning the mighty effort he was to make toward securing the appropriation for Bayport harbor was in process of fulfillment—so he had written to the local paper. But, alas, the mighty effort was likely to prove unavailing. In spite of the Honorable Heman's battle for his constituents' rights it seemed certain that the bill would not provide the thirty thousand dollars for Bayport; at least, not this year's bill. Other and more powerful interests would win out and, instead, another section of the coast be improved at the public expense. The congressman was deeply sorry, almost broken-hearted. He had battled hard for his beloved town, he had worked night and day. But, to be perfectly frank, there was little or no hope.

Few of us blamed Heman Atkins. The majority considered his letter "noble" and "so feeling." But some one must be blamed for a community disappointment like this, and the scapegoat was on the premises. How

about that "committee of one" self-appointed at town meeting? How about the blatant person who had declared *he* could have obtained the appropriation? What had the "committee" done? Nothing! nothing at all! He had not even written to the capital, so far as anyone could find out, much less gone there.

So, at Simmons's and the sewing circle, and after meeting on Sunday, Cy Whittaker was again discussed and derided. And this week's *Breeze*, out that morning, contained a sarcastic editorial which mentioned no names, but hinted at "a certain now notorious person" who had boasted loudly, but who had again "been weighed in the balance of public opinion and found wanting."

Miss Dawes did not seem pleased with the captain's nonchalant attitude toward the *Breeze* and its editorial. She tapped the braided mat with her foot.

"Captain Cyrus," she said, "if you intended doing nothing toward securing that appropriation why did you accept the responsibility for it at the meeting?"

Captain Cy looked up. Her tone reminded him of their first meeting, when she had reproved him for going to sleep and leaving Bos'n to the mercy of the Cahoon cow.

"Well," he said, "afore this Thomas business happened, to knock all my plans on their beam ends, I'd done consider'ble thinkin' about that appropriation. It seemed to me that there must be some reason for Heman's comin' about so sudden. He was sartin sure of the thirty thousand for a spell; then, all to once, he begun to take in sail and go on t'other tack. I don't know much about politics, but I know *he* knows all the politics there is. And it seemed to me that if a live man, one with eyes in his head, went to Washington and looked around he might find the reason. And, if he did find it, maybe Heman could be coaxed into changin' his mind again. Anyhow, I was willin' to take the risk of tryin'; and, besides, Tad and Abe Leonard had me on the griddle at that meetin', and I spoke up sharp—too sharp, maybe."

"But you still believe that you *might* help if you went to Washington?"

"Yes. I guess I do. Anyhow, I'd ask some pretty pinto questions. You see, I ain't lived here in Bayport all my life, and

I don't swaller *all* the bait Heman heaves overboard."

"Then why don't you go?"

"Hey? Why don't I go? And leave Bos'n and——"

"Emily would be all right and perfectly safe. Georgianna thinks the world of her. And, Captain Whittaker, I don't like to hear these people talk of you as they do. I don't like to read such things in the paper, that you were only bragging in order to be popular, and meant to shirk when the time came for action. I know they're not true. I *know* it!"

Captain Cy was gratified, and his gratification showed in his voice.

"Thank you, Phoebe," he said. "I am much obliged to you. But, you see, I don't take any interest in such things any more. When I realize that pretty soon I've got to give up that little girl for good I can't bear to be away from her a minute hardly. I don't like to leave her here alone with Georgianna and——"

"I will keep an eye on her. You trust me, don't you?"

"Trust *you*? By the big dipper, you're about the only one I *can* trust these days. I don't know how I'd have pulled along through this if you hadn't helped. You're diff'rent from Ase and Bailey and their kind—not meanin' anything against them, either. But you're broad-minded and cool-headed and—— Do you know, if I'd had a woman like you to advise me all these years and keep me from goin' off the course, I might have been somebody by now."

"I think you're somebody as it is."

"Don't talk that way. I own up I like to hear you, but I'm 'fraid it ain't true. You say I amount to somethin'. Well, what? I come back home here, with some money in my pocket, thinkin' that was about all was necessary to make me a good deal of a feller. The old Cy Whittaker place, I said to myself, was goin' to be a real Cy Whittaker place again. And I'd be a real Whittaker, a man who should stand for somethin', as my dad and granddad did afore me. The town should respect me, and I'd do things to help it along. And what's it all come to? Why, every young one on the street is told to be good for fear he'll grow up like me. Ain't that so? Course it's so! I'm——"

"You *shall* not speak so! Do you imagine that you're not respected by everyone whose respect counts for anything? Yes, and by others, too. Don't you suppose Mr. Atkins respects you, down in his heart—if he has one? Doesn't your housekeeper, who sees you every day, respect and like you? And little Emily—doesn't she love you more that she does all the rest of us together?"

"Well, I guess Bos'n does care for the old man some, that's a fact. She says she likes you next best, though. Did you know that?"

But Miss Dawes was indignant.

"Captain Whittaker," she declared, "one would think you were a hundred years old to hear you. You are always calling yourself an old man. Does Mr. Atkins call himself old? And he's older than you."

"Well, I'm over fifty, Phoebe." In spite of the habit for which he had just been reproached, the captain found this a difficult statement to make.

"I know. But you're younger than most of us at thirty-five. You see, I'm confessing, too," she added, with a laugh and a little blush.

Captain Cy made a mental calculation.

"Twenty years," he said, musingly. "Twenty years is a long time. No, I'm old. And worse than that, I'm an old fool, I guess. If I hadn't been I'd have stayed in South America instead of comin' here to be hooted out of the town I was born in."

The teacher stamped her foot.

"Oh! what *shall* I do with you!" she exclaimed. "It is wicked for you to say such things. Do you suppose that Mr. Atkins would find it necessary to work as he is doing to beat a fool? And, besides, you're not complimentary to me. Should I, do you think, take such an interest in one who was an imbecile?"

"Well, 'tis mighty good of you. Your comin' here so to help Bos'n's fight along is——"

"How do you know it is Bos'n altogether? I——" She stopped suddenly, and the color rushed to her face. She rose from the rocker. "I—really, I don't see how we came to be discussing such nonsense," she said. "Our ages, and that sort of thing! Captain Cyrus, I wish you would

go to Washington. I think you ought to go."

But the captain's thoughts were far from Washington at that moment. His own face was alight, and his eyes shone.

"Phoebe," he faltered, unbelievably,

sion changed. "Oh! how be you, Miss Dawes?" he said. "I didn't see you fust off. Don't run away on my account."

"I was just going," said Phoebe, buttoning her jacket. Captain Cy accompanied her to the door.



"If you hear a man say one word against Phæbe Dawes, you tell me his name."

"what was you goin' to say? Do you mean that—that——"

The side door of the house opened. The next instant Mr. Tidditt, a dripping umbrella in his hand, entered the sitting room.

"Hello, Whit!" he hailed. "Just run in for a minute to say howdy." Then he noticed the schoolmistress, and his expres-

"Good-by," she said. "There was something else I meant to say, but I think it is best to wait. I hope to have some good news for you soon. Something that will send you to Washington with a light heart. Perhaps I shall hear to-morrow. If so, I will call after school and tell you."

"Yes, do," urged the captain eagerly. "You'll find me here waitin'. Good news



or not, do come. I—I ain't said all I wanted to, myself."

He returned to the sitting room. The town clerk was standing by the stove. He looked troubled.

"What's the row, Ase?" asked Cy cheerily. He was in great spirits.

"Oh, nothin' 'special," replied Mr. Tid-ditt. "You look joyful enough for two of us. Had good company, ain't you?"

"Why, yes; 'bout as good as there is. What makes you look so glum?"

Asaph hesitated. "Phoebe was here yesterday, too, wa'n't she?" he asked.

"Yup. What of it?"

"And the day afore that?"

"No, not for three days afore that. But what of it, I ask you?"

"Well, now, Cy, you mustn't get mad. I'm a friend of yours, and friends ought to be able to say 'most anything to each other. If—if I was you, I wouldn't let Phoebe come so often—not here, you know, at your house. 'Course I know she comes with Bos'n and all, but—"

"Out with it!" The captain's tone was ominous. "What are you drivin' at?"

The caller fidgeted.

"Well, Whit," he stammered, "there's consider'ble talkin' goin' on, that's all."

"Talkin'? What kind of talkin'?"

"Well, you know the kind. This town does a good deal of it, 'specially after church and prayer meetin'. Seem's if they thought 'twas a sort of proper place. I don't, myself; I kind of like to keep my charity and brotherly love spread out through the week, but—"

"Ase, are the folks in this town sayin' a word against Phoebe Dawes because she comes here to see—Bos'n?"

Ase told of the meal at the perfect boarding house where Miss Dawes championed his friend's cause. Also of the conversation which followed, and his own part in it. Captain Cy paced the floor.

"I wouldn't have her come so often, Cy," pleaded Asaph. "Honest, I wouldn't. 'Course you and me know they're mean, miser'ble liars, but it's her I'm thinkin' of. She's a young woman and single. And you're a good many years older'n she is. And so, of course, you and she ain't ever goin' to get married. And have you thought what effect it might have on her

(To be continued.)

keepin' her teacher's place? The committee's a majority against her as 'tis. And—you know I don't think so, but a good many folks do—you ain't got the best name just now. Darn it all! I ain't puttin' this the way I'd ought to, but *you* know what I mean, don't you, Cy?"

Captain Cy was leaning against the window frame, his head upon his arm. He was not looking out, because the shade was drawn. Tid-ditt waited anxiously for him to answer. At last he turned.

"Ase," he said, "I'm much obliged to you. You've pounded it in pretty hard, but I cal'late I'd ought to have had it done to me. I'm a fool—an *old* fool, just as I said a while back—and nothin' nor *nobody* ought to have made me forget it. For a minute or so I—but there! don't you fret. That young woman shan't risk her job nor her reputation account of me—nor of Bos'n, either. I'll see to that. And see here," he added fiercely, "I can't stop women's tongues, even when they're as bad as some of the tongues in this town, *but* if you hear a *man* say one word against Phoebe Dawes, only one word, you tell me his name. You hear, Ase? You tell me his name. Now run along, will you? I ain't safe company just now."

Asaph, frightened at the effect of his words, hurriedly departed. Captain Cy paced the room for the next fifteen minutes. Then he opened the kitchen door.

"Bos'n," he called, "come in and set in my lap a while; don't you want to? I'm—I'm sort of lonesome, little girl."

The next afternoon, when the school-mistress stopped at the Cy Whittaker place, she was met by Georgianna.

"Cap'n Cy has gone away—to Washin'-ton," declared Georgianna. "He went on the three o'clock train."

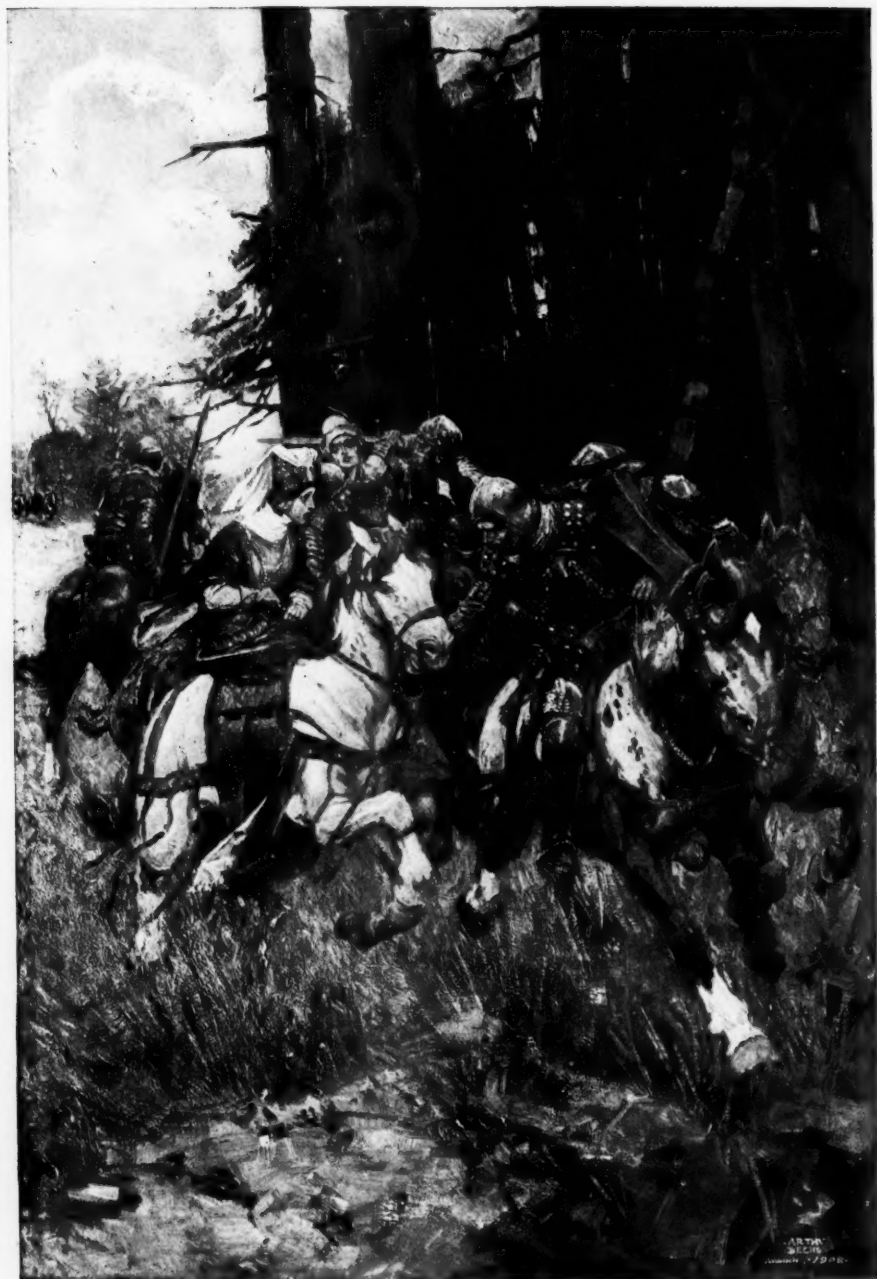
Phoebe was astonished.

"Gone?" she repeated. "So soon! Why, he told me he should certainly be here to hear some news I expected to-day. Didn't he leave any message for me?"

The housekeeper turned red.

"Miss Phoebe," she said, "he told me to tell you somethin', and it's so dreadful I don't hardly dast to say it. I think his troubles have driven him crazy. He said to tell you that you'd better not come to this house any more."





*Drawn by Arthur Becker.*

*"There burst out upon them . . . a band of horsemen of the king of France."*